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WEREWOLVES AND SWAN-MAIDENS.

IT is related by Ovid that Lykaon, king of Arkadia, once invited Zeus to dinner, and served up for him a dish of human flesh, in order to test the god's omniscience. But the trick miserably failed, and the impious monarch received the punishment which his crime had merited. He was transformed into a wolf, that he might henceforth feed upon the viands with which he had dared to pollute the table of the king of Olympus. From that time forth, according to Pliny, a noble Arkadian was each year, on the festival of Zeus Lykaeos, led to the margin of a certain lake. Hanging his clothes upon a tree, he then plunged into the water and became a wolf. For the space of nine years he roamed about the adjacent woods, and then, if he had not tasted human flesh during all this time, he was allowed to swim back to the place where his clothes were hanging, put them on, and return to his natural form. It is further related of a certain Demainetos, that, having once been present at a human sacrifice to Zeus Lykaeos, he ate of the flesh,

and was transformed into a wolf for a term of ten years.*

These and other similar mythical germs were developed by the mediæval imagination into the horrible superstition of werewolves.

A *werewolf*, or *loup-garou*,† was a person who had the power of transforming himself into a wolf, being endowed, while in the lupine state, with the intelligence of a man, the ferocity of a wolf, and the irresistible strength of a demon. The ancients believed in the existence of such persons; but in the Middle Ages the metamorphosis was supposed to be a phenomenon of daily occurrence, and even at the present day, in secluded portions of Europe, the superstition is still cherished by peasants. The belief, moreover, is supported by a vast amount of evidence, which can neither be argued nor pooh-poohed into insignificance. It is the business of the comparative

* Compare Plato, Republic, VIII. 15.

† *Were-wolf* = *man-wolf*, *wehr* meaning "man." *Garou* is a Gallic corruption of *wehrwolf*, so that *loup-garou* is a tautological expression.

mythologist to trace the pedigree of the ideas from which such a conception may have sprung; while to the critical historian belongs the task of ascertaining and classifying the actual facts which this particular conception was used to interpret.

The mediæval belief in werewolves is especially adapted to illustrate the complicated manner in which divers mythical conceptions and misunderstood natural occurrences will combine to generate a long-enduring superstition. Mr. Cox, indeed, would have us believe that the whole notion arose from an unintentional play upon words; but the careful survey of the field, which has been taken by Hertz and Baring-Gould, leads to the conclusion that many other circumstances have been at work. The delusion, though doubtless purely mythical in its origin, nevertheless presents in its developed state a curious mixture of mythical and historical elements.

With regard to the Arkadian legend, taken by itself, Mr. Cox is probably right. The story seems to belong to that large class of myths which have been devised in order to explain the meaning of equivocal words whose true significance has been forgotten. The epithet *Lykaïos*, as applied to Zeus, had originally no reference to wolves: it means "the bright one," and gave rise to lycanthropic legends only because of the similarity in sound between the names for "wolf" and "brightness." Aryan mythology furnishes numerous other instances of this confusion. The solar deity, Phoibos Lykegenes, was originally the "offspring of light"; but popular etymology made a kind of werewolf of him by interpreting his name as the "wolf-born." The name of the hero Autolykos means simply the "self-luminous"; but it was more frequently interpreted as meaning "a very wolf," in allusion to the supposed character of its possessor. Bazra, the name of the citadel of Carthage, was the Punic word for "fortress"; but the Greeks confounded it with *byrsa*, "a hide," and hence the story of the

ox-hides cut into strips by Dido in order to measure the area of the place to be fortified. The old theory that the Irish were Phœnicians had a similar origin. The name *Fena*, used to designate the old Scoti or Irish, is the plural of *Fion*, "fair," seen in the name of the hero Fion Gall, or "Fingal"; but the monkish chroniclers identified *Fena* with *Phoinix*, whence arose the myth; and by a like misunderstanding of the epithet *Miledh*, or "warrior," applied to Fion by the Gaelic bards, there was generated a mythical hero, *Milesius*, and the sobriquet "Milesian," colloquially employed in speaking of the Irish. So the Franks explained the name of the town Daras, in Mesopotamia, by the story that the Emperor Justinian once addressed the chief magistrate with the exclamation, *daras*, "thou shalt give": the Greek chronicler, Malalas, who spells the name *Doras*, informs us with equal complacency that it was the place where Alexander overcame Codomannus with *dôpu*, "the spear." A certain passage in the Alps is called Scaletta, from its resemblance to a staircase; but according to a local tradition it owes its name to the bleaching *skeletons* of a company of Moors who were destroyed there in the eighth century, while attempting to penetrate into Northern Italy. The name of Antwerp denotes the town built at a "wharf"; but it sounds very much like the Flemish *handt werpen*, "hand-throwing": "hence arose the legend of the giant who cut off the hands of those who passed his castle without paying him black-mail, and threw them into the Scheldt."* In the myth of Bishop Hatto, related in a previous paper, the *Mäuse-thurm* is a corruption of *maut-thurm*; it means "customs-tower," and has nothing to do with mice or rats. Doubtless this etymology was the cause of the floating myth getting fastened to this particular place; that it did not give rise to the myth itself is shown by the existence of the same tale in other places. Somewhere in England there is a place called

* Taylor, Words and Places, p. 393.

Chateau Vert; the peasantry have corrupted it into Shotover, and say that it has borne that name ever since Little John *shot over* a high hill in the neighborhood. *Latium* means "the flat land"; but, according to Virgil, it is the place where Saturn once hid (*latuisset*) from the wrath of his usurping son Jupiter.*

It was in this way that the constellation of the Great Bear received its name. The Greek word *arktos*, answering to the Sanskrit *riksha*, meant originally any bright object, and was applied to the bear—for what reason it would not be easy to state—and to that constellation which was most conspicuous in the latitude of the early home of the Aryans. When the Greeks had long forgotten why these stars were called *arktoi*, they symbolized them as a Great Bear fixed in the sky. So that, as Max Müller observes, "the name of the Arctic regions rests on a misunderstanding of a name framed thousands of years ago in Central Asia, and the surprise with which many a thoughtful observer has looked at these seven bright stars, wondering why they were ever called the Bear, is removed by a reference to the early annals of human speech." Among the Algonquins the sun-god Michabo was represented as a hare, his name being compounded of *nichi*, "great," and *wabos*, "a hare"; yet *wabos* also meant "white," so that the god was doubtless originally called simply "the Great White One." The same naïve process has made bears of the Arkadians, whose name, like that of the Lykians, merely signified that they were "children of light"; and the metamorphosis of Kallisto, mother of Arkas, into a bear, and of Lykaon into a wolf, rests apparently upon no other foundation than an erroneous etymology. Originally Lykaon was neither man nor wolf; he was but another form of Phoibos Lykegenes, the light-born sun, and, as Mr. Cox has shown, his legend is but a variation of that of Tantalos, who in time of drought offers to Zeus

the flesh of his own offspring, the withered fruits, and is punished for his impiety.

It seems to me, however, that this explanation, though valid as far as it goes, is inadequate to explain all the features of the werewolf superstition, or to account for its presence in all Aryan countries and among many peoples who are not of Aryan origin. There can be no doubt that the myth-makers transformed Lykaon into a wolf because of his unlucky name; because what really meant "bright man" seemed to them to mean "wolf-man"; but it has by no means been proved that a similar equivocation occurred in the case of all the primitive Aryan werewolves, nor has it been shown to be probable that among each people the being with the uncanny name got thus accidentally confounded with the particular beast most dreaded by that people. Etymology alone does not explain the fact that while Gaul has been the favorite haunt of the man-wolf, Scandinavia has been preferred by the man-bear, and Hindustan by the man-tiger. To account for such a widespread phenomenon we must seek a more general cause.

Nothing is more strikingly characteristic of primitive thinking than the close community of nature which it assumes between man and brute. The doctrine of metempsychosis, which is found in some shape or other all over the world, implies a fundamental identity between the two; the Hindu is taught to respect the flocks browsing in the meadow, and will on no account lift his hand against a cow, for who knows but it may be his own grandmother? The recent researches of Mr. McLennan and Mr. Herbert Spencer have served to connect this feeling with the primeval worship of ancestors and with the savage customs of totemism.

The worship of ancestors seems to have been everywhere the oldest systematized form of fetichistic religion. The reverence paid to the chieftain of the tribe while living was continued and exaggerated after his death. The uncivilized man is everywhere incapable

* Virg. *Æn.* VIII. 322.

of grasping the idea of death as it is apprehended by civilized people. He cannot understand that a man should pass away so as to be no longer able of communicating with his fellows. The image of his dead chief or comrade remains in his mind, and the savage's philosophic realism far surpasses that of the most extravagant mediæval schoolmen; to him the persistence of the idea implies the persistence of the reality. The dead man, accordingly, is not really dead; he has thrown off his body like a husk, yet still retains his old appearance, and often shows himself to his old friends, especially after nightfall. He is no doubt possessed of more extensive powers than before his transformation,* and may very likely have a share in regulating the weather, granting or withholding rain. Therefore, argues the uncivilized mind, he is to be cajoled and propitiated more sedulously now than before his strange transformation.

This kind of worship still maintains a languid existence as the state religion of China, and it still exists as a portion of Brahmanism; but in the Vedic religion it is to be seen in all its vigor and in all its naïve simplicity. According to the ancient Aryan, the *Pitris* or "Fathers" (Lat. *patres*) live in the sky along with Yama, the great original Pitri of mankind. This first man came down from heaven in the lightning, and back to heaven both himself and all his offspring must have gone. There they distribute light unto men below, and they shine themselves as stars; and hence the Christianized German peasant, fifty centuries later, tells his children that the stars are angels' eyes, and the English cottager impresses it on the youthful mind that it is wicked to point at the stars, though why he cannot tell. But the *Pitris* are not stars only, nor do they content themselves with idly looking down on the affairs of men, after the fashion of the *laissez-faire* divinities of Lucretius.

* Thus is explained the singular conduct of the Hindu, who slays himself before his enemy's door, in order to acquire greater power of injuring him.

They are, on the contrary, very busy with the weather; they send rain, thunder, and lightning; and they especially delight in rushing over the housetops in a great gale of wind, led on by their chief, the mysterious huntsman, Hermes or Odin.

It has been elsewhere shown that the howling dog, or wish-hound of Hermes, whose appearance under the windows of a sick person is such an alarming portent, is merely the tempest personified. Throughout all Aryan mythology the souls of the dead are supposed to ride on the night-wind, with their howling dogs, gathering into their throng the souls of those just dying as they pass by their houses.* Sometimes the whole complex conception is wrapped up in the notion of a single dog, the messenger of the god of shades, who comes to summon the departing soul. Sometimes, instead of a dog, we have a great ravening wolf who comes to devour its victim and extinguish the sunlight of life, as that old wolf of the tribe of Fenris devoured little Red Riding-Hood with her robe of scarlet twilight. Thus we arrive at a true werewolf myth. The storm-wind, or howling *Rakshasa* of Hindu folk-lore, is "a great misshapen giant with red beard and red hair, with pointed protruding teeth, ready to lacerate and devour human flesh; his body is covered with coarse, bristling hair, his huge mouth is open, he looks from side to side as he walks, lusting after the flesh and blood of men, to satisfy his raging hunger and quench his consuming thirst. Towards nightfall his strength increases manifold; he can change his shape at will; he haunts the woods, and roams howling through the jungle."†

Now if the storm-wind is a host of *Pitris*, or one great *Pitri* who appears as a fearful giant, and is also a pack of wolves or wish-hounds, or a single

* Hence, in many parts of Europe, it is still customary to open the windows when a person dies, in order that the soul may not be hindered in joining the mystic cavalcade.

† Baring-Gould, Book of Werewolves, p. 178; Muir, Sanskrit Texts, II. 435.

savage dog or wolf, the inference is obvious to the mythopœic mind that men may become wolves, at least after death. And to the uncivilized thinker this inference is strengthened, as Mr. Spencer has shown, by evidence registered on his own tribal totem or heraldic emblem. The bears and lions and leopards of heraldry are the degenerate descendants of the totem of savagery which designated the tribe by a beast-symbol. To the untutored mind there is everything in a name; and the descendant of Brown Bear or Yellow Tiger or Silver Hyena cannot be pronounced unfaithful to his own style of philosophizing, if he regards his ancestors, who career about his hut in the darkness of night, as belonging to whatever order of beasts his totem associations may suggest.

Thus we not only see a ray of light thrown on the subject of metempsychosis, but we get a glimpse of the curious process by which the intensely realistic mind of antiquity arrived at the notion that men could be transformed into beasts. For the belief that the soul can temporarily quit the body during lifetime has been universally entertained; and from the conception of wolf-like ghosts it was but a short step to the conception of corporeal werewolves. In the Middle Ages the phenomena of trance and catalepsy were cited in proof of the theory that the soul can leave the body and afterwards return to it. Hence it was very difficult for a person accused of witchcraft to prove an *alibi*; for to any amount of evidence showing that the body was innocently reposing at home and in bed, the rejoinder was obvious that the soul may nevertheless have been in attendance at the witches' Sabbath or busied in maiming a neighbor's cattle. According to one mediæval notion, the soul of the werewolf quit its human body, which remained in a trance until its return.*

The mythological basis of the were-

wolf superstition is now, I believe, sufficiently indicated. The belief, however, did not reach its complete development, or acquire its most horrible features, until the pagan habits of thought which had originated it were modified by contact with Christian theology. To the ancient there was nothing necessarily diabolical in the transformation of a man into a beast. But Christianity, which retained such a host of pagan conceptions under such strange disguises, which degraded the "All-father" Odin into the ogre of the castle to which Jack climbed on his bean-stalk, and which blended the beneficent lightning-god Thor and the mischievous Hermes and the faun-like Pan into the grotesque Teutonic Devil, did not fail to impart a new and fearful character to the belief in werewolves. Lycanthropy became regarded as a species of witchcraft; the werewolf was supposed to have obtained his peculiar powers through the favor or connivance of the Devil; and hundreds of persons were burned alive or broken on the wheel for having availed themselves of the privilege of beast-metamorphosis. The superstition, thus widely extended and greatly intensified, was confirmed by many singular phenomena which cannot be omitted from any thorough discussion of the nature and causes of lycanthropy.

The first of these phenomena is the Berserker insanity, characteristic of Scandinavia, but not unknown in other countries. In times when killing one's enemies often formed a part of the necessary business of life, persons were frequently found who killed for the mere love of the thing; with whom slaughter was an end desirable in itself, not merely a means to a desirable end. What the miser is in an age which worships mammon, such was the Berserker in an age when the current idea of heaven was a place where people could hack each other to pieces through all eternity, and when the man who refused a challenge was punished with confiscation of his estates. With these Northmen, in the ninth century,

* In those days even an after-dinner nap seems to have been thought uncanny. See Dasent, *Burnt Njal*, I. xxi.

the chief business and amusement in life was to set sail for some pleasant country, like Spain or France, and make all the coasts and navigable rivers hideous with rapine and massacre. When at home, in the intervals between their freebooting expeditions, they were liable to become possessed by a strange homicidal madness, during which they would array themselves in the skins of wolves or bears, and sally forth by night to snap the backbones, smash the skulls, and sometimes to drink with fiendish glee the blood of unwary travellers or loiterers. These fits of madness were usually followed by periods of utter exhaustion and nervous depression.*

Such, according to the unanimous testimony of historians, was the celebrated "Berserker rage," not peculiar to the Northland, although there most conspicuously manifested. Taking now a step in advance, we find that in comparatively civilized countries there have been many cases of monstrous homicidal insanity. The two most celebrated cases, among those collected by Mr. Baring-Gould, are those of the Maréchal de Retz, in 1440, and of Elizabeth, a Hungarian countess, in the seventeenth century. The Countess Elizabeth enticed young girls into her palace on divers pretexts, and then coolly murdered them, for the purpose of bathing in their blood. The spectacle of human suffering became at last such a delight to her, that she would apply with her own hands the most excruciating tortures, relishing the shrieks of her victims as the epicure relishes each sip of his old Château Margaux. In this way she is said to have murdered six hundred and fifty persons before her evil career was brought to an end; though, when one recollects the famous men in buckram and the notorious trio of crows, one is inclined to

strike off a cipher, and regard sixty-five as a sufficiently imposing and far less improbable number. But the case of the Maréchal de Retz is still more frightful. A marshal of France, a scholarly man, a patriot, and a man of holy life, he became suddenly possessed by an uncontrollable desire to murder children. During seven years he continued to inveigle little boys and girls into his castle, at the rate of about *two each week*, (?) and then put them to death in various ways, that he might witness their agonies and bathe in their blood; experiencing after each occasion the most dreadful remorse, but led on by an irresistible craving to repeat the crime. When this unparalleled iniquity was finally brought to light, the castle was found to contain bins full of children's bones. The horrible details of the trial are to be found in the histories of France by Michelet and Martin.

Going a step further, we find cases in which the propensity to murder has been accompanied by cannibalism. In 1598 a tailor of Châlons was sentenced by the parliament of Paris to be burned alive for lycanthropy. "This wretched man had decoyed children into his shop, or attacked them in the gloaming when they strayed in the woods, had torn them with his teeth and killed them, after which he seems calmly to have dressed their flesh as ordinary meat, and to have eaten it with a great relish. The number of little innocents whom he destroyed is unknown. A whole caskful of bones was discovered in his house.* About 1850 a beggar in the village of Polomyia, in Galicia, was proved to have killed and eaten fourteen children. A house had one day caught fire and burnt to the ground, roasting one of the inmates, who was unable to escape. The beggar passed by soon after, and, as he was suffering from excessive hunger, could not resist the temptation of making a meal off the charred body. From that moment he was tormented by a craving for human flesh. He met a little orphan girl,

* See Dasent, *Burnt Njal*, Vol. I. p. xxii.; *Grettis Saga*, by Magnússon and Morris, chap. xix.; *Viga Glum's Saga*, by Sir Edmund Head, p. 13, note, where the Berserkers are said to have maddened themselves with drugs. Dasent compares them with the Malays, who work themselves into a frenzy by means of arrack, or hasheesh, and run amuck.

* Baring-Gould, *Werewolves*, p. 81.

about nine years old, and giving her a pinchbeck ring told her to seek for others like it under a tree in the neighboring wood. She was slain, carried to the beggar's hovel, and eaten. In the course of three years thirteen other children mysteriously disappeared, but no one knew whom to suspect. At last an innkeeper missed a pair of ducks, and having no good opinion of this beggar's honesty, went unexpectedly to his cabin, burst suddenly in at the door, and to his horror found him in the act of hiding under his cloak a severed head; a bowl of fresh blood stood under the oven, and pieces of a thigh were cooking over the fire.*

This occurred only about twenty years ago, and the criminal, though ruled by an insane appetite, is not known to have been subject to any mental delusion. But there have been a great many similar cases, in which the homicidal or cannibal craving has been accompanied by genuine hallucination. Forms of insanity in which the afflicted persons imagine themselves to be brute animals are not perhaps very common, but they are not unknown. I once knew a poor demented old man who believed himself to be a horse, and would stand by the hour together before a manger, nibbling hay, or deluding himself with the pretence of so doing. Many of the cannibals whose cases are related by Mr. Baring-Gould, in his chapter of horrors, actually believed themselves to have been transformed into wolves or other wild animals. Jean Grenier was a boy of thirteen, partially idiotic, and of strongly marked canine physiognomy; his jaws were large and projected forward, and his canine teeth were unnaturally long, so as to protrude beyond the lower lip. He believed himself to be a werewolf. One evening, meeting half a dozen young girls, he scared them out of their wits by telling them that as soon as the sun had set he would turn into a wolf and eat them for supper. A few days later, one little girl, having gone out at nightfall to look after the

sheep, was attacked by some creature which in her terror she mistook for a wolf, but which afterwards proved to be none other than Jean Grenier. She beat him off with her sheep-staff, and fled home. As several children had mysteriously disappeared from the neighborhood, Grenier was at once suspected. Being brought before the parliament of Bordeaux, he stated that two years ago he had met the Devil one night in the woods and had signed a compact with him and received from him a wolf-skin. Since then he had roamed about as a wolf after dark, resuming his human shape by daylight. He had killed and eaten several children whom he had found alone in the fields, and on one occasion he had entered a house while the family were out and taken the baby from its cradle. A careful investigation proved the truth of these statements, so far as the cannibalism was concerned. There is no doubt that the missing children were eaten by Jean Grenier, and there is no doubt that in his own mind the half-witted boy was firmly convinced that he was a wolf. Here the lycanthropy was complete.

In the year 1598, "in a wild and unfrequented spot near Caude, some countrymen came one day upon the corpse of a boy of fifteen, horribly mutilated and bespattered with blood. As the men approached, two wolves, which had been rending the body, bounded away into the thicket. The men gave chase immediately, following their bloody tracks till they lost them; when, suddenly crouching among the bushes, his teeth chattering with fear, they found a man half naked, with long hair and beard, and with his hands dyed in blood. His nails were long as claws, and were clotted with fresh gore and shreds of human flesh."*

This man, Jacques Roulet, was a poor, half-witted creature under the dominion of a cannibal appetite. He was employed in tearing to pieces the corpse of the boy when these countrymen came up. Whether there were

* Baring-Gould, *op. cit.*, chap. xiv.

* Baring-Gould, *op. cit.*, p. 82.

any wolves in the case, except what the excited imaginations of the men may have conjured up, I will not presume to determine; but it is certain that Roulet supposed himself to be a wolf, and killed and ate several persons under the influence of the delusion. He was sentenced to death, but the parliament of Paris reversed the sentence, and charitably shut him up in a madhouse.

The annals of the Middle Ages furnish many cases similar to these of Grenier and Roulet. Their share in maintaining the werewolf superstition is undeniable; but modern science finds in them nothing that cannot be readily explained. That stupendous process of breeding, which we call civilization, has been for long ages strengthening those kindly social feelings by the possession of which we are chiefly distinguished from the brutes, leaving our primitive bestial impulses to die for want of exercise, or checking in every possible way their further expansion by legislative enactments. But this process, which is transforming us from savages into civilized men, is a very slow one; and now and then there occur cases of what physiologists call atavism, or reversion to an ancestral type of character. Now and then persons are born, in civilized countries, whose intellectual powers are on a level with those of the most degraded Australian savage, and these we call idiots. And now and then persons are born possessed of the bestial appetites and cravings of primitive man, his fiendish cruelty and his liking for human flesh. Modern physiology knows how to classify and explain these abnormal cases, but to the unscientific mediæval mind they were explicable only on the hypothesis of a diabolical metamorphosis. And there is nothing strange in the fact that, in an age when the prevailing habits of thought rendered the transformation of men into beasts an easily admissible notion, these monsters of cruelty and depraved appetite should have been regarded as capable of tak-

ing on bestial forms. Nor is it strange that the hallucination under which these unfortunate wretches labored should have taken such a shape as to account to their feeble intelligence for the existence of the appetites which they were conscious of not sharing with their neighbors and contemporaries. If a myth is a piece of unscientific philosophizing, it must sometimes be applied to the explanation of obscure psychological as well as of physical phenomena. Where the modern calmly taps his forehead and says, "Arrested development," the terrified ancient made the sign of the cross and cried, "Werewolf."

We shall be assisted in this explanation by turning aside for a moment to examine the wild superstitions about "changelings," which contributed, along with so many others, to make the lives of our ancestors anxious and miserable. These superstitions were for the most part attempts to explain the phenomena of insanity, epilepsy, and other obscure nervous diseases. A man who has hitherto enjoyed perfect health, and whose actions have been consistent and rational, suddenly loses all self-control and seems actuated by a will foreign to himself. Modern science possesses the key to this phenomenon; but in former times it was explicable only on the hypothesis that a demon had entered the body of the lunatic, or else that the fairies had stolen the real man and substituted for him a diabolical phantom exactly like him in stature and features. Hence the numerous legends of changelings, some of which are very curious. In Irish folk-lore we find the story of one Rickard, surnamed the Rake, from his worthless character. A good-natured, idle fellow, he spent all his evenings in dancing, — an accomplishment in which no one in the village could rival him. One night, in the midst of a lively reel, he fell down in a fit. "He's struck with a fairy-dart," exclaimed all the friends, and they carried him home and nursed him; but his face grew so thin and his manner so morose that by and

by all began to suspect that the true Rickard was gone and a changeling put in his place. Rickard, with all his accomplishments, was no musician; and so, in order to put the matter to a crucial test, a bagpipe was left in the room by the side of his bed. The trick succeeded. One hot summer's day, when all were supposed to be in the field making hay, some members of the family secreted in a clothes-press saw the bedroom door open a little way, and a lean, foxy face, with a pair of deep-sunken eyes, peer anxiously about the premises. Having satisfied itself that the coast was clear, the face withdrew, the door was closed, and presently such ravishing strains of music were heard as never proceeded from a bagpipe before or since that day. Soon was heard the rustle of innumerable fairies, come to dance to the changeling's music. Then the "fairy-man" of the village, who was keeping watch with the family, heated a pair of tongs red-hot, and with deafening shouts all burst at once into the sick-chamber. The music had ceased and the room was empty, but in at the window glared a fiendish face, with such fearful looks of hatred, that for a moment all stood motionless with terror. But when the fairy-man, recovering himself, advanced with the hot tongs to pinch its nose, it vanished with an unearthly yell, and there on the bed was Rickard, safe and sound, and cured of his epilepsy.*

Comparing this legend with numerous others relating to changelings, and stripping off the fantastic garb of fairy-lore with which popular imagination has invested them, it seems impossible to doubt that they have arisen from myths devised for the purpose of explaining the obscure phenomena of mental disease. If this be so, they afford an excellent collateral illustration of the belief in werewolves. The same mental habits which led men to regard the insane or epileptic person as a changeling, and which allowed them to explain catalepsy as the temporary

departure of a witch's soul from its body, would enable them to attribute a wolf's nature to the maniac or idiot with cannibal appetites. And when the myth-forming process had got thus far, it would not stop short of assigning to the unfortunate wretch a tangible lupine body; for all ancient mythology teemed with precedents for such a transformation.

It remains for us to sum up, — to tie into a bunch the keys which have helped us to penetrate into the secret causes of the werewolf superstition. In a previous paper we saw what a host of myths, fairy-tales, and superstitious observances have sprung from attempts to interpret one simple natural phenomenon, — the descent of fire from the clouds. Here, on the other hand, we see what a heterogeneous multitude of mythical elements may combine to build up in course of time a single enormous superstition, and we see how curiously fact and fancy have co-operated in keeping the superstition from falling. In the first place the worship of dead ancestors with wolf totems originated the notion of the transformation of men into divine or superhuman wolves; and this notion was confirmed by the ambiguous explanation of the storm-wind as the rushing of a troop of dead men's souls or as the howling of wolf-like monsters. Mediæval Christianity retained these conceptions, merely changing the superhuman wolves into evil demons; and finally the occurrence of cases of Berserker madness and cannibalism, accompanied by lycanthropic hallucinations, being interpreted as due to such demoniacal metamorphosis, gave rise to the werewolf superstition of the Middle Ages. The etymological proceedings, to which Mr. Cox would incontinently ascribe the origin of the entire superstition, seem to me to have played a very subordinate part in the matter. To suppose that Jean Grenier imagined himself to be a wolf, because the Greek word for wolf sounded like the word for light, and thus gave rise to the story of a light-deity who be-

* Kennedy, *Fictions of the Irish Celts*, p. 90.

came a wolf, seems to me quite inadmissible. Yet as far as such verbal equivocations may have prevailed, they doubtless helped to sustain the delusion.

Thus we need no longer regard our werewolf as an inexplicable creature of undetermined pedigree. But any account of him would be quite imperfect which should omit all consideration of the methods by which his change of form was accomplished. By the ancient Romans the werewolf was commonly called a "skin-changer" or "turn-coat" (*versipellis*), and similar epithets were applied to him in the Middle Ages. The mediæval theory was that, while the werewolf kept his human form, his hair grew inwards; when he wished to become a wolf, he simply turned himself inside out. In many trials on record, the prisoners were closely interrogated as to how this inversion might be accomplished; but I am not aware that any one of them ever gave a satisfactory answer. At the moment of change their memories seem to have become temporarily befogged. Now and then a poor wretch had his arms and legs cut off, or was partially flayed, in order that the ingrowing hair might be detected. Another theory was, that the possessed person had merely to put on a wolf's skin, in order to assume instantly the lupine form and character; and in this may perhaps be seen a vague reminiscence of the alleged fact that Berserkers were in the habit of haunting the woods by night, clothed in the hides of wolves or bears.* Such a wolf-skin was kept by the boy Grenier.

* Mr. Cox, whose scepticism on obscure points in history rather surpasses that of Sir G. C. Lewis, dismisses with a sneer the subject of the Berserker madness, observing that "the unanimous testimony of the Norse historians is worth as much and as little as the convictions of Glanvil and Hale on the reality of witchcraft." I have not the special knowledge requisite for pronouncing an opinion on this point, but Mr. Cox's ordinary methods of disposing of such questions are not such as to make one feel obliged to accept his bare assertion, unaccompanied by critical arguments. The madness of the bearsarks may, no doubt, be the same thing as the frenzy of Herakles; but something more than mere dogmatism is needed to prove it.

Roulet, on the other hand, confessed to using a magic salve or ointment. A fourth method of becoming a werewolf was to obtain a girdle, usually made of human skin. Several cases are related in Thorpe's "Northern Mythology." One hot day in harvest-time some reapers lay down to sleep in the shade; when one of them, who could not sleep, saw the man next him arise quietly and gird him with a strap, whereupon he instantly vanished, and a wolf jumped up from among the sleepers and ran off across the fields. Another man, who possessed such a girdle, once went away from home without remembering to lock it up. His little son climbed up to the cupboard and got it, and as he proceeded to buckle it around his waist, he became instantly transformed into a strange-looking beast. Just then his father came in, and seizing the girdle restored the child to his natural shape. The boy said that no sooner had he buckled it on than he was tormented with a raging hunger.

Sometimes the werewolf transformation led to unlucky accidents. At Caseburg, as a man and his wife were making hay, the woman threw down her pitchfork and went away, telling her husband that if a wild beast should come to him during her absence he must throw his hat at it. Presently a she-wolf rushed towards him. The man threw his hat at it, but a boy came up from another part of the field and stabbed the animal with his pitchfork, whereupon it vanished, and the woman's dead body lay at his feet.

A parallel legend shows that this woman wished to have the hat thrown at her, in order that she might be henceforth free from her liability to become a werewolf. A man was one night returning with his wife from a merry-making when he felt the change coming on. Giving his wife the reins, he jumped from the wagon, telling her to strike with her apron at any animal which might come to her. In a few moments a wolf ran up to the side of the vehicle, and, as the woman struck

out with her apron, it bit off a piece and ran away. Presently the man returned with the piece of apron in his mouth, and consoled his terrified wife with the information that the enchantment had left him forever.

A terrible case at a village in Auvergne has found its way into the annals of witchcraft. "A gentleman while hunting was suddenly attacked by a savage wolf of monstrous size. Impenetrable by his shot, the beast made a spring upon the helpless huntsman, who in the struggle luckily, or unluckily for the unfortunate lady, contrived to cut off one of its fore-paws. This trophy he placed in his pocket, and made the best of his way homewards in safety. On the road he met a friend, to whom he exhibited a bleeding paw, or rather (as it now appeared) a woman's hand, upon which was a wedding-ring. His wife's ring was at once recognized by the other. His suspicions aroused, he immediately went in search of his wife, who was found sitting by the fire in the kitchen, her arm hidden beneath her apron, when the husband, seizing her by the arm, found his terrible suspicions verified. The bleeding stump was there, evidently just fresh from the wound. She was given into custody, and in the event was burned at Riom, in presence of thousands of spectators." *

Sometimes a werewolf was cured merely by recognizing him while in his brute shape. A Swedish legend tells of a cottager who, on entering the forest one day without recollecting to say his *Pater Noster*, got into the power of a Troll, who changed him into a wolf. For many years his wife mourned him as dead. But one Christmas eve the old Troll, disguised as a beggar-woman, came to the house for alms; and being taken in and kindly treated, told the woman that her husband might very likely appear to her in wolf-shape. Going at night to the pantry to lay aside a joint of meat for to-morrow's

dinner, she saw a wolf standing with its paws on the window-sill, looking wistfully in at her. "Ah, dearest," said she, "if I knew that thou wert really my husband, I would give thee a bone." Whereupon the wolf-skin fell off, and her husband stood before her in the same old clothes which he had on the day that the Troll got hold of him.

In Denmark it was believed that if a woman were to creep through a colt's placental membrane stretched between four sticks, she would for the rest of her life bring forth children without pain or illness; but all the boys would in such case be werewolves, and all the girls Maras, or nightmares. In this grotesque superstition appears that curious kinship between the werewolf and the wife or maiden of supernatural race, which serves admirably to illustrate the nature of both conceptions, and the elucidation of which shall occupy us throughout the remainder of this paper.

It is, perhaps, needless to state that in the personality of the nightmare, or Mara, there was nothing equine. The Mara was a female demon, who would come at night and torment men or women by crouching on their chests or stomachs and stopping their respiration. The scene is well enough represented in Fuseli's picture, though the frenzied-looking horse which there accompanies the demon has no place in the original superstition. A Netherlandish story illustrates the character of the Mara. Two young men were in love with the same damsel. One of them, being tormented every night by a Mara, sought advice from his rival, and it was a treacherous counsel that he got. "Hold a sharp knife with the point towards your breast, and you'll never see the Mara again," said this false friend. The lad thanked him, but when he lay down to rest he thought it as well to be on the safe side, and so held the knife handle downward. So when the Mara came, instead of forcing the blade into his breast, she cut herself badly, and fled howling; and

* Williams, *Superstitions of Witchcraft*, p. 179. See a parallel case of a cat-woman, in Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, II. 26.

let us hope, though the legend here leaves us in the dark, that this poor youth, who is said to have been the comelier of the two, revenged himself on his malicious rival by marrying the young lady.

But the Mara sometimes appeared in less revolting shape, and became the mistress or even the wife of some mortal man to whom she happened to take a fancy. In such cases she would vanish on being recognized. There is a well-told monkish tale of a pious knight who, journeying one day through the forest, found a beautiful lady stripped naked and tied to a tree, her back all covered with deep gashes streaming with blood, from a flogging which some bandits had given her. Of course he took her home to his castle and married her, and for a while they lived very happily together, and the fame of the lady's beauty was so great that kings and emperors held tournaments in honor of her. But this pious knight used to go to mass every Sunday, and greatly was he scandalized when he found that his wife would never stay to assist in the *Credo*, but would always get up and walk out of church just as the choir struck up. All her husband's coaxing was of no use; threats and entreaties were alike powerless even to elicit an explanation of this strange conduct. At last the good man determined to use force; and so one Sunday, as the lady got up to go out, according to custom, he seized her by the arm and sternly commanded her to remain. Her whole frame was suddenly convulsed, and her dark eyes gleamed with weird, unearthly brilliancy. The services paused for a moment, and all eyes were turned toward the knight and his lady. "In God's name, tell me what thou art," shouted the knight; and instantly, says the chronicler, "The bodily form of the lady melted away, and was seen no more; whilst, with a cry of anguish and of terror, an evil spirit of monstrous form rose from the ground, clave the chapel-roof asunder, and disappeared in the air."

In a Danish legend, the Mara betrays her affinity to the Nixies, or Swan-maidens. A peasant discovered that his sweetheart was in the habit of coming to him by night as a Mara. He kept strict watch until he discovered her creeping into the room through a small knot-hole in the door. Next day he made a peg, and after she had come to him, drove in the peg so that she was unable to escape. They were married and lived together many years; but one night it happened that the man, joking with his wife about the way in which he had secured her, drew the peg from the knot-hole, that she might see how she had entered his room. As she peeped through, she became suddenly quite small, passed out, and was never seen again.

The well-known pathological phenomena of nightmare are sufficient to account for the mediæval theory of a fiend who sits upon one's bosom and hinders respiration; but as we compare these various legends relating to the Mara, we see that a more recondite explanation is needed to account for all her peculiarities. Indigestion may interfere with our breathing, but it does not make beautiful women crawl through keyholes, nor does it bring wives from the spirit-world. The Mara belongs to an ancient family, and in passing from the regions of monkish superstition to those of pure mythology we find that, like her kinsman the werewolf, she had once seen better days. Christianity made a demon of the Mara, and adopted the theory that Satan employed these seductive creatures as agents for ruining human souls. Such is the character of the knight's wife, in the monkish legend just cited. But in the Danish tale the Mara appears as one of that large family of supernatural wives who are permitted to live with mortal men under certain conditions, but who are compelled to flee away when these conditions are broken, as is always sure to be the case. The eldest and one of the loveliest of this family is the Hindu nymph Urvashi, whose love adventures

with Purûravas are narrated in the Puranas, and form the subject of the well-known and exquisite drama by Kalidasa. Urvasi is allowed to live with Purûravas so long as she does not see him undressed. But one night her kinsmen, the Gandharvas, or cloud-demons, vexed at her long absence from heaven, resolved to get her away from her mortal companion. They stole a pet lamb which had been tied at the foot of her couch, whereat she bitterly upbraided her husband. In rage and mortification, Purûravas sprang up without throwing on his tunic, and grasping his sword sought the robber. Then the wicked Gandharvas sent a flash of lightning, and Urvasi, seeing her naked husband, instantly vanished.

The different versions of this legend, which have been elaborately analyzed by comparative mythologists, leave no doubt that Urvasi is one of the dawn-nymphs or bright fleecy clouds of early morning, which vanish as the splendor of the sun is unveiled. We saw, in the preceding paper, that the ancient Aryans regarded the sky as a sea or great lake, and that the clouds were explained variously as Phaiakian ships with bird-like beaks sailing over this lake, or as bright birds of divers shapes and hues. The light fleecy cirrhi were regarded as mermaids, or as swans, or as maidens with swan's plumage. In Sanskrit they are called *Apsaras*, or "those who move in the water," and the Elves and Maras of Teutonic mythology have the same significance. Urvasi appears in one legend as a bird; and a South German prescription for getting rid of the Mara asserts that if she be wrapped up in the bedclothes and firmly held, a white dove will forthwith fly from the room, leaving the bedclothes empty.*

In the story of Melusina the cloud-maiden appears as a kind of mermaid, but in other respects the legend re-

sembles that of Urvasi. Raymond, Count de la Forêt, of Poitou, having by an accident killed his patron and benefactor during a hunting excursion, fled in terror and despair into the deep recesses of the forest. All the afternoon and evening he wandered through the thick dark woods, until at midnight he came upon a strange scene. All at once "the boughs of the trees became less interlaced, and the trunks fewer; next moment his horse, crashing through the shrubs, brought him out on a pleasant glade, white with rime, and illumined by the new moon; in the midst bubbled up a limpid fountain, and flowed away over a pebbly floor with a soothing murmur. Near the fountain-head sat three maidens in glimmering white dresses, with long waving golden hair, and faces of inexpressible beauty."† One of them advanced to meet Raymond, and of course they were betrothed before daybreak. In due time the fountain-nymph† became Countess de la Forêt, but her husband was given to understand that all her Saturdays would be passed in strictest seclusion, upon which he must never dare to intrude, under penalty of losing her forever. For many years all went well, save that the fair Melusina's children were, without exception, misshapen or disfigured. But after a while this strange weekly seclusion got bruited about all over the neighborhood, and people shook their heads and looked grave about it. So many gossiping tales came to the Count's ears, that he began to grow anxious and suspicious, and at last he determined to know the worst. He went one Saturday to Melusina's private apartments, and going through one empty room after another, at last came to a locked door which opened into a bath; looking through a keyhole, there he saw the Countess transformed from the waist downwards into a fish, disporting herself like a mermaid in the water. Of course he

* See Kuhn, *Herabkunft des Feuers*, p. 91; Weber, *Indische Studien*, I. 197; Wolf, *Beiträge zur deutschen Mythologie*, II. 233-281; Müller, *Chips*, II. 114-128.

* Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths*, II. 207.

† The word *nymph* itself means "cloud-maiden," as is illustrated by the kinship between the Greek *νύμφη* and the Latin *nubes*.

could not keep the secret, but when some time afterwards they quarrelled, must needs address her as "a vile serpent, contaminator of his honorable race." So she disappeared through the window, but ever afterward hovered about her husband's castle of Lusignan, like a Banshee, whenever one of its lords was about to die.

The well-known story of Undine is similar to that of Melusina, save that the naiad's desire to obtain a human soul is a conception foreign to the spirit of the myth, and marks the degradation which Christianity had inflicted upon the denizens of fairy-land. In one of Dasent's tales the water-maiden is replaced by a kind of werewolf. A white bear marries a young girl, but assumes the human shape at night. She is never to look upon him in his human shape, but how could a young bride be expected to obey such an injunction as that? She lights a candle while he is sleeping, and discovers the handsomest prince in the world; unluckily she drops tallow on his shirt, and that tells the story. But she is more fortunate than poor Raymond, for after a tiresome journey to the "land east of the sun and west of the moon," and an arduous washing-match with a parcel of ugly Trolls, she washes out the spots, and ends her husband's enchantment.*

In the majority of these legends, however, the Apsaras, or cloud-maiden, has a shirt of swan's feathers which plays the same part as the wolfskin cape or girdle of the werewolf. If you could get hold of a werewolf's sack and burn it, a permanent cure was effected. No danger of a relapse, unless the Devil furnished him with a new wolfskin. So the swan-maiden kept her human form, as long as she was deprived of her tunic of feathers. Indo-European folk-lore teems with stories of swan-maidens forcibly wooed and won by mortals who had stolen their clothes. A man travelling along

the road passes by a lake where several lovely girls are bathing; their dresses, made of feathers curiously and daintily woven, lie on the shore. He approaches the place cautiously and steals one of these dresses.* When the girls have finished their bathing, they all come and get their dresses and swim away as swans; but the one whose dress is stolen must needs stay on shore and marry the thief. It is needless to add that they live happily together for many years, or that finally the good man accidentally leaves the cupboard-door unlocked, whereupon his wife gets back her swan-shirt and flies away from him, never to return. But it is not always a shirt of feathers. In one German story, a nobleman hunting deer finds a maiden bathing in a clear pool in the forest. He runs stealthily up to her and seizes her necklace, at which she loses the power to flee. They are married, and she bears seven sons at once, all of whom have gold chains about their necks, and are able to transform themselves into swans whenever they like. A Flemish legend tells of three nixies, or water-sprites, who came out of the Meuse one autumn evening, and helped the villagers celebrate the end of the vintage. Such graceful dancers had never been seen in Flanders, and they could sing as well as they could dance. As the night was warm, one of them took off her gloves and gave them to her partner to hold for her. When the clock struck twelve the other two started off in hot haste, and then there was a hue and cry for gloves. But the lad would keep them as love-tokens, and so the poor nixie had to go home without them; but she must have died on the way, for next morning the waters of the Meuse were blood-red, and those damsels never returned.

In the Faro Islands it is believed that seals cast off their skins every

* This is substantially identical with the stories of Beauty and the Beast, Eros and Psyche, Gandharba Sena, etc.

* The feather-dress reappears in the Arabian story of Hassan of El-Basrah, who by stealing it secures possession of the Jinnya. See Lane's *Arabian Nights*, Vol. III. p. 380.

ninth night, assume human forms, and sing and dance like men and women until daybreak, when they resume their skins and their seal natures. Of course a man once found and hid one of these seal-skins, and so got a mermaid for a wife; and of course she recovered the skin and escaped.* On the coasts of Ireland it is supposed to be quite an ordinary thing for young sea-fairies to get human husbands in this way; the brazen things even come to shore on purpose, and leave their red caps lying around for young men to pick up; but it behooves the husband to keep a strict watch over the red cap, if he would not see his children left motherless.

This mermaid's cap has contributed its quota to the superstitions of witchcraft. An Irish story tells how Red James was aroused from sleep one night by noises in the kitchen. Going down to the door, he saw a lot of old women drinking punch around the fireplace, and laughing and joking with his housekeeper. When the punch-bowl was empty, they all put on red caps, and singing

"By yarrow and rue,
And my red cap too,
Hie me over to England,"

they flew up chimney. So Jimmy burst into the room, and seized the housekeeper's cap, and went along with them. They flew across the sea to a castle in England, passed through the keyholes from room to room and into the cellar, where they had a famous carouse. Unluckily Jimmy, being unused to such good cheer, got drunk, and forgot to put on his cap when the others did. So next morning the lord's butler found him dead-drunk on the cellar-floor, surrounded by empty casks. He was sentenced to be hung without any trial worth speaking of; but as he was carted to the gallows an old woman cried out, "Ach, Jimmy alanna! Would you be after dyin' in a strange land without your red birredh?" The lord made no objections, and so the red

cap was brought and put on him. Accordingly when Jimmy had got to the gallows and was making his last speech for the edification of the spectators, he unexpectedly and somewhat irrelevantly exclaimed, "By yarrow and rue," etc., and was off like a rocket, shooting through the blue air *en route* for old Ireland.*

In another Irish legend an enchanted ass comes into the kitchen of a great house every night, and washes the dishes and scours the tins, so that the servants lead an easy life of it. After a while in their exuberant gratitude they offer him any present for which he may feel inclined to ask. He desires only "an ould coat, to keep the chill off of him these could nights"; but as soon as he gets into the coat he resumes his human form and bids them good by, and thenceforth they may wash their own dishes and scour their own tins, for all him.

But we are diverging from the subject of swan-maidens, and are in danger of losing ourselves in that labyrinth of popular fancies which is more intricate than any that Daidalos ever planned. The significance of all these sealskins and feather-dresses and mermaid-caps and werewolf-girdles may best be sought in the etymology of words like the German *leichnam*, in which the body is described as a garment of flesh for the soul.† In the naïve philosophy of primitive thinkers, the soul, in passing from one visible shape to another, had only to put on the outward integument of the creature in which it wished to incarnate itself. With respect to the mode of metamorphosis, there is little difference between the werewolf and the swan-maiden; and the similarity is no less striking between the genesis of the two conceptions. The original werewolf is the night-wind, regarded now as a man-like deity and now as a howling lupine fiend; and the original swan-maiden is the light fleecy cloud, regarded either as a woman-like goddess or as a bird

* Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, III. 173; Kennedy, *Fictions of the Irish Celts*, p. 123.

* Kennedy, *Fictions of the Irish Celts*, p. 163.

† Baring-Gould, *Book of Werewolves*, p. 163.

swimming in the sky sea. The one conception has been productive of little else but horrors; the other has given rise to a great variety of fanciful creations, from the treacherous mermaid and the fiendish nightmare to the gentle Undine, the charming Nausikaa, and the stately Muse of classic antiquity.

We have seen that the original werewolf, howling in the wintry blast, is a kind of psychopomp, or leader of departed souls; he is the wild ancestor of the death-dog, whose voice under the window of a sick-chamber is even now a sound of ill-omen. The swan-maiden has also been supposed to summon the dying to her home in the

Phaikian land. The Valkyries, with their shirts of swan-plumage, who hovered over Scandinavian battle-fields to receive the souls of falling heroes, were identical with the Hindu Apsaras; and the Houris of the Mussulman belong to the same family. Even for the angels, — women with large wings, who are seen in popular pictures bearing mortals on high towards heaven, — we can hardly claim a different kinship. Melusina, when she leaves the castle of Lusignan, becomes a Banshee; and it has been a common superstition among sailors, that the appearance of a mermaid, with her comb and looking-glass, betokens shipwreck, with the loss of all on board.

John Fiske.

MY FATHER'S SHIPWRECK.

I HAVE often promised you, my dear children, that I would some time write out my own early recollections of certain passages in the lives of your grandparents, who were, I think, honored and beloved by you in a very uncommon degree. These passages have always excited a deep interest in the family circle, and something impels me now to undertake the fulfilment of my promise, ere the lengthening shadows, which are approaching, dim the distinctness of outline with which these far-off objects still stand out in the background of my earliest days.

I was, as you know, the only child of my parents. At my birth your grandfather was a shipmaster. It was a period when a faithful performance of the duties of that vocation required a man possessing "a sound mind in a sound body"; and that these gifts were his in an uncommon degree I think he found abundant opportunity for manifesting in a long and varied career.

All records of his voyages having been unfortunately destroyed, I have

only a general knowledge of the fact that, some time during my second year, he sailed in the schooner M—, of B—, owned by Colonel I. T—, for the Mediterranean.

About this time a decree was issued by the French at Rambouillet, "confiscating all American vessels and their cargoes then found in ports under the control of the French, and directing that, if any should enter a French harbor in future, it should be seized and sold." At Naples the M—, with twenty-nine other American vessels, was thus confiscated.

My father was detained there a weary time, making vain efforts to recover his vessel, and by a long and tiresome lawsuit he at one time succeeded in procuring its release, when almost immediately a new seizure was made by a new order from Napoleon Bonaparte. During this lawsuit he was obliged to have an audience with King Joachim Murat, and I have heard him laughingly describe the sport he made for his landlady and fellow-boarders, by his somewhat grotesque

appearance in the court-dress he was obliged to assume for the occasion. A part of this, I remember, was an extraordinary chapeau, to be carried chiefly under the arm, having been reduced to an unwonted degree of thinness by his various annoyances, his calves were considered to fall short of the proportions of beauty, as exhibited by "black satin shorts," in black silk stockings clocked and curiously gartered.

I recollect, too, having heard him say he felt "perfectly at ease" in making his simple statement to royalty; that he was listened to with "perfect politeness," and a very fair promise made him that his petition should be granted.

One not inconsiderable incident of personal danger I recall as occurring to him at this time. He had a narrow escape from assassination. While sitting one day, after dinner, engaged in reading in the cabin of his own vessel, — it must have been during the short time of its release, — with his back turned toward the companion-way, he suddenly became conscious of a shadow falling on his page, and a darkening of the light by some object interposed between him and the door; and he leaped to his feet just in time to avoid the stroke of a cutlass, which came down with sufficient force to make a deep incision upon a strongly bound sea-trunk which stood beside him, — a blow which must have cloven his skull, had it fallen as it was intended. It was dealt by the hand of one of the villains engaged in the lawsuit, who, on being thus defeated of his murderous design, pretended to make a joke of it, declaring it was merely an attempt to startle him from his book. Nor could my father have hoped for any redress, had he chosen to take it otherwise, such was the condition of the existing government.

During his eighteen months of detention he found some leisure to indulge his curiosity as a traveller. He made the ascent of Vesuvius, during the time of an eruption, with a party of friends, walking where the ground was sufficiently hot to curl slightly the soles of his boots, — an exploit of ordinary

occurrence now, but not quite so much so for Americans sixty years ago.

He also made a journey to Rome on account of his lawsuit. This being in the summer of 1809, he happened to start on his return to Naples on the same night, between the 5th and 6th of July, on which Pope Pius VII., according to Sir Walter Scott, was obliged, by order of the Emperor, to quit Rome, a temporary exile, repairing first to Grenoble and afterwards to Savona. I have often heard my father, an eyewitness, describe the frantic consternation into which the Catholic populace were thrown by this rash act of Napoleon.

On the 10th of April, 1810, my father, with several others, masters and supercargoes of vessels, finding all chance for recovering their property lost, and fearing even for their personal safety, took passage in the ship M—— for S——, which vessel was the first released by the government, on the application of Alexander Hammet, the American Consul, to convey to America the crews of the vessels confiscated at Naples.

An account of the fearful wreck of this good ship M—— on her homeward passage I give you in your grandfather's own words, as written by himself, very soon after his return to his own home.

"On the 10th of April the ship M——, of S——, sailed from Naples, with forty-six souls on board, namely, thirty-one passengers, and fifteen, the crew of the said ship. Passed through the Gut of Gibraltar on the 22d of April; nothing material occurred until the 20th of May, when, being in lat. 40° N. and long. 39° 30' W., having strong breezes at southeast and east-southeast and rainy weather, at 11 A. M. took in topgallant steering sails, and fore and mizzen topgallant sails, jib and light staysail and mainsail. At 1 P. M. foretopmast steering-sail halyards parted, and all hands were called to haul in the steering-sail, and take in sail; but owing to the topmast

steering-sail being carried away, it carried away the topmast steering-sail boom, which brought both steering-sails into the water, and both were lost. One man was on the main royal yard, furling the royal, three on the main topgallant yard, and one in the maintop, the rest employed in clewing down the topsails, but, finding the squall came on heavily, they were obliged to let fly the topsail sheets, the helm at the same time being hove hard to windward with the wind on her larboard quarter; she came to against her helm, and when the wind got abeam she began to capsize, and as soon as she got her gunwale to the water, in an instant capsized with her masts and sails in the water. One man was on the main royal yard, three on the main topgallant yard, and four or five in the forecastle unwell, and one in the cabin, who said, when he came out of the cabin, the water was rushing down in sheets as large as the companion-way would admit; notwithstanding, they all got on the ship's side.

"After cutting away the lanyards with our knives, we at length procured an axe, and cut away the masts, and got a rope from the fore and mizzen chains; all hands then got hold of the rope, and, going as near the keel as possible, by this means righted her, and found her full of water, her hatches, cabin doors, and windows being open. At the same time the long-boat and pinnace, and several water-casks were drifting among the spars to windward. We then hove over the guns, anchors, etc., to lighten the ship, and endeavored to clear the wreck of the spars, rigging, etc., which lay beating against her; but our efforts were in vain, as the starboard lanyards were so deep under water that we could not come at them. Three men then got into the small boat, which was very badly stove, and endeavored to tow the long-boat out from among the spars; at the same time there were men on the bottom of the long-boat, and on the spars, endeavoring to cut a passage for her; and, in about two hours, they got the

long-boat alongside of the wreck, and righted her, but found the pinnace in her so badly stove that it was impossible to repair her. The long-boat had one of her buts started, and a hole in her bottom, on which account we were obliged to turn her bottom up again to drive the but to, and stop the hole. Mr. S—— C——, of Derby, in Connecticut, stripped himself of his jacket and trousers, got on the bottom of the boat, drove the but to, and stopped the hole in her bottom by nailing canvas and sheet-lead over it, which we got from the stern. We then righted her, and three men jumped into the boat to bale her out, which they effected in about fifteen minutes; eight more then jumped into the boat, and shoved off, for the purpose, as I then supposed, of repairing her. Myself, with the assistance of some others, got the guard irons and waist cloths, and some pine boards, with all the tools and nails I could procure, and passed them into the small boat, to send to the long-boat, which was lying at about twenty or thirty fathoms' distance, still thinking they would lie by us. Just before night, as the yawl was lying alongside, taking in tools, nails, etc., Mr. B——, who was sitting on the taffrail, got into her and went to the long-boat. About twelve o'clock at night they hailed us from the boat, and requested me to send them a chest and a cask of sweet-oil, which was made fast to the stern, which request I complied with. From that time until morning they frequently told us to desist from hauling in the boat, or they should be obliged to cut the painter; there was, however, no one near the rope, nor was there any attempt made during the night to haul up the boat. The next forenoon, the weather being moderate, three men were employed in the yawl, in procuring from the spars a sail, spars, rigging, and oars for the long-boat. About twelve o'clock, as I was taking an observation, they said to me that, as I had two quadrants and two compasses, I could spare them one of each. I replied, that if they

would come under the stern I would give them, but they declined doing that, and requested me to make them fast on a board, and veer it astern, which I refused to do. This was the first idea I had of their leaving us. I refused them the quadrant and compass on the idea that they would not leave us without them; but immediately upon my refusal they stept their mast and bent their sail, and were all ready to get under way. Finding their intention was to leave us, several of the people on the wreck entreated them, for God's sake, to come alongside, and take some more of them in before they left. They refused to do this. Those on the wreck then requested them to come a little nearer, that they might send some word to their friends, if the boat ever got home. They refused to do even this, and immediately hoisted their sail.

"Upon seeing this, three or four jumped into the sea, and swam towards the long-boat, among whom was Mr. C——, above mentioned, who repaired the bottom of the long-boat at the risk of his life. They immediately cut the painter, and the two men in the yawl jumped out of her into the long-boat, setting the yawl adrift; at the same time some one on board of the long-boat held up a knife in a threatening manner, meaning probably to make those in the water understand they would keep them off *at any rate*. These men then returned, with the exception of one, who swam to the yawl, which was drifting to leeward. With much difficulty he got on board of her, and found one oar in the water alongside; he then sculled for the long-boat, which was at that time sailing very slowly, at the distance of nearly a mile from the wreck; he was apparently gaining upon them, when they manned their oars, and pulled away from him, on which he returned to the wreck, having been absent about two hours. Since my arrival, Captain G——, of Newburyport, has stated to me, that it was with great difficulty he got on board of the long-boat from the yawl,

several of them being opposed to it, although he had been very industriously employed in getting her from among the spars, etc., and in procuring articles for repairing her; he likewise stated to me that, '*had they known they should be taken up in four or five days, they might have taken ten more.*' It is my sincere opinion that when the boat left us, far from being incapable of holding more, she required at least one ton weight to put her in good sailing trim.

"Although I never requested them to come alongside to take more in, yet I wished them to keep by us, in the hope that if we should be fortunate enough to see any vessel, the long-boat might forelay it, and by that means rescue the whole of us; and had they stayed by us but two days longer, we should probably have been all saved, as, on that day, a large ship passed so near the wreck that we saw her hull; and the yawl, shattered as she was, was despatched to board her, but, being small, and a heavy sea running, it was impossible to make much progress; they got near enough, however, to see the people on the deck. To show that it was the opinion of many, if not all, on the wreck that the long-boat ought to have stayed by them, I will merely mention that, at the time the boat left the wreck, there were several young gentlemen who told those leaving us, 'they hoped some might get home from the wreck to expose their vile conduct.' Left the wreck in the long-boat about twenty-four hours after she capsized. [A list of fifteen names is here given in the manuscript.]

"After the departure of the long-boat, on Monday, May 21st, we immediately hoisted a signal by lashing one of the royal masts to the stump of the mainmast, and hoisting a cabin quilt about thirty feet above the deck. We then erected a stage, by laying spars across the quarter-rails, and laid a sail on the spars, on which we were tolerably comfortably situated; all hands were then employed in securing provisions.

"On the 24th of May we caught a turtle, and found in a chest a box of tinder, which being quite wet we dried in the sun, and got fire; we then took the bell of the ship and built a fire in it, and with a baking-pan cooked a good mess of turtle-soup for thirty-one persons. We burnt some fresh tinder, and kept it dry as we could, but never could get fire afterwards. In the course of six days we had secured three casks of water, one barrel of wine, salt pork and beef, hams, potatoes, corn, bread, etc., sufficient to have lasted two or three months, and had the long-boat stayed by us, we might have secured a great quantity in her; but, unfortunately for us, on the 28th of May, came on a heavy gale of wind, and in the course of the night the spars which lay alongside, a heavy sea running at the same time, beat away all the upper works; at the same time our staging went, and we lost all the provisions, excepting a little salt meat, and about three gallons of wine. But if, at this time, we could have had the tools the long-boat took from us, especially the broad-axe, we might have been able to disencumber the wreck of the spars, which, by beating against it, undoubtedly caused the loss of the upper deck. In the fore part of the night there were four men in the yawl; but as it was blowing so fresh, and the boat making so much water, two of the four were obliged to get out on the staging, leaving two to steer and bale. In the morning, it being a little more moderate, myself, with two others, took to the yawl, and were employed, in the fore part of the day in taking the people from the quarter-deck to the bowsprit; directly after the quarter deck floated off with the stump of the mizen-mast in it. During the week our provisions lasted, the company unanimously chose Captain J—— and myself to take charge of them, and deal out as we thought proper. I would likewise state, that, during the time I was with them, Captain J—— prayed publicly with the company, and that many of them paid great attention, es-

pecially Messrs. C——, C——, and P——. On the 30th, the weather being pleasant, I was employed, with four others, in procuring spars and sails, to make a stage on the forecastle; this was done by laying the spars from the belfry, on each side of the stump of the foremast, to the bows of the ship, which made a tolerable stage for the whole company, on which they were quite dry. Nothing remarkable happened until the 3d of June, when G—— P——, of Salem, died, overcome by fatigue and reduced by famine. Our wine at this time being gone, and having nothing but a wineglass of vinegar for each man, during every twenty-four hours, not having had any water since the 28th of May, it being a calm day on the 4th of June, we went to work to get a pipe of brandy, which we effected about midday, when many of the people, having previously drunk much salt water, which had increased their sufferings to a great degree, inadvertently took brandy to quench their raging thirst. The next day the following persons died. [A list of fourteen who died within forty-eight hours is here given, with the names of the vessels, etc., to which they belonged.]

"On the 6th of June the whole of the upper deck was gone, and everything that was between decks had floated out, leaving us without any subsistence, excepting some pork and beef, which it was impossible to eat for want of water. On the 7th of June, finding we could be of no use to those on the wreck, having nothing but brandy to subsist upon, and being then in lat. 39° 12' N., thinking that too far south for the track of Europeans, we decided, five of us, to trust ourselves to the yawl, and endeavor to stretch northward.

"The morning we left the wreck we went under the bowsprit, and joined in prayer with Captain J—— for our deliverance. At ten we bade them a final adieu, taking in the boat about two and one half gallons of brandy and a little pork. We left on the wreck the

following persons, viz. [Here follows a list of ten names.]

"When the yawl left the wreck, the five following appeared in pretty good spirits, and might stand it nearly as long as we did in the boat. . . .

"The following persons left the wreck in the boat, viz., J— C. V—, E— A— I—, J— L—, of Salem, J— T—, of Ipswich, and myself. For sixteen days after we left the wreck we had no sustenance, excepting the brandy, of which we took a gill in the course of twenty-four hours. On the night of the 22d of June we had considerable rain, and we caught water enough, by holding up our handkerchiefs and wringing them, to quench our thirst partially, and to save two quarts. On the 23d T—, overcome with fatigue, hunger, and thirst, breathed his last, without a groan. On the same day we observed a number of rudder-fish round the boat, and making a dip-net out of a hoop and some twine, caught plenty, and, after drying them, we ate some of them, being the first food we had taken since leaving the wreck. From this time to the 27th we had several showers, and caught water sufficient nearly to quench our thirst; in which time I had eaten a small quantity of salt pork with some of the fish. But as soon as our water was gone I could eat no more. On the 28th of June L— died, of hunger, thirst, and fatigue. He went out of the world without a struggle or a groan. On the 29th, the boat still leaking so badly as to keep one man constantly baling, there being a heavy sea running, we had the misfortune to lose all our oars and the boat's mast. Having nothing left to steer the boat with, she lying in the trough of the sea, and being in great danger of filling every moment, we lost nearly all our remaining courage. However, we went to work to make a paddle to steer the boat with; by taking the yard from our boat's sail, which was made of the blade of an oar split in two, and seizing it together in its former place, and lashing a strip of board to it for a han-

dle, by this means we kept the boat before the sea.

"On the 30th of June, about 3 P. M., the boat being half full of water, I was looking round between hope and despair, and, to my unspeakable joy, espied a sail to the southeast, which, after looking some time, I thought was standing from us. In about ten minutes I observed she was standing on the wind to the north-northwest, and that she would not fetch within two miles of us, we being to windward.

"We were now almost in despair, having neither oars nor boat's mast, and Mr. V— so lame that he could scarcely move himself, but being in the stern of the boat, he took the paddle and kept her before the wind, while Mr. E— baled the boat, which was leaking very badly. I went to work to rig a sail, and for that purpose took one of the boat's thwarts; and the Lord giving me strength for that effort, — I had very little natural strength left, — I split the thwart over the stern of the boat, seized it together, and made a mast six feet long; with a piece of board I made a yard; and in about ten minutes got a sail set, and was running before the wind to forelay the vessel. About four o'clock P. M., having run about two miles to leeward, we came alongside the vessel, which proved to be the General J— of G—, from Lisbon, commanded by Captain S— L. D—, who received us on board, and treated us with the tenderness of a brother while we remained with him. He gave us at first light food in small quantities, increasing the portion as we were able to bear it. And I here desire to express my grateful acknowledgments that so worthy a man was made an instrument in God's hand to be our deliverer. This was the eighth sail we had seen since our shipwreck, — four before we left the wreck, and four since. Our sufferings and disappointments, while on the wreck and in the boat, were, as the reader may judge, *inexpressible*. Captain D— received us on board his vessel in lat. 40° 12' N., long. 45°

W. They immediately hoisted our boat on board the General J—, and found three of her butts started off, and the oakum so much out of her bottom, that, when they cast off the gripes, of which we had three, her stern nearly dropped out. In this small and shattered boat three of us had lived twenty-three days, since leaving the wreck; and on the 21st of July we arrived safely at G—, and in a short time reached our respective families, to the mutual joy of ourselves and our friends. Even strangers seemed to look on us as raised from the dead.

"May we, each of us, give God the glory for such signal deliverance, and, in gratitude, devote the remainder of our days to his service.

(Signed) "H— L—.

"B—, August 2, 1810.

"P. S. — Since my arrival I have been informed by Captain F—, that it has been frequently reported at S— that the 'M— was upset in a drunken frolic'; but I can assure the public that there was no person intoxicated, to my knowledge, while I remained on board the ship. I feel very grateful to Captain F— for his offer of a passage to me in the M—, and for his kind treatment of me while on board, before the shipwreck.

"H— L—."

This simple statement was made by my father, as soon after his return as he was able to collect his ideas and express them upon paper. And it is, indeed, wonderful, considering the physical condition to which he was reduced, that it did not require months rather than weeks to restore him to the degree of mental and bodily vigor necessary for the performance of this very painful duty. You will remember they were taken on board the General J— on the 30th of June; they arrived at G— on the 21st of July; and this account was dated August 2d, at his own home in B—.

At that distant day, the whole neighboring community were excited by so remarkable an event as this "sec-

ond return from the wreck of the M—."

Little child as I then was, I distinctly remember how, day after day, our little parlor would often be filled with persons, who came miles to see one who had survived such sufferings and exposure. A written account was demanded by the public; but, owing to some peculiar circumstances connected with these sad events, my father undertook to give it with extreme reluctance. A very large number of near relatives and friends of the sufferers resided in the immediate vicinity; and even before what was termed the "second return," the conduct of those who left in the long-boat had been a good deal discussed, and now a loud call was made for a statement of facts relating to it. So he gave his testimony with regard to them. Honesty and moral courage, with which he was largely endowed, obliged him to state the facts truthfully, though his kindness of heart and true knowledge of human nature led him to put the mildest construction upon the motives of those who had escaped in the long-boat. Respecting Captain F— I have heard him say: "I believe him to have been guilty *only of weakness*. He yielded, probably through *fear*, to the selfish impulses of one or two passionate young men, when he should resolutely have taken command of his own boat, and exercised the judgment of a man in lading and directing her." Some of these gentlemen were personal friends, whom he often met afterwards, and for whom he felt unabated regard through life. He suppressed many sad details of suffering, which would have lent a thrilling interest to the story, but which could not have been borne by the bleeding hearts to which they must have found access, if given in a public newspaper.

There is quite a remarkable forgetfulness of self in his narrative, as he omits all personal details which are not of direct importance to the main story. As an instance of this I may here add a note made by a friend, who got the

item in conversation, years afterwards, from my father. Where the narrative, simply says, "The quarter-deck floated off, with the stump of the mizzen-mast in it," my friend's note has, "Captain L—, the others all being on the forward staging, happened to be alone on that part of the upper deck near the mizzen-mast when it was swept away, carrying the stump of the mast with it. After floating off three or four rods, and hesitating whether his last chance was there or on the wreck, he plunged into the water, swam back, and got safely on board again."

My father lived fifty-two years after these events occurred, but he never could discuss them without an effort. Indeed, after he was eighty years of age, I have known him to lose a meal if this subject became a topic of conversation at table. I can now distinctly recall his expression of countenance, as I heard him say to a boy who, while he was impatiently waiting for dinner, exclaimed "I shall die of hunger!" "If you had seen men die of hunger *as I did*, and if you had felt, *as I have*, what it is to die, as to hunger and thirst yourself, you would then know *the dreadful meaning* of that word *hunger*."

At the solicitation of persons who did not suspect what suffering it gave him to recall these scenes, I have at different times heard him give details far more harrowing than anything recorded in his narrative; and now, when those for whom I write are so desirous of knowing more of the story, I regret that I did not on those occasions commit the facts to writing; for I always, at my mother's injunction, scrupulously refrained from asking him myself for any details. Some things I can recall to memory which may add an interest to what I write. My father always observed character with more interest than insensible objects, and so came to understand human nature uncommonly well, while he was by no means remarkably observant of places and things, unless associated with "human life therein."

On the wreck he must have made a study of the manner in which men of different temperaments and characters were affected by their common calamity, for I remember being particularly charmed, in early life, by hearing him describe observations of that sort which he there made; and the good Captain J—, the lively and talented P—, and the true-hearted, energetic C— have always stood out, in my imagination, as lifelike pictures of representative men.

I remember hearing that, after the long-boat left them, my father was one day attempting to take an observation, when one of the men, suddenly becoming deranged, as several of them did before death ended their sufferings, rushed at him and knocked off his hat into the water. At this time the heat of the sun was very oppressive, and for a few hours he felt the loss very painfully; but at length it so happened ~~that~~ his own trunk, with the lid off, ~~was~~ "washed up from the hold, and floated within reach." It contained many valuable things carefully collected by him, but he said he thought only of securing something to protect his head. As it floated past him he caught at a bright-colored cashmere shawl lying upon the top; this he folded in a way to answer his purpose, and this he kept on his head until he was taken from the boat.

I have this shawl in my possession now; faded with its exposure then to the sun and salt water, and stained where the beloved head rested on the salt pork, which, when the parched mouths could no longer eat it, was used as a pillow in the boat. I have also a portion of a blue bandanna handkerchief which he held up to catch the precious drops of rain, and wrung into a small wooden box, with which they baled the boat, to slake his thirst. Of this handkerchief he finally made the "signal," which caught the eye of the sailor, who had been "sent to the masthead to look out," and who reported to Captain D— upon the deck, "I see a sail, sir, at a great distance," and being ordered to "look

again," shouted, "it is something almost alongside now." I have also a piece of tarred line, knotted at the ends, just twenty-one inches long, which was the exact measure of my father about his waist, taken carefully by Captain D—— the day he was received on board his vessel. He was a man rather above ordinary height, and of good proportions when in health. These, to me, precious relics I would have my children preserve after me, as tokens of suffering and privations so manfully borne more than half a century ago, by one who yet lived long enough to gain the love and veneration of them all. About twenty years ago I made a visit with my father at Franklin in New Hampshire. On the evening before we left, in compliance with an earnest request from our host, for whom he had much respect, he entered more fully into details regarding this whole matter than I ever heard him at one sitting, before or after. Near midnight I listened to his description of the parting scene, when the yawl left the wreck finally, given with great feeling, but I have not words to describe it, as it has since lived in my imagination.

The wreck had drifted out of the regular track of vessels crossing the Atlantic, and remaining upon it, there was no hope of escape for any of the men. I believe the idea of leaving it in the yawl first came to my father, and the four who joined him did so without persuasion. Of the ten remaining at the time of their departure, five were unable to raise their heads or to speak audibly, and the other five considered their own chance to be better than that of those who left. They wept and prayed together, and made signals as long as they remained in sight of each other.

The extremity of suffering from privation came to my father on the boat. He was through life remarkable for his temperance in eating and drinking, refusing with dignity, even on his death-bed at eighty-five, to take "extra meals on account of debility," nor

could he ever be persuaded to eat anything at all offensive to his taste. I remember, as if I saw it yesterday, the strange, sad smile with which he answered his mother, when I was a very little girl. She had asked him to "just taste" something which he did not fancy, saying, "Why, Henry, it is *so good*, and you saw the time, on the wreck, when you would have been *glad to eat anything*." "No, mother," said he, "in the boat, for a time, I might; but I shall always remember how on the wreck I took my knife to pare the rind from my allowance of bacon, and was just going to toss it overboard, when poor L—— caught and devoured it like a dog." He never seemed aware that he had more presence of mind and fortitude than most men; but I have heard him say, in reference to this period, "I really did not *suffer so much* as many in the same conditions with me, because *I could turn off my mind from our wants* better than they could." I have heard him say he could make successful efforts, even in the boat, to compose himself to sleep, which the others could not; and that, in this state, he was often "much refreshed by dreams." He suffered more from thirst than hunger, and more than once, dreaming that he was a boy at home, he stooped and drank, as he had then often done, from a clear brook, which ran near his mother's house, and awoke "refreshed." At last he ceased for a few days to suffer from this cause; having, at first, no desire for either food or drink when he came on board Captain D——'s vessel. So indeed, as he said, he "died as to hunger and thirst."

But far keener than anything physical was the mental suffering he endured. The 30th of June, the events of which are lightly touched in his narrative, was, as I heard him describe it at Franklin, such a day as few men have lived to tell of. Three vessels, speeding onward in safety, had appeared within their horizon, and passed these worn and weary toilers, in their shattered boat, unknowingly. The last

disappeared at sunset, and soon darkness, almost crushing out life with hope, came down upon them. What wonder if they felt deserted by God and man, forlorn, exhausted, starving upon that wide, lonely sea! Then dawned that 30th day of June. Their failing strength seemed to have been tasked to the utmost. Poor V—— was lying helpless, with one whole lower limb so swollen and inflamed by exposure to a burning sun, while constantly soaked in salt water, that he was unable to move himself. E—— was also extremely exhausted, and having besides a passionate temper, had lost self-control, and used his feeble voice only in making bitter complaints at having been induced to leave the wreck, declaring he would do no more in baling the boat or in attempting to steer it. My father toiled on until past high noon, when he too felt "nature giving way"; the boat was half filled with water; he folded his arms, and closed his eyes; one yearning thought of home, and all he was leaving, rushed through his heart, filling his soul, and impelled him "once more to sweep the horizon with his eye"; this done, lying back in the boat, he "would allow her to go down." But, in that farewell gaze, a fourth vessel standing favorably toward them met his eyes; hope instantly revives, strength from above is given, he seizes the thwart of the boat, and by a seemingly miraculous effort splits it in twain upon its frail stem; his awakened energy excites his companions, — one bales, the other steers; they gain upon their approaching deliverer; they are descried by "the sailor on lookout at the masthead"; the vessel is "laid to," and they are thus "snatched from the very jaws of death."

The account given by Captain D——, of their appearance and condition when first rescued, I have often heard my mother repeat. This kind and good man, looking through his spy-glass from the deck of the vessel, saw *nothing*, but, at the sailor's second report, the mate, looking over the side, saw,

almost close to them, an indescribable object. So embrowned and emaciated were these men, almost divested of clothing, which had "been used strip by strip to calk the boat," that they had almost lost the semblance of humanity, as they lay,

"With throats unslaked,
With black lips baked,"

unable from debility and emotion to make audible replies to the questions proposed to them. My father attempted to rise and stand *upright*, but in so doing lost his balance, and fell between the boat and vessel, but the mate, who was then preparing to leap down to them, caught him, as he touched the water, and, carefully passing a rope around his body, had him tenderly raised, and placed safely on the deck of the vessel; and finally, after rescuing E—— in the same manner, the entire boat, with V—— lying in it, was hoisted on board the General J—— by the sympathizing sailors.

Captain D—— said my father "*asked for nothing*, but at once seemed desirous to attempt to *give an account of himself*, which he did, in a hoarse whisper, but with a mind perfectly collected, and in a very direct and intelligible manner." The others "wept, and begged like little children for food and drink; and, painful as it was, it was necessary, for some days, to deny them what would have killed them at once, if they could have got access to it." I have heard my father say: "I had *then* no hope of reaching home, and for twenty-four hours did not even inquire if the vessel were *homeward bound*; but I wished my friends to know my story, thanked God devoutly for giving me this chance of sending it to them, and thought, this being done, I could then lie down and die in peace, for I felt that I was *still at the gate of death*."

By Captain D——'s unceasing and extremely judicious kindness, however, they were surprisingly recovered in the twenty-one days they passed on board his vessel. At first my father found great difficulty in swallowing a few teaspoonfuls of thin rice-water, was a

number of hours in accomplishing it, and then was oppressed to an agonizing degree by distention of the stomach. Fortunately there was a quantity of nice oranges on board, which were liberally dispensed, and in a day or two the juice became exceedingly grateful to him, until finally, before they landed, he was able to take small portions of solid food. They anchored at G—— toward nightfall; and he was so desirous of going home *at once*, that Mr. L——, for many years a well-remembered driver of the stage-coach, then running only twice in a week between G—— and Boston, where several trains of cars now pass and repass daily, offered to drive him, in the most comfortable manner which could then be devised, to B——, and used years afterward to speak of it to the family, as “a peculiar privilege” that he had been allowed to do so. Strength, however, was not yet sufficiently restored to my father’s wasted frame to enable him to perform at one effort the whole journey of fourteen miles; and about nine o’clock in the evening he was brought to his mother’s house at W—— Beach, being still distant five miles from his own home, and was there received by her and her family “as one arisen from the grave.”

If, my dear children, you all love and venerate the memory of your grandfather, I am sure those of you who at the time of her death were old enough to remember her now, accord an equal place in your regards to your grandmother. Some of you, who have heard her mental sufferings at the period I have described, alluded to by your grandfather and others, would, you say, feel this record to be incomplete, if what I am able to recall of this portion of the family chronicle should be omitted.

For your gratification, then, as I really have some distinct and vivid recollections of home scenes and occurrences associated with these events, which took place during my third summer, I will give them to you as they may be recalled; but they must be mere outline

sketches of a few scenes, strongly impressed at a period far remote. What I do remember was indelibly traced, but all filling up has been obliterated by the mists of gathering years.

This was in the time of the “Long Embargo,” and all the good wives of absent sailors in our neighborhood were, I have been told, practising a strict economy. My mother was still living in the house where I was born, of which we occupied only a part. In my father’s absence she kept no servant. It was my birth month, June, and a cousin of my mother was making us a visit. Years afterward I heard her describe the singular state of nervous anxiety in which my poor mother had been living for more than a month. She was naturally very cheerful, and of a serene, equable temperament. But my father had left home expecting to be absent only six months, and had now been gone eighteen, under circumstances of peculiar trial and danger. This preyed upon her spirits sadly, and produced a dread of coming evil quite unnatural to her usual temper and disposition. A pleasant Sunday morning came, about the 20th of June, and her cousin persuaded her to go to church, to hear the then celebrated Dr. Griffin, of Boston, preach.

In those days church-going, in Massachusetts, was very generally considered an incumbent duty, and my mother has told me, that, though she could give no reason which seemed plausible for absenting herself on this occasion, yet feeling a great repugnance to making the effort, she determined to take me with her, hoping I might become restless, and thus give her an opportunity for returning. If restlessness was my habit, as is by no means unlikely, in the time of warm weather, and protracted services at “meeting,” I was, on this occasion, either awed or entertained, so as to behave extremely well, until the sermon was nearly ended, when she took immediate advantage of my making an attempt to possess myself of her fan to take me home, de-

claring she could not have kept *herself* quiet ten minutes longer.

She was engaged to spend Monday with a sister of her cousin, then living at the foot of Washington Street, but when the time arrived, begged to be excused, as feeling wholly unable to go, saying when urged, "I am sure something dreadful is impending, and I would rather stay at home to meet it."

But her cousin, feeling a friendly anxiety on account of her very unusual state of mind, insisted upon the fulfilment of her promise, fearing that she would become insane if she left her alone, and trusting that going abroad might serve to divert her mind from its strange fancies, which she supposed to result entirely from her living a good deal alone, which left her too much time to brood over my father's prolonged absence. Being herself a spinster, she probably did not understand those magnetic sympathies which, in fine natures, always exist where there is a *true marriage*.

It was a lovely June morning; its atmosphere comes back to me with all its balmy freshness; so does its mid-day heat, and its evening shadows; it is the first day I wholly remember. I did not often take morning walks with my mother in that direction, and I recall the street as it then appeared, so different from what it now is, as I gambolled on before her, my capacity for happiness being filled, and now and then running back for a moment, to look up at her wonderingly, because she did not seem to feel as I did. As we passed down what is now Cabot Street, it was just after the eight-o'clock mail had been distributed. A gentleman stood outside an open window, reading something from the newspaper to a person on the inside. As he looked up, and seemed to see us, he walked rapidly away. Mother caught her cousin by the arm, as we approached the house, begging her to return home immediately. "See," said she, "Mr. — has spoken to his sister, and she is walking across the room to look at me, wondering to see me here; that

paper contains some dreadful news of Henry!" And it is, to say the least, singular that this was all true. Yet she did not know he had left Naples, and, as to anything she knew, had no occasion for increased anxiety on his account. She was with difficulty persuaded to go on; and arriving at the house, begged directly to go to a chamber, where she should see no one but her cousins. Alarmed at her strange manner, Mrs. L—— seated her at a pleasant window; and at last, taking a hint from Miss A——, with a view to divert my mother's mind, asked her to arrange an infant wardrobe in new drawers for her, at the same time placing a nice little frock upon her lap. She mechanically took it up, and crushing it together in her hands, still sat listlessly gazing on the view of the ocean which the window commanded, with a face so sad and unlike herself, that her cousin left the room in distress, to call in a mutual friend.

Presently a knock at the street door aroused my mother, and listening a few moments, she distinctly heard a lady who opened it say, "Do let her alone till evening!" "No," was a gentleman's reply, "the children in the street would tell her before she could get ten rods from this door." While they talked my mother descended the stairs, and with a face like marble, laying her hand firmly on Deacon L——'s arm, said in a strange, hollow voice, "Yes, tell me *now*; I can bear anything, if you do not say *he is dead*!"

She was then quietly seated in an adjoining parlor, and very gently told that my father had taken passage in the ship M——, for S——, with thirty others, on the 10th of April; that on the 20th of May she had been wrecked in a squall within ten days' sail of home. That fifteen men — but he was not with them — escaped in the long-boat; had been taken up, and brought to Salem, having no hope that any other return could ever be made from the wreck.

I had slipped into the room, and stood close beside my mother; I did not at all comprehend what had hap-

pened, but I was thrilled with the mournful quiet of the scene ; and that room, with much of its furniture, and the faces in it, were so engraven on my memory in a few minutes, that though I never entered it again until one year ago, I found a distinct picture of it in my mind with which to compare its altered appearance. My mother uttered not one word, but suffered herself to be dressed and placed in a carriage, and with me seated beside her was driven home. This was about ten o'clock in the morning. She was placed in an easy-chair in her own chamber, where she sat nearly in one position, uttering no word or moan, nor in any way taking notice of the friends who passed in and out or gathered around her, until about three o'clock in the afternoon.

In the mean time I suppose I was the charge of no one in particular ; so after dinner I contrived to steal out of doors unobserved, without any sun-bonnet, and being soon enticed by some rude children into the street, was met by a friend on her way to my mother, racing up and down, at quite a distance from the house, heated and covered with dust. She took me by the hand to lead me back ; but at the door I resolutely refused to enter. Some one went to my mother, and said, "Cannot you go and speak to Fanny ? She is making herself sick by running about the street in the hot sun."

She started at that, walked to the entry, and seated herself at the top of a flight of stairs just as some one was bringing me up by force. Being perfectly beside myself with excitement, I struck out with my little hands, hitting my poor mother on the face, and then clung sobbing to her neck.

This broke the spell for her ; she clasped me in her arms, and for a time her tears flowed freely. I was then taken in charge by a friend, and she was led back to her seat, where she presently relapsed into her former condition, having as yet uttered no word.

At sunset her minister and very intimate friend, the good J—— E——, who

had been out of town all day, came in and sat down at her side.

Being a man of strong sympathies, now deeply moved, he sat for some time, like the friends of Job, and "spoke no word, because he saw that her grief was very great." Then, as he afterward said, "feeling that her condition was becoming dangerous," he "tried this experiment to arouse her." Taking her hand, he said in a low, distinct voice : "Sister L——, will you come to the church on Sunday and hear me offer prayer to God for you as a widow, and address the people ?" She instantly startled him and all in the chamber by raising her tearless face and exclaiming, "I have not yet heard that Henry is dead !" And when one near her whispered, "Poor child ! she has gone crazy !" she added, almost cheerfully, "God may have prepared a plank to save him, and he may be taken from some rock in the ocean." And "at that moment," as she afterward often said, "my first ray of hope dawned upon me."

I well remember, as night came on, how dreary and sad it seemed to me to be undressed by stranger hands, and told that my mother could not come to me. But I was saddened into obedience then, and made no resistance.

Following on this "heavy day" came a month of agony, which made fearful demands upon my dear mother's physical constitution, naturally a very fine one, and from which, indeed, she never wholly recovered to the end of her life, which closed at sixty-eight years. I have often heard my father say to her, "The wreck made greater ravages upon your constitution than upon mine, for I think I was *made over*, and might date my age from 1810." And it is true, that from the time of his perfect recovery, which was astonishingly rapid after his return home, no one could enjoy greater freedom from physical ills for more than half a century. This month, passed in cruel alternations of hope and despair, to which my mother perforce abandoned herself, was a very distinct period for

strong impressions upon my infant imagination. I had the daily recreation of being sent to school, which was kept by Ma'am O—— on the other side of our house ; but at home I remember how sad and lonely I was, missing my dear mother's cheerful words and smiles ; for she said that before this stroke really fell upon her, though wearied and worn with her anxious fears, she always exerted herself to be cheerful with me, and I only saw in her my loving playmate and the tender guardian on whom I leaned for everything. Now I sat alone at my meals, while she paced the room in such a changed and mournful mood that I hardly knew where to turn for comfort at home. She has told me that one day, after arranging my table and placing my food before me, she turned to her listless, restless pacing up and down, for some time absorbed in her own melancholy musings, when she was at last aroused by a very deep sigh from me, and looking up, found me sitting just as she had left me, my food all untouched, gazing sadly at her. And in reply to her inquiries, I said : " *I am hungry, but I do not like to eat so.* I went into Emily's house," — Emily was a little playmate in the neighborhood, — " and she was eating nice dinner *with her mother, and they were laughing as we did.*" After that she was regular in sitting at the table and making efforts to eat, but said she could rarely force herself to swallow, such a vivid picture of my father, starving *somewhere*, would come before her and destroy all power of eating. Had she known his actual state, she said this vision could not have seemed to her more real. And for this entire month she never once disrobed herself for ordinary rest in bed, but would continue her restless to-and-fro movement, until from sheer exhaustion, sometimes, not until toward morning, she would throw herself upon my bed, and, dressed as she was, fall into uneasy slumbers.

During these weeks, not one of her friends supposed there could be the slightest reason to hope my father would

ever again be heard from. Yet if any one suggested this to her, it directly produced the effect upon her of Mr. E——'s question, and her imagination would at once present some mode of rescue. And thus, though she still evidently remained in perfect possession of her reason, she afterward knew they all looked to see her suddenly, perhaps hopelessly, deprived of it. My grandmother was very desirous of having us come to her at W—— Beach, and a friend one day took us there ; but my mother could not endure the wide views of the ocean which the house commanded, and begged to be allowed to return at once to her own lonely home.

Toward the close of her term of sorrow, having once thrown herself down, as usual, toward morning for rest, she dreamed that she was standing at a door of my grandmother's house, from which a wide view of the harbor could be seen ; a heavy shower of rain was falling which suddenly ceased, and, at once, the setting sun lighted up the whole bay. Presently she discovered a plank, with three men upon it, approaching the land ; while she looked it " came ashore," and the first man who leaped upon the beach was my father. She started to her feet, with a wide-awake assurance that he *was safe*. And as the light of a summer morning was abroad, though the sun had not arisen, she felt that she must *speak of it to somebody*. So taking me up in my little night-dress, she at once took my road to school over the attic stairs, and presented herself at " Ma'am O——'s " bedside, feeling quite sure of her sympathy. Gently arousing the dear old lady, she told her dream, and added, " O, I believe he is safe, and I shall surely see him again ! "

The face, now beaming with hope, so changed from the expression it wore as she saw it only the evening before, filled " Ma'am O—— " with dismay ; and being so strangely aroused, she scarcely knew how to address her, feeling that now indeed reason had fled ; so, taking her hand soothingly,

she said, "Yes, dear, dreams are sent to bless us, but we must remember they are *only dreams*."

My mother did not suspect what fears she had excited, but feeling that, even here, she had somehow been misunderstood, she slowly and wearily led me, wondering at it all, back to her own room, and felt greater depression than ever from that morning. But the day of relief was drawing nigh. In about a week after this time my father was brought to his mother's house, as you may remember, about nine o'clock in the evening. After the first shock of the arrival was over, it was my grandmother's first care to endeavor to have my mother and myself brought to them as soon as possible. And forgetting the hour, on a lonely road, my uncle's wife, with my eldest cousin, then a little girl, ran directly to the house of Captain M——, their nearest neighbor, who yet lived at a considerable distance; knowing that, as he owned a carriage, he would be only too happy to start immediately on this "errand of mercy." Nor did they underrate his kindness. As soon as his chaise could be got in readiness, he set off at once, feeling, as he afterwards said, that he "could consider what to do when he arrived, as he went along."

That, besides being wise and benevolent, he was a man of *tact*, was exhibited on this occasion. I do not remember that I ever saw him afterward, but I think I perfectly recollect his face, voice, and whole deportment on that night.

When he arrived it was after all on the street had retired to rest; and he drove to the house of our sympathizing next-door neighbor, Mr. P——, the son-in-law of Ma'am O——, with whom he was well acquainted. After arousing him and his wife from their slumbers, they decided to go together, having first consulted Ma'am O——, to have my mother gently aroused by her, and gradually prepared for their thrilling intelligence. But unfortunately the door was opened to them by a well-meaning but injudicious woman,

who acted in the capacity of a servant in the house; and while the gentlemen were communicating to one who followed her some of their facts, she rushed over those stairs, and, before Mr. P——, who saw what she aimed at, could overtake her, she had seized the latch of my mother's chamber door, which was locked, and, shaking it violently, shouted, "Miss L——, Miss L——, get up. Your husband's down at the door, alive and well!"

My poor mother had thrown herself face downward across the foot of her bed in a despairing mood a short time before, and thus had fallen into a troubled sleep. Judge, if you can, what a shock this clamor and those words must have produced upon one in her excited condition. She shrieked, and gathering the bed-cover in her hands, drew it tightly over her head, declaring afterward that, if she had heard that sound again, she must have instantly gone distracted. But in a moment the mild voice of Mr. P—— was heard, saying in a low, soothing, yet perfectly distinct tone, which fell on her ear "like oil on the troubled waves," "No, no, dear. If you could presently open your door, here is Captain M——, who can tell you there is good reason to hope there is some real news of your husband." This calmed her in an instant, *so much* she could bear to listen to; and in a little time, taking me on her lap, she was seated and quietly listening, while Captain M——, cautiously beginning with the fact that news had arrived of my father, after much suffering, having been taken on board a vessel from a small boat, gradually announced that the vessel was bound to G——, and at length, that it had arrived; that he had been taken to his mother's house that evening; and now, could she prepare herself and me to go to my grandmother's to meet him there?

She listened like one in a dream, and at last said slowly and mournfully, "Have you seen him? Are you sure he is living, and can live till I get there?" He replied, "I have not

myself seen him ; your mother sent to me, and I came for you without any delay ; but I fully believe him to be living, though probably in a very exhausted condition ; he sent for you to come to him." She then quietly began to dress me, to which I passively submitted, and distinctly remember sitting perfectly still on a chair, while my mother moved noiselessly about the hushed room, dimly lighted with only a nurse-lamp, and that strange gentleman sitting there, also perfectly quiet. No wonder the marked countenance and iron-gray hair left an image strongly impressed. And now we go out into the open air, and are carefully placed in the chaise. It was near the middle of a hot night in July, and there was a very clear moonlight. When I wish perfectly to recall the whole of that picturesque road to W—— Beach, now so much travelled for its extreme beauty, I can shut my eyes and see every point of it as it was then daggerreotypied upon my brain, on that strange moonlit night, so long, long ago.

Not a word was spoken by any one until we came to that remarkable bend in the road, at the top of the hill near M—— Beach, where the wide and beautiful ocean view bursts so suddenly upon the gaze ; then my mother gently laid her hand on the reins, and said in an imploring tone, "O Captain M——, do stop here, and turn your horse to carry me home ! This *is only a dream* ; it must be so ; I cannot bear to go on !" With true tact, he instantly stopped the horse, and quietly settling himself into a posture for discussion, replied, "I do not at all wonder at your doubts ; I myself stopped my horse as I was going to your house, and it was just at this turn of the road too, and asked myself, 'Am I not dreaming ? Am I not on my way to excite hopes in that poor suffering young woman that cannot be realized ?' Then I paused and reflected some time, and finally said to myself, 'No, I cannot be mistaken ; so many persons cannot all have been dreaming ; our neighbor

and her little niece certainly came to my house at a very late hour for them, and waking my wife and myself, told their story, and returned ; then we called up our son, who harnessed the horse, my wife helping me to get ready ; we could not all have dreamed.'" Still he saw doubt resting on my mother's face ; still humoring her mood, he said, "I think we had better go on till we come toward 'Sandy Way,' where you know we can see your mother's house at a considerable distance ; if it is lighted up at this hour, we will go on ; if it is all dark, we will return." To this she consented, though still unbelieving, saying not another word, until turning a corner they came in full view, though still at a distance, of the western end of the dear old homestead, illuminated even to the garret window. "Then," she afterward said, "I felt assured." And imagination busied itself, during the remainder of the ride, in picturing "a wasted form, scarcely able to recognize her, bolstered up in the bed, which it would never again quit alive." As the chaise drove up the ample green yard to the front door, my father stood at it, extending his arms to his wife and child. As they received me, my mother fell senseless to the ground, before any one could prevent her fall.

In the confusion which ensued I remember nothing more distinctly than a thrill of fear which pervaded me, when I felt myself in my father's arms ; for a moment, I think I had an undefined feeling that he was not a real man, — perhaps I had heard of ghosts, I cannot now tell. I was too young when he left home to remember him as he was then, so he had always been only an idea to me, and of late I suppose strange images of him had presented themselves to my childish fancy. But if dread was really my first association with him, no child could ever have had in after life less occasion to connect that idea with a *father*.

We remained a few days at W—— Beach, until my father felt able to return to our own home. Even here,

crowds of people had come to visit him, — many more than he was able to converse with, especially while recent suffering, which he shrunk from alluding to, was so fresh in his memory. But for weeks after his return, my mother said that, though he carefully avoided all voluntary allusion to the subject during the day, yet at night, as soon as his eyes were closed in sleep, he would startle her with such

ejaculations as, "For God's sake, hail the boat, E——!"

In after life I often heard persons say to him, "How could you ever dare to trust yourself at sea again?" To which he would reply, "I felt ten times more confidence than ever, after being rescued from such dangers."

And so it was that, in six months after his return, he sailed for the West Indies.

A QUIET LIFE.

YOU scorn my dwelling as you pass it by;
 I do not say, Come in;
 You are a stranger to the company
 I entertain therein.

My house is humble, yet within its walls
 Contentment doth abide;
 And from the wings of Peace a blessing falls,
 Like dew at eventide.

You think my soul is narrow, like the room
 Wherein I toil for bread,
 And that, because oblivion is my doom,
 I might as well be dead.

Yet are you sure the riches are not mine,
 The poverty your own?
 Is he not rich who finds his lot divine,
 In hovel or on throne?

You judge me by the narrow boundaries
 'Twixt which my body moves;
 But I behold a wider land that lies
 Free to the soul that loves.

Is that not mine in which I hourly take
 My largess of delight?
 Are not all things created for his sake
 Who reads their meaning right?

Is it not mine, this landscape I behold?—
 Mine to enjoy and use
 For all life's noblest uses, though no gold
 Has made it mine to lose?

I know the wood-paths where the feet of Spring,
Have left their prints in flowers ;
And all the carols that the wild birds sing
Through the long summer hours.

I watch the changeful light upon the grass,
The wind-waves in the grain ;
I note the swift cloud-shadows as they pass
Above the breezy plain.

Mine are the stillness of the autumn noons,
The peace of tranquil eves,
The sunset splendors, and the glimmering moons,
The rain-fall on the leaves.

I cannot count the half of daily joys
Which kindly Nature gives ;
For while some homely task my hands employs,
With her my spirit lives.

Nor these alone the pleasures that I know,
The riches I possess ;
Still other things are mine, and they bestow
A deeper happiness.

For unto me the past, with all its store
Of untold wealth, belongs ;
To me the singers and the saints of yore
Repeat their prayers and songs.

For me again the long-past centuries yield
The harvest of their thought ;
My gleaning brings me sheaves from many a field
Where stronger hearts have wrought.

Mine is the present, too ; nor let it be
Despised as little worth :
I could not tell of all the good I see
Each day upon the earth.

What matters that my hands may never touch
The hands I venerate ?
I thank my God that he has given such
To guide and guard the state.

And for the future, — but I may not speak
Of all I hope for then !
The glories of that city which I seek
No tongue can tell, or pen.

So the day rounds to fulness, and the night
Is blessed, like the day ;
For God, who makes the darkness and the light,
Keeps every fear away.

E. D. Rice.

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

II.

A DREAM OF HEAT.

THEY had waited to see Leonard, in order that they might learn better how to find his house in the country; and now, when they came in upon him at nine o'clock, he welcomed them with all his friendly heart. He rose from the pile of morning's letters to which he had just sat down; he placed them the easiest chairs; he made a feint of its not being a busy hour with him, and would have had them look upon his office, which was still damp and odorous from the porter's broom, as a kind of down-town parlor; but after they had briefly accounted to his amazement for their appearance then and there, and Isabel had boasted of the original fashion in which they had that morning seen New York, they took pity on him, and bade him adieu till evening.

They crossed from Broadway to the noisome street by the ferry, and in a little while had taken their places in the train on the thither side of the water.

"Don't tell me, Basil," said Isabel, "that Leonard travels fifty miles every day by rail going to and from his work!"

"I must, dearest, if I would be truthful."

"Then, darling, there *are* worse things in this world than living up at the South End, are n't there?" And in agreement upon Boston as a place of the greatest natural advantages, as well as all acquirable merits, with after talk that need not be recorded, they arrived in the best humor at the little country station near which the Leonards dwelt.

I must inevitably follow Mrs. Isabel thither, though I do it at the cost of the reader, who suspects the excitements which a long description of it

would delay. The ladies were very old friends, and they had not met since Isabel's return from Europe and renewal of her engagement. Upon the news of this, Mrs. Leonard had swallowed with surprising ease all that she had said in blame of Basil's conduct during the rupture, and exacted a promise from her friend that she should pay her the first visit after their marriage. And now that they had come together, their only talk was of husbands, whom they viewed in every light to which husbands could be turned, and still found an inexhaustible novelty in the theme. Mrs. Leonard beheld in her friend's joy the sweet reflection of her own honeymoon, and Isabel was pleased to look upon the prosperous marriage of the former as the image of her future. Thus, with immense profit and comfort, they reassured one another by every question and answer, and in their weak content lapsed far behind the representative women of our age, when husbands are at best a necessary evil, and the relation of wives to them is known to be one of pitiable subjection. When these two pretty fogies put their heads of false hair together, they were as silly and benighted as their great-grandmothers could have been in the same circumstances, and, as I say, shamefully encouraged each other in their absurdity. The absurdity appeared too good and blessed to be true. "Do you really suppose, Basil," Isabel would say to her oppressor, after having given him some elegant extract from the last conversation upon husbands, "that we shall get on as smoothly as the Leonards when we have been married ten years? Lucy says that things go more hitchily the first year than ever they do afterwards, and that people love each other better and better just because they've got used to it. Well, our bliss does seem a little crude and garish com-

pared with their happiness ; and yet," — she put up both her palms against his, and gave a vehement little push — "there *is* something agreeable about it, even at this stage of the proceedings."

"Isabel," said her husband, with severity, "this is bridal !"

"No matter ! I only want to seem an old married woman to the general public. But the application of it is that you must be careful not to contradict me, or cross me in anything, so that we can be like the Leonards very much sooner than they became so. The great object is not to have any hitchiness ; and you know you *are* provoking — at times."

They both educated themselves for continued and tranquil happiness by the example and precept of their friends ; and the time passed swiftly in the pleasant learning, and in the novelty of the life led by the Leonards. This indeed merits a closer study than can be given here, for it is the life led by vast numbers of prosperous New-Yorkers who love both the excitement of the city and the repose of the country, and who aspire to unite the enjoyment of both in their daily existence. The suburbs of the metropolis stretch landward fifty miles in every direction ; and everywhere are handsome villas like Leonard's, inhabited by men like himself, whom strict study of the time-table enables to spend all their working hours in the city and all their smoking and sleeping hours in the country.

The home and the neighborhood of the Leonards put on their best looks for our bridal pair, and they were charmed. They all enjoyed the visit, said guests and hosts, they were all sorry to have it come to an end ; yet they all resigned themselves to this conclusion. Practically, it had no other result than to detain the travellers into the very heart of the hot weather. In that weather it was easy to do anything that did not require an active effort, and resignation was so natural with the mercury at ninety, that I am

not sure but there was something sinful in it.

They had given up their cherished purpose of going to Albany by the day boat, which was represented to them in all its impossible phases. It would be dreadfully crowded, and whenever it stopped the heat would be insupportable. Besides, it would bring them to Albany at an hour when they must either spend the night there, or push on to Niagara by the night train. "You had better go by the evening boat. It will be light almost till you reach West Point, and you'll see all the best scenery. Then you can get a good night's rest, and start fresh in the morning." So they were counselled, and they assented, as they would have done if they had been advised : "You had better go by the morning boat. It's deliciously cool travelling ; you see the whole of the river ; you reach Albany for supper, and you push through to Niagara that night and are done with it."

They took leave of Leonard at breakfast and of his wife at noon, and fifteen minutes later they were rushing from the heat of the country into the heat of the city, where some affairs and pleasures were to employ them till the evening boat should start.

Their spirits were low, for the terrible spell of the great heat brooded upon them. All abroad burned the fierce white light of the sun, in which not only the earth seemed to parch and thirst, but the very air withered, and was faint and thin to the troubled respiration. Their train was full of people who had come long journeys from broiling cities of the West, and who were dusty and ashen and reeking in the slumbers at which some of them still vainly caught. On every one lay an awful languor. Here and there stirred a fan, like the broken wing of a dying bird ; now and then a sweltering young mother shifted her hot baby from one arm to another ; after every station the desperate conductor swung through the long aisle and punched the ticket, which each passen-

ger seemed to yield him with a tacit malediction ; a suffering child hung about the empty tank, which could only gasp out a cindery drop or two of ice-water. The wind buffeted faintly at the windows ; when the door was opened, the clatter of the rails struck through and through the car like a demoniac yell.

Yet when they arrived at the station by the ferry-side, they seemed to have entered its stifling darkness from fresh and vigorous atmosphere, so close and dead and mixed with the carbonic breath of the locomotives was the air of the place. The thin old wooden walls that shut out the glare of the sun transmitted an intensified warmth ; the roof seemed to hover lower and lower, and in its coal-smoked, raftery hollow to generate a heat deadlier than that poured upon it from the skies.

In a convenient place in the station hung a thermometer, before which every passenger, on going aboard the ferry-boat, paused as at a shrine, and mutely paid his devotions. At the altar of this fetish our friends also paused, and saw that the mercury was above ninety, and exulting with the pride that savages take in the cruel might of their idols, bowed their souls to the great god Heat.

On the boat they found a place where the breath of the sea struck cool across their faces, and made them forget the thermometer for the brief time of the transit. But presently they drew near that strange, irregular row of wooden buildings and jutting piers which skirts the river on the New York side, and before the boat's motion ceased the air grew thick and warm again, and tainted with the foulness of the street on which the buildings front. Upon this the boat's passengers issued, passing up through a gangway, on one side of which a throng of return-passengers was pent by a gate of iron bars, against which they pressed and struggled like a herd of wild animals. They were all streaming with perspiration, and,

according to their different temperaments, had faces of deep crimson or deadly pallor.

"Now the question is, my dear," said Basil when, free of the press, they lingered for a moment in the shade outside, "whether we had better walk up to Broadway, at an immediate sacrifice of fibre, and get a stage there, or take one of these cars here, and be landed a little nearer, with half the exertion. By this route we shall have sights and smells which the other can't offer us, but whichever we take we shall be sorry."

"Then I say take this," decided Isabel. "I want to be sorry upon the easiest possible terms, this weather."

They hailed the first car that passed, and got into it. Well for them both if she could have exercised this philosophy with regard to the whole day's business, or if she could have given up her plans for it with the same resignation she had practised in regard to the day boat! It seems to me a proof of the small advance our race has made in true wisdom, that we find it so hard to give up doing anything we have meant to do. It matters very little whether the affair is one of enjoyment or of business, we feel the same bitter need of pursuing it to the end. The mere fact of intention gives it a flavor of duty, and dutiolatry, as one may call the devotion, has passed so deeply into our life that we have scarcely a sense any more of the sweetness of even a neglected pleasure. We will not taste the fine, guilty rapture of a deliberate dereliction ; the gentle sin of omission is all but blotted from the calendar of our crimes. If I had been Columbus, I should have thought twice before setting sail, when I was quite ready to do so ; and as for Plymouth Rock, I should have sternly resisted the blandishments of those twin sirens, Starvation and Cold, who beckoned the Puritans shoreward, and as soon as ever I came in sight of their granite perch should have turned back to England. But it is now too late to repair these errors, and so, on one of the hot-

test days of last summer, behold my obdurate bridal pair, in a Tenth or Twentieth Avenue horse-car, setting forth upon the fulfilment of a series of intentions, any of which had far better and wiselier have been left unaccomplished. Isabel had said they would call upon certain people in Fiftieth Street, and then shop slowly down, ice-creaming and staging and variously cooling and calming by the way, until they reached the ticket-office on Broadway, whence they could indefinitely be-take themselves to the steamboat an hour or two before her departure. She felt that they had yielded sufficiently to circumstances and conditions already on this journey, and she was resolved that the present half-day in New York should be the half-day of her original design.

It was not the most advisable thing, as I have allowed, but it was inevitable, and it afforded them a spectacle which is by no means wanting in sublimity, and which is certainly unique, — the spectacle of that great city on a hot day, defiant of the elements, and prospering on with every form of labor, and at a terrible cost of life. The man who carries the hod to the top of the walls that rankly grow and grow as from his life's blood, will only lay down his load when he feels the mortal glare of the sun blaze in upon heart and brain; the plethoric millionaire for whom he toils will plot and plan in his office till he swoons at the desk; the trembling beast must stagger forward while the flame-faced tormentor on the box has strength to lash him on; in all those vast palaces of commerce there are ceaseless sale and purchase, packing and unpacking, lifting up and laying down, arriving and departing loads; in thousands of shops is the unsparing and unsparing weariness of selling; in the street, filled by the hurry and suffering of tens of thousands, is the weariness of buying.

Their afternoon's experience was something that Basil and Isabel could, when it was past, look upon only as a kind of vision, magnificent at times,

and at other times full of indignity and pain. They seemed to have dreamed of a long horse-car pilgrimage through that squalid street by the river-side, where presently they came to a market, opening upon the view hideous vistas of carnage, and then into a wide avenue, with processions of cars like their own coming and going up and down the centre of a foolish and useless breadth, which made even the tall buildings (rising gauntly up among the older houses of one or two stories) on either hand look low, and let in the sun to bake the dust that the hot breaths of wind caught up and sent swirling into the shabby shops. Here they dreamed of the eternal demolition and construction of the city, and farther on of vacant lots full of granite boulders, clambered over by goats. In their dream they had fellow-passengers, whose sufferings made them odious and whom they were glad to leave behind when they alighted from the car, and running out of the blaze of the avenue, quenched themselves in the shade of the cross-street. A little strip of shadow lay along the row of brown-stone fronts, but there were intervals where the vacant lots cast no shadow. With great bestowal of thought they studied hopelessly how to avoid these spaces as if they had been difficult torrents or vast expanses of desert sand; they crept slowly along till they came to such a place, and dashed swiftly across it, and then, fainter than before, moved on. They seemed now and then to stand at doors, and to be told that people were out, and again that they were in; and they had a sense of cool dark parlors, and the airy rustling of light-muslined ladies, of chat and of fans and ice-water, and then they came forth again, and found

"The day increased from heat to heat."

At last they were aware of an end of all their visits, and of a purpose to go down town again, and of seeking the nearest car by endless blocks of brown-stone fronts, which with their eternal brown-stone flights of steps, and their

handsome, intolerable uniformity, oppressed them like a procession of houses trying to pass a given point and never getting by. Upon these streets there was seldom a soul to be seen, so that when their ringing at a door evoked answer, it startled them with a vague, sad surprise. In the distance on either hand they could see cars and carts and wagons toiling up and down the avenues, and on the next intersecting pavement sometimes a laborer with his jacket slung across his shoulder, or a dog that had plainly made up his mind to go mad. Up to the time of their getting into one of those phantasmal cars for the return downtownwards they had kept up a show of talk in their wretched dream; they had spoken of other hot days that they had known elsewhere; and they had wondered that the tragical character of heat had been so little recognized. They said that the daily New York murder might even at that moment be somewhere taking place; and that no murder of all the homicidal year could have such proper circumstance; they morbidly wondered what that day's murder would be, and in what swarming tenement-house, or den of the assassin streets by the river-sides, — if indeed it did not befall in some such high, close-shuttered, handsome dwelling as those they passed, in whose twilight it would be so easy to strike down the master and leave him undiscovered and unmourned by the family ignorantly absent at the mountains or the seaside. They conjectured of the horror of midsummer battles, and pictured the anguish of shipwrecked men upon a tropical coast, and the grimy misery of stevedores unloading shiny cargoes of anthracite coal at city docks. But now at last, as they took seats opposite one another in the crowded car, they seemed to have drifted infinite distances and long epochs asunder. They looked hopelessly across the intervening gulf and mutely questioned when it was and from what far city they or some remote ancestors of theirs had set forth upon a wedding journey.

They bade each other a tacit farewell, and with patient, pathetic faces awaited the end of the world.

When they alighted, they took their way up through one of the streets of the great wholesale businesses to Broadway. On this street was a throng of trucks and wagons lading and unlading; bales and boxes rose and sank by pulleys overhead; the footway was a labyrinth of all shapes and sizes of packages: there was no flagging of the pitiless energy that moved all forward, no sign of how heavy a weight lay on it, save in the reeking faces of its helpless instruments. But when the wedding-journeymen emerged upon Broadway, the other passages and incidents of their dream faded before the superior fantasticality of the spectacle. It was four o'clock, the deadliest hour of the deadly summer day. The spiritless air seemed to have a quality of blackness in it, as if filled with the gloom of low-hovering wings. One half the street lay in shadow, and one half in sun; but the sunshine itself was dim, as if a heat greater than its own had smitten it with languor. Little gusts of sick, warm wind blew across the great avenue at the corners of the intersecting streets. In the upward distance, at which the journeymen looked, the loftier roofs and steeples lifted themselves dim out of the livid atmosphere, and far up and down the length of the street swept a stream of tormented life. All sorts of wheeled things thronged it, conspicuous among which rolled and jarred the gaudily painted stages, with quivering horses driven each by a man who sat in the shade of a branching white umbrella, and suffered with a moody truculence of aspect, and as if he harbored the bitterness of death in his heart for the crowding passengers within, when one of them pulled the strap about his legs, and summoned him to halt. Most of the foot-passengers kept to the shady side, and to the unaccustomed eyes of the strangers they were not less in number than at any other time, though there were fewer women among them. Indomitably res-

olute of soul, they held their course with the swift pace of custom, and only here and there they showed the effect of the heat. One man, collarless, with waistcoat unbuttoned, and hat set far back from his forehead, waved a fan before his death-white flabby face, and set down one foot after the other with the heaviness of a somnambulist. Another, as they passed him, was saying huskily to the friend at his side, "I can't stand this much longer. My hands tingle as if they had gone to sleep; my heart—" But still the multitude hurried on, passing, repassing, encountering, evading, vanishing into shop doors and emerging from them, dispersing down the side streets, and swarming out of them. It was a scene that preyed upon the beholder with singular fascination, and in its common aspect of lunacy, it might well have seemed the last phase of a world presently to be destroyed. They who were in it but not of it, as they fancied, — though there was no reason for this, — beheld it amazed, and at last their own errand being accomplished, and themselves so far cured of the madness of purpose, they cried with one voice, that it was a hideous sight, and strove to take refuge from it in the nearest place where the soda-fountain sparkled. It was a vain desire. At the front door of the apothecary's hung a thermometer, and as they entered they heard the next comer cry out with a maniacal pride in the affliction laid upon mankind, "Ninety-seven degrees!" Behind them at the door there poured in a ceaseless stream of people, each pausing at the shrine of heat, before he tossed off the hissing draught that two pale, close-clipped boys served them from either side of the fountain. Then in the order of their coming they vanished through another door upon the side street, each, as he disappeared, turning his face half round, and casting a casual glance upon a little group near another counter. The group was of a very patient, half-frightened, half-puzzled looking gentleman who sat perfectly still on a

stool, and of a lady who stood beside him, rubbing all over his head a handkerchief full of pounded ice, and easing one hand with the other when the first became tired. Basil drank his soda and paused to look upon this group, which he felt would commend itself to realistic sculpture as eminently characteristic of the local life, and as "The Sunstroke" would sell enormously in the hot season. "Better take a little more of that," the apothecary said, looking up from his prescription, and, as the organized sympathy of the seemingly indifferent crowd, smiling very kindly at his patient, who thereupon tasted something in a tall, slim glass. "Do you still feel like fainting?" asked the humane authority. "Slightly, now and then," answered the other, "but I'm hanging on hard to the bottom curve of that icicled S on your soda-fountain, and I feel that I'm all right as long as I can see that. The people get rather hazy, occasionally, and have no features to speak of. But I don't know that I look very impressive myself," he added in the jesting mood which seems the natural condition of Americans in the face of all embarrassments.

"O, you'll do!" laughed the apothecary; but he said, in answer to an anxious question from the lady, "He mustn't be moved for an hour yet," and gayly pestled away at a prescription, while she resumed her office of grinding the pounded ice round and round upon her husband's skull. Isabel offered her the commiseration of friendly words, and of looks kinder yet, and then seeing that they could do nothing, she and Basil fell into the endless procession, and passed out of the side door. "What a shocking thing!" she whispered. "Did you see how all the people looked, one after another, so indifferently at that couple, and evidently forgot them the next instant? It was dreadful. I should n't like to have you sun-struck in New York."

"That's very considerate of you; but place for place, if any accident

must happen to me among strangers, I think I should prefer to have it in New York. The biggest place is always the kindest as well as the cruellest place. Amongst the thousands of spectators the good Samaritan as well as the Levite would be sure to be. As for a sun-stroke, it requires peculiar gifts. But if you compel me to a choice in the matter, then I say, give me the busiest part of Broadway for a sun-stroke. There is such experience of calamity there that you could hardly fall the first victim to any misfortune. Probably the gentleman at the apothecary's was merely exhausted by the heat, and ran in there for revival. The apothecary has a case of the kind on his hands every blazing afternoon, and knows just what to do. The crowd may be a little *ennuyé* of sun-strokes, and to that degree indifferent, but they most likely know that they can only do harm by an expression of sympathy, and so they delegate their pity as they have delegated their helpfulness to the proper authority, and go about their business. If a man was overcome in the middle of a village street, the blundering country druggist would n't know what to do, and the tender-hearted people would crowd about so that no breath of air could reach the victim."

"May be so, dear," said the wife, pensively; "but if anything did happen to you in New York, I should like to have the spectators look as if they saw a human being in trouble. Perhaps I'm a little exacting."

"I think you are. Nothing is so hard as to understand that there are human beings in this world besides one's self and one's set. But let us be selfishly thankful that it is n't you and I there in the apothecary's shop, as it might very well be; and let us get to the boat as soon as we can, and end this horrible midsummer day's dream. We must have a carriage," he added with tardy wisdom, hailing an empty hack, "as we ought to have had all day; though I'm not sorry, now the worst's over, to have seen the worst."

III.

THE NIGHT BOAT.

THERE is little proportion about either pain or pleasure: a headache darkens the universe while it lasts, a cup of tea really lightens the spirit bereft of all reasonable consolations. Therefore I do not think it trivial or untrue to say that there is for the moment nothing more satisfactory in life than to have bought your ticket on the night boat up the Hudson and secured your state-room key an hour or two before departure, and some time even before the pressure at the clerk's office has begun. In the transaction with this castellated baron, you have of course been treated with haughtiness, but not with ferocity, and your self-respect swells with a sense of having escaped positive insult; your key clicks cheerfully in your pocket against its gutta-percha number, and you walk up and down the gorgeously carpeted, single-columned, two-story cabin, amid a multitude of plush sofas and chairs, a glitter of glass, and a tinkle of prismatic chandeliers overhead, unawed even by the aristocratic gloom of the yellow waiters. Your own state-room as you enter it from time to time is an ever-new surprise of splendors, a magnificent effect of amplitude, of mahogany bedstead, of lace curtains, and of marble-topped washstand. In the mere wantonness of an unalloyed prosperity you say to the saffron nobleman nearest your door, "Bring me a pitcher of ice-water, quick, please!" and you do not find the half-hour that he is gone very long.

If the representative wayfarer experiences so much pleasure from these things, then imagine the infinite comfort of our wedding-journeymen, transported from Broadway on that pitiless afternoon to the shelter and the quiet of that absurdly palatial steamboat. It was not yet crowded, and by the riverside there was almost a freshness in the air. They disposed of all their troubling bags and packages; they complimented the ridiculous princeli-

ness of their state-room, and then they betook themselves to the sheltered space aft of the saloon, where they sat down for the tranquil observance of the wharf and whatever should come to be seen by them. Like all people who have just escaped with their lives from some menacing calamity, they were very philosophical in spirit; and having got aboard of their own motion, and being neither of them apparently the worse for the ordeal they had passed through, were of a light, conversational temper.

"What an amusingly superb affair!" Basil cried as they glanced through an open window down the long vista of the saloon. "Good heavens! Isabel, does it take all this to get us plain republicans to Albany in comfort and safety, or are we really a nation of princes in disguise? Well, I shall never be satisfied with less hereafter," he added. "I am spoilt for ordinary paint and upholstery from this hour; I am a ruinous spendthrift, and a humble three-story swell-front up at the South End is no longer the place for me. Dearest,

'Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,'

never to leave this Aladdin's-palace-like steamboat, but spend our lives in perpetual trips up and down the Hudson."

To which not very costly banter Isabel responded in kind, and rapidly sketched the life they could lead aboard. Since they could not help it, they mocked the public provision which, leaving no interval between disgraceful squalor and ludicrous splendor, accommodates our democratic *ménage* to the taste of the richest and most extravagant plebeian amongst us. He unhappily minds danger and oppression as little as he minds money, so long as he has a spectacle and a sensation; and it is this ruthless imbecile who will have lace curtains to the steamboat berth into which he gets with his pantaloons on, and out of which he may be blown by an exploding boiler at any moment; it is he who will have

for supper that overgrown and shapeless dinner in the lower saloon, and will not let any one else buy tea or toast for a less sum than he pays for his surfeit; it is he who perpetuates the insolence of the clerk and the reluctance of the waiters; it is he, in fact, who now comes out of the saloon, with his womenkind, and takes chairs under the awning where Basil and Isabel sit. Personally, he is not so bad; he is good-looking, like all of us; he is better dressed than most of us; he behaves himself quietly, if not easily; and no lord so loathes a scene. Next year he is going to Europe, where he will not show to so good advantage as he does here; but for the present it would be hard to say in what way he is vulgar, and perhaps vulgarity is not so common a thing after all.

It was something besides the river that made the air so much more sufferable than it had been. Over the city, since our friends had come aboard the boat, a black cloud had gathered and hung low upon it, while the wind from the face of the water took the dust in the neighboring streets, and frolicked it about the housetops, and in the faces of the arriving passengers, who, as the moment of departure drew near, appeared in constantly increasing numbers and in greater variety, with not only the trepidation of going upon them, but also with the electrical excitement people feel before a tempest. The breast of the black cloud was now zigzagged from moment to moment by lightning, and claps of deafening thunder broke from it. At last the long endurance of the day was spent, and out of its convulsion burst floods of rain, again and again sweeping the promenade-deck where the people sat, and driving them disconsolate into the saloon. The air was darkened as by night, and with many sighs for the vanishing prospect, mingled with their sense of relief from the heat, our friends felt the boat tremble away from her moorings and set forth upon her trip.

"Ah! if we had only taken the day

boat!" moaned Isabel. "Now, we shall see nothing of the river landscape, and we shall never be able to put ourselves down, when we long for Europe, by declaring that the scenery of the Hudson is much finer than that of the Rhine."

Yet they resolved, this indomitably good-natured couple, that they would be just even to the elements, which had by no means been generous to them; and they owned that if so noble a storm had celebrated their departure upon some storied river from some more romantic port than New York, they should have thought it an admirable thing. Even whilst they contented themselves, the storm passed over, and left a veiled and humid sky overhead, that gave a charming softness to the scene on which their eyes fell when they came out of the saloon again, and took their places with a largely increased companionship on the deck.

They had already reached that part of the river where the uplands begin, and their course was between stately walls of rocky steepness, or wooded slopes, or grassy hollows, the scene forever losing and taking grand and lovely shape. Wreaths of mist hung about the tops of the loftier headlands, and long shadows draped their sides. As the night grew, lights twinkled from a lonely house here and there in the valleys; a swarm of lamps showed a town where it lay upon the lap or at the feet of the hills. Behind them stretched the great gray river, haunted with many sails; now a group of canal-boats grappled together, and having an air of cosiness in their adventure upon this strange current out of their own sluggish waters, drifted out of sight; and now a smaller and slower steamer, making a laborious show of not falling behind, was passed, and reluctantly fell back out of sight; along the water's edge rattled and hooted the frequent trains. They could not tell at any time what part of the river they were on, and they could not, if they would, have made its beauty a matter

of conscientious observation; but all the more, therefore, they deeply enjoyed it without reference to time or place. They felt some natural pain when they thought that they might unwittingly pass the scenes that Irving has made part of the common dream-land, and they would fain have seen the lighted windows of the house out of which a cheerful ray has penetrated to so many hearts; but making sure of nothing, as they did, they had the comfort of finding the Tappan Zee in every expanse of the river, and of discovering Sunny-Side on every pleasant slope. By virtue of this helplessness, the Hudson, without ceasing to be the Hudson, became from moment to moment all fair and stately streams upon which they had voyaged or read of voyaging, from the Nile to the Mississippi. There is no other travel like river travel; it is the perfection of movement, and one might well desire never to arrive at one's destination. The abundance of room, the free, pure air, the constant delight of the eyes in the changing landscape, the soft tremor of the boat, so steady upon her keel, the variety of the little world on board,—all form a charm which no good heart in a sound body can resist. So, whilst the twilight held, well content, in contiguous chairs, they purred in flattery of their kindly fate, imagining different pleasures, certainly, but none greater, and tasting to its subtlest flavor the happiness conscious of itself.

Their own satisfaction, indeed, was so interesting to them in this objective light, that they had little desire to turn from its contemplation to the people around them; and when at last they did so, it was still with lingering glances of self-recognition and enjoyment. They divined rightly that one of the main conditions of their present felicity was the fact that they had seen so much of time and of the world, that they had no longer any desire to take beholding eyes, or to make any sort of impressive figure, and they understood that their prosperous love accounted as much as years and travel

for this result. If they had had a grander opinion of themselves, their indifference to others might have made them offensive; but with their modest estimate of their own value in the world, they could have all the comfort of self-sufficiency, without its vulgarity.

"O, yes!" said Basil, in answer to some apostrophe to their bliss from Isabel, "it's the greatest imaginable comfort to have lived past certain things. I always knew that I was not a very handsome or otherwise captivating person, but I can remember years — now blessedly remote — when I never could see a young girl without hoping she would mistake me for something of that sort. I could n't help desiring that some fascination of mine, which had escaped my own analysis, would have an effect upon her. I dare say all young men are so. I used to live for the possible interest I might inspire in your sex, Isabel. They controlled my movements, my attitudes; they forbade me repose; and yet I believe I was no ass, but a tolerably sensible fellow. Blessed be marriage, I am free at last! All the loveliness that exists outside of you, dearest, — and it's mighty little, — is mere pageant to me; and I thank heaven that I can meet the most stylish girl now upon the broad level of our common humanity. Besides, it seems to me that our experience of life has quieted us in many other ways. What a luxury it is to sit here, and reflect that we do not want any of these people to suppose us rich or distinguished or beautiful or well dressed, and do not care to show off in any sort of way before them."

This content was heightened, no doubt, by a just sense of their contrast to the group of people nearest them, — a young man of the second or third quality and two young girls. The eldest of these was carrying on a vivacious flirtation with the young man, who was apparently an acquaintance of brief standing; the other was scarcely more than a child, and sat somewhat abashed at the sparkle of the colloquy.

They were conjecturally sisters going home from some visit, and not skilled in the world, but of a certain repute in their country neighborhood for beauty and wit. The young man presently gave himself out as one who, in pursuit of trade for the dry-goods house he represented, had travelled many thousands of miles in all parts of the country. The encounter was visibly nothing but that kind of adventure which both would treasure up for future celebration to their different friends; and it had a brilliancy and interest which they could not even now consent to keep to themselves. They talked to each other and at all the company within hearing, and exchanged curt speeches which had for them all the sensation of repartee.

Young Man. They say that beauty unadorned is adorned the most.

Young Woman (bridling and twitching her head from side to side, in the high excitement of the dialogue). Flattery is out of place.

Young Man. Well, never mind. If you don't believe me, you ask your mother when you get home.

(Titter from the younger sister.)

Young Woman (scornfully). Umph! my mother has no control over me!

Young Man. Nobody else has, either, I should say. (Admiringly.)

Young Woman. Yes, you've told the truth for once, for a wonder. I'm able to take care of myself, — perfectly. (Almost hoarse with a sense of sarcastic performance.)

Young Man. "Whole team and big dog under the wagon," as they say out West.

Young Woman. Better a big dog than a puppy, *any* day.

(Giggles and horror from the younger sister, sensation in the young man, and so much rapture in the young woman that she drops the key of her state-room from her hand. They both stoop, and a jocose scuffle for it ensues, after which the talk takes an autobiographical turn on the part of the young man, and drops into an unintelligible murmur. Ah! poor Real Life, which I love, can

I make others see the delight I find in thy foolish and insipid face?)

Not far from this group sat two Hebrews, one young and the other old, talking of some business out of which the latter had retired. The younger had been asked his opinion upon some point, and he was expanding with a flattered consciousness of the elder's perception of his importance, and toadying to him with the pleasure which all young men feel in winning the favor of seniors in their vocation. "Well, as I was a-say'n, Isaac don't seem to haf no natcheral pent for the glothing business. Man gomes in and wands a goat," — he seemed to be speaking of a garment and not a domestic animal, — "Isaac 'll zell him the goat he wands him to puy, and he 'll make him believe it's the goat he was a lookin' for. Well, now, that's well enough as far as it goes; but *you* know and *I* know, Mr. Rosenthal, that that's no way to do business. A man can't zugzeed that goes upon that brincible. Id's wrong. Id's easy enough to make a man puy the goat you want him to, if he wands a goat, but the thing is to *make him puy the goat that you wand to zell when he don't wand no goat at all*. You've asked me what I thought and I've dold you. Isaac 'll never zugzeed in the redail glothing-business in the world!"

"Well," sighed the elder, who filled his arm-chair quite full, and quivered with a comfortable jelly-like tremor in it, at every pulsation of the engine, "I was afraid of something of the kind. As you say, Benjamin, he don't seem to have no pent for it. And yet I proughd him up to the business; I drained him to it, myself."

Besides these talkers, there were scattered singly, or grouped about in twos and threes and fours, the various people one encounters on a Hudson River boat, who are on the whole different from the passengers on other rivers, though they have all features in common. There was that man of the sudden gains, who has already been typified; and there was also the smoother rich man of inherited wealth, from

whom you can somehow know the former so readily. They were each attended by their several retinues of womankind, the daughters all much alike, but the mothers somewhat different. They were all going to Saratoga, where perhaps the exigencies of fashion would bring them acquainted, and where the blue blood of a quarter of a century would be kind to the yesterday's fluid of warmer hue. There was something pleasanter in the face of the hereditary aristocrat, but not so strong nor, altogether, so admirable; particularly if you reflected that he really represented nothing in the world, no great culture, no political influence, no civic aspiration, not even a pecuniary force, nothing but a social set, an alien club-life, a tradition of dining. We live in a true fairy-land after all, where the hoarded treasure turns to a heap of dry leaves. The almighty dollar defeats itself and finally buys nothing that a man cares to have. The very highest pleasure that such an American's money can purchase is exile, and to this rich man doubtless Europe is a twice-told tale. Let us clap our empty pockets, dearest reader, and be glad.

We can be as glad, apparently, and with the same reason as the poorly dressed young man standing near beside the guard, whose face Basil and Isabel chose to fancy that of a poet, and concerning whom they romanced that he was going home, wherever his home was, with the manuscript of a rejected book in his pocket. They imagined him no great things of a poet, to be sure, but his pensive face claimed delicate feeling for him, and a graceful, sombre fancy, and they conjectured unconsciously caught flavors of Tennyson and Browning in his verse, with a modern tint from Morris; for was it not a story out of mythology, with gods and heroes of the nineteenth century, that he was now carrying back from New York with him? Basil sketched from the colors of his own long-accepted disappointments a moving little picture of this poor imagined poet's adventures; with what kindness

and unkindness he had been put to shame by publishers, and how, descending from his high hopes of a book, he had tried to sell to the magazines some of the shorter pieces out of the "And other Poems" which were to have filled up the volume. "He's going back rather stunned and bewildered; but it's something to have tasted the city, and its bitter may turn to sweet on his palate, at last, till he finds himself longing for the tumult that he abhors now. Poor fellow! one compassionate cutthroat of a publisher even asked him to lunch, being struck, as we are, with something fine in his face. I hope he's got somebody who believes in him, at home. Otherwise he'd be more comfortable, for the present, if he went over the railing there."

So the play of which they were both actors and spectators went on about them. Like all passages of life, it seemed now a grotesque mystery, with a bluntly enforced moral, now a farce of the broadest, now a latent tragedy wrapped in the disguises of comedy. All the elements, indeed, of either were at work there, and this was only one brief scene of the immense complex drama which was to proceed so variously in such different times and places, and to have its *dénouement* only in eternity. The contrasts were sharp; each group had its travesty in some other; the talk of one seemed the rude burlesque, the bitter satire of the next; but of all these parodies none was so terribly effective as that of two women, who sat in the midst of the company, yet were somehow distinct from the rest. One wore the deepest black of widowhood, the other was dressed in bridal white, and they were both alike awful in their mockery of guiltless sorrow and guiltless joy. They were not old, but the soul of youth was dead in their pretty, lamentable faces, and ruin ancient as sin looked from their eyes; their talk and laughter seemed the echo of an innumerable multitude of the lost haunting the world in all lands and times, each solitary forever, yet all

bound together in the unity of an imperishable slavery and shame.

What a stale effect! What hackneyed characters! Let us be glad the night drops her curtain upon the cheap spectacle, and shuts these with the other actors from our view.

Within the cabin through which Basil and Isabel now slowly moved there were numbers of people lounging about on the sofas, in various attitudes of talk or vacancy; and at the tables there were others reading "Lothair," a new book in the remote epoch of which I write, and a very fashionable book indeed. There was in the air that odor of paint and carpet which prevails on steamboats; the glass drops of the chandeliers ticked softly against each other, as the vessel shook with her respiration, like a comfortable sleeper, and imparted a delicious feeling of cosiness and security to our travelers.

A few hours later they struggled awake at the sharp sound of the pilot's bell signalling the engineer to slow the boat. There was a moment of perfect silence; then all the drops of the chandeliers in the saloon clashed musically together; then fell another silence; and at last came wild cries for help, strongly qualified with blasphemies and curses. "Send out a boat!" "There was a woman aboard that steamboat!" "Lower your boats!" "Run a craft right down, with your big boat!" "Send out a boat and pick up the crew!" The cries rose and sank, and finally ceased, as through the lattice of the state-room window some lights shone faintly on the water at a distance.

"Wait here, Isabel!" said her husband. "We've run down a boat. We don't seem hurt; but I'll go see. I'll be back in a minute."

Isabel had emerged into a world of dishabille, a world wildly unbuttoned and unlaced, where it was the fashion for ladies to wear their hair down their backs, and to walk about in their stockings, and to speak to each other with-

out introduction. The place with which she had felt so familiar a little while before was now utterly estranged. There was no motion of the boat, and in the momentary suspense a quiet prevailed, in which those grotesque shapes of disarray crept noiselessly round whispering panic-stricken conjectures. There was no rushing to and fro, nor tumult of any kind, and there was not a man to be seen, for apparently they had all gone like Basil to learn the extent of the calamity. A mist of sleep involved the whole, and it was such a topsy-turvy world that it would have seemed only another dreamland, but that it was marked for reality by one signal fact. With the rest appeared the woman in bridal white and the woman in widow's black, and there, amidst the fright that made all others friends, and for aught that most knew, in the presence of death itself, these two moved together shunned and friendless.

Somehow, even before Basil returned, it had become known to Isabel and the rest that their own steamer had suffered no harm, but that she had struck and sunk another convoying a flotilla of canal-boats, from which those alarming cries and curses had come. The steamer was now lying by for the small boats she had sent out to pick up the crew of the sunken vessel.

"Why, I only heard a little tinkling of the chandeliers," said one of the ladies. "Is it such a very slight matter to run down another boat and sink it?"

She appealed indirectly to Basil, who answered lightly, "I don't think you ladies ought to have been disturbed at all. In running over a common tow-boat on a perfectly clear night like this there should have been no noise and no perceptible jar. They manage better on the Mississippi, and both boats often go down without waking the lightest sleeper on board."

The ladies, perhaps from a deficient sense of humor, listened with undisguised displeasure to this speech. It dispersed them, in fact; some turned

away to bivouac for the rest of the night upon the arm-chairs and sofas, while others returned to their rooms. With the latter went Isabel. "Lock me in, Basil," she said, with a bold meekness, "and if anything more happens don't wake me till the last moment." It was hard to part from him, but she felt that his vigil would somehow be useful to the boat, and she confidently fell into a sleep that lasted till daylight.

Meantime, her husband, on whom she had tacitly devolved so great a responsibility, went forward to the promenade in front of the saloon, in hopes of learning something more of the catastrophe from the people whom he had already found gathered there.

A large part of the passengers were still there, seated or standing about in earnest colloquy. They were all in that mood which follows great excitement, and in which the feeblest-minded are sure to lead the talk. At such times one feels that a sensible frame of mind is unsympathetic, and if expressed, unpopular, or perhaps not quite safe; and Basil, warned by his fate with the ladies, listened gravely to the voice of the common imbecility and incoherence.

The principal speaker was a tall person, wearing a silk travelling-cap. He had a face of stupid benignity and a self-satisfied smirk; and he was formally trying to put at his ease, and hopelessly confusing the loutish youth before him. "You say you saw the whole accident, and you're probably the only passenger that did see it. You'll be the most important witness at the trial," he added, as if there would ever be any trial about it. "Now, how did the tow-boat hit us?"

"Well, she came bows on."

"Ah! bows on," repeated the other, with great satisfaction; and a little murmur of "Bows on!" ran round the listening circle.

"That is," added the witness, "it seemed as if we struck her amidships, and cut her in two, and sunk her."

"Just so," continued the examiner,

accepting the explanation, "bows on."
"Now I want to ask if you saw our captain or any of the crew about?"

"Not a soul," said the witness, with the solemnity of a man already on oath.

"That 'll do," exclaimed the other.
"This gentleman's experience coincides exactly with my own. I did n't see the collision, but I did see the cloud of steam from the sinking boat, and I saw her go down. There was n't an officer to be found anywhere on board our boat. I looked about for the captain and the mate myself, and could n't find either of them high or low."

"The officers ought all to have been sitting here on the promenade deck," suggested one ironical spirit in the crowd, but no one noticed him.

The gentleman in the silk travelling-cap now took a chair, and a number of sympathetic listeners drew their chairs about him, and then began an interchange of experience, in which each related to the last particular all that he felt, thought, and said, and, if married, what his wife felt, thought, and said, at the moment of the calamity. They turned the disaster over and over in their talk, and rolled it under their tongues. Then they reverted to former accidents in which they had been concerned; and the silk-capped gentleman told, to the common admiration, of a fearful escape of his on the Erie Road, from being thrown down a steep embankment fifty feet high by a piece of rock that had fallen on the track. "Now just see, gentlemen, what a little thing, humanly speaking, life depends upon. If that old woman had been able to sleep, and had n't sent that boy down to warn the train, we should have run into the rock and been dashed to pieces. The passengers made up a purse for the boy, and I wrote a full account of it to the papers."

"Well," said one of the group, a man in a hard hat, "I never lie down on a steamboat or a railroad train. I want to be ready for whatever happens."

The others looked at this speaker

with interest, as one who had invented a safe method of travel.

"I happened to be up to-night, but I almost always undress and go to bed, just as if I were in my own house," said the gentleman of the silk cap. "I don't say your way is n't the best, but that's my way."

The champions of the rival systems debated their merits with suavity and mutual respect, but they met with scornful silence a compromising spirit who held that it was better to throw off your coat and boots, but keep your pantaloons on. Meanwhile, the steamer was hanging idle upon the current, against which it now and then stirred a careless wheel, still waiting for the return of the small boats. Thin gray clouds, through rifts of which a star sparkled keenly here and there, veiled the heavens; shadowy bluffs loomed up on either hand; in a hollow on the left twinkled a drowsy little town; a beautiful stillness lay on all.

After an hour's interval a shout was heard from far down the river; then later the splash of oars; then a cry hailing the approaching boats, and the answer, "All safe!" Presently the boats had come alongside, and the passengers crowded down to the guard to learn the details of the search. Basil heard a hollow, moaning, gurgling sound, regular as that of the machinery, for some note of which he mistook it. "Clear the gangway there!" shouted a gruff voice; "man scalded, here!" And a burden was carried by from which fluttered, with its terrible regularity, that utterance of mortal anguish.

Basil went again to the forward promenade, and sat down to see the morning come.

The boat swiftly ascended the current, and presently the steeper shores were left behind and the banks fell away in long upward sloping fields, with farm-houses and with stacks of harvest dimly visible in the generous expanses. By and by they passed a fisherman drawing his nets, and bend-

ing from his boat, there near Albany, in the picturesque immortal attitudes of Raphael's Galilean fisherman; and now a flush mounted the pale face of the east, and through the dewy coolness of the dawn there came, more to the sight than any other sense, a vague menace of heat. But as yet all the air was deliciously fresh and sweet, and Basil bathed his weariness in it, thinking with a certain luxurious compassion of the scalded man, and how he was to fare that day. This poor wretch seemed of another order of beings, as the calamitous always seem to the happy, and Basil's pity was quite an abstraction; which, again, amused and shocked him, and he asked his heart of bliss to consider of sorrow a little more earnestly as the lot of all men, and not merely of an alien crea-

ture here and there. He dutifully tried to imagine another issue to the disaster of the night, and to realize himself suddenly bereft of her who so filled his life. He bade his soul remember that, in the security of sleep, death had passed them both so close that his presence might well have chilled their dreams, as the iceberg that grazes the ship in the night freezes all the air about it. But it was quite idle: where love was, life only was; and sense and spirit alike put aside the burden that he would have laid upon them; they ran on together in a reverie that reflected with delicious caprice the looks, the tones, the movements that he loved, and bore him far away from the sad images that he had invited to mirror themselves in his mood.

W. D. Howells.

NICHOLAS FERRAR.

IN the literary reminiscences of De Quincey there is a very tantalizing reference to the habits and residence of the Ferrar family, and one is tempted to ask who they were, so very little is commonly known of them. He says, in speaking of a friend's house: "Often from the storms and uproars of this world I have looked back upon this most quiet and I believe most innocent abode (had I said saintly I should hardly have erred), connecting it in thought with Little Gidding, the famous mansion of the Ferrars, an interesting family in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. For many years it was the rule at Gidding, and it was the wish of the Ferrars to have transmitted that practice through succeeding centuries, that a musical or cathedral service should be going on at every hour of night or day in the chapel of the mansion. Let the traveller, at what hour he would, morning or evening, summer or winter, and in what generation or century soever, happen to knock

at the gate of Little Gidding, it was the purpose of Nicholas Ferrar—a sublime purpose—that always he should hear the blare of the organ, sending upwards its surging volumes of melody, God's worship forever proceeding, anthems of praise forever ascending, and *jubilates* echoing without end or known beginning. One stream of music, in fact, never intermitting, one vestal fire of devotional praise and thanksgiving, was to connect the beginnings with the ends of generations, and to link one century into another." And Mr. De Quincey says of the motive of this singular devotion and dedication of an entire family to this mode of life: "I fancy the whole may be explained from the cause which may be described through a distance of two centuries as weighing heavily upon the Ferrars; namely, the dire monotony of daily life, when visited by no irritations either of hope or fear, no hopes from ambition, no fears from poverty."

Unfortunately, biographies or notices

of the Ferrar family and Nicholas Ferrar, who was the founder of the establishment at Gidding, are very rare, for, as pictures of a peculiar and devout family, and the time in which they lived, worshipped, and praised God in their eccentric fashion, they would be of real interest. In those few notices we have there is the usual diversity of opinion that such a marked character creates, expressed by the different writers about Nicholas Ferrar. Carlyle, in a brief sketch which we shall again refer to, calls him "a dark man, who acquired something of the Jesuit in his foreign travels." Masson, in his life of Milton, speaks highly of Ferrar, and connects his name intimately with that of his friend George Herbert. Walton, in his life of Herbert, mentions Ferrar, and says, "He got the reputation of being called St. Nicholas at the age of six years." Gough harshly and unjustly calls him "*an useless enthusiast*."

At the time of Ferrar's birth the church had enjoyed a long and glorious period of comparative safety and ease. The religious agitations of the preceding reign were quieted, the fires of Smithfield lost their fatal frequency, and the stormy time of the Reformation was succeeded by a time of peace and security. "It was the glory of the first ten years of Elizabeth's reign that no English blood had been shed on the scaffold or in the field for a public quarrel, whether civil or religious." But in "the latter part of her reign the Commons began to assert their strength," the Queen and Commons here beginning to be at issue. Prerogative and privilege were giving indications that the time was approaching when they would come in actual conflict. There was a temper growing up amongst the people, which, if it appeared feeble when compared with the ancient feuds between the sovereign and the aristocracy, was to some acute observers the little cloud which foretold the coming tempest." Cecil, in 1569, complained of the "decay of obedience in civil policy, which being

compared with the fearfulness and reverence of all inferior estates to their superiors in times past, will astonish any wise and considerate person to behold the desperation of reformation." It was to the turbulent and restless representatives of the people that that ancient coquette, the queen, gave her famous answer in reply to the petition of the Commons, that she would marry; she said, "Were I to tell you that I do not mean to marry, I might say less than I did intend; and were I to tell you that I do mean to marry, I might say more than it is proper for you to know; therefore I give you an *answer answerless*." In the Augustan age, so called, of Elizabeth, there shone that glorious galaxy of stars in the firmament of literature, Shakespeare, Bacon, Jonson, Sidney, Raleigh, and a host of minor writers; then lived Burleigh, the acknowledged head, by character as well as by office, of that illustrious band, whom Macaulay has termed "the first generation of statesmen by profession that England produced."

The reign of James was still more effectual in its power of destroying "the divinity" that "doth hedge a king"; and with the reign of Charles we find the first great commoners of English history, Milton, Cromwell, Pym, Hampden, Selden, and numbers of intelligent republicans. "The divine right of kings" to govern wrongly was fully exemplified in the reign of James, who was always under the dominion of a favorite chosen for the most trivial reasons; generally beauty of person or good address were enough to delight him. One of his favorites, Sir James Hay, created Earl of Carlisle, called the "Scottish Heliogabalus" and "Sardanapalus," first won the king's favor by giving him "a most rare and costly feast"; with him James frequently gormandized. According to one writer, on the occasion of the visit of the queen's brother, James got so drunk with King Christian, that "his Brittanic Majesty was obliged to be carried to bed." Another speaks of

him as "keeping sometimes a decent state with his family, but more frequently listening to the ribaldry of unworthy favorites, beating his servants, and swearing and cursing habitually, in spite of the statute under which common people could not have that diversion without paying twelve pence to the relief of the poor." His sycophants and flatterers had very little respect for him. "Steenie," the Duke of Buckingham, in answer to a letter of the queen, who addressed him as "My kind Dogge," and facetiously called the admonitions of the favorite to his royal *master* "lugging the sow by the ear," wrote her, "that in obedience to her desire, he had pulled the king's ear till it was as long as any sow's." The king had nicknames for all about him, and in writing his Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, addressed him as "My Little Beagle."

Mr. Carlyle says of "Somerset Ker, king's favorite, son of the Laird of Ferniehurst, he and his extremely unedifying affairs — except as they affect the nostrils of some Cromwell of importance — do not much belong to the history of England. Carrion ought at length to be buried." But the "extremely unedifying affairs" of the Court of James had much to do with the momentous events of Charles's reign, and the disgust of the sober and religious part of the community drove vast numbers into the opposite extremes of religious asceticism. Marsden remarks that "in one sense the reign of James is the most religious part of our history; for religion was then fashionable. The forms of state, the king's speeches, the debates in Parliament, and the current literature were filled with quotations from Scripture and quaint allusions to sacred things." With the accession of Charles, Mrs. Hutchinson says that "the face of the court was much changed in the change of the king; the drunkenness and grossnesses of the Court of James grew out of fashion"; from the first, the king exhibited himself "as temperate, chaste, and serious." But Laud

and Buckingham were the master-spirits of the reign, the first the spiritual guide, the last the temporal adviser of the new king. Knight says of the religious feeling at this period, that "the great body of the Commons were Puritans, the holders of opinions that had been gradually strengthening from the time when King James insulted their professors. These opinions had become allied with the cause of constitutional freedom, for it was among the High-Church party that the intemperate assertors of the divine right of kings were to be found." Of Laud Masson says "one would fain think and speak with some respect of any man who has been beheaded, much more of one who was beheaded for a cause to which he had conscientiously devoted his life, and which thousands of his countrymen, two centuries after his death, still adhere to, still expound, still uphold, albeit with the difference, incalculable to themselves, of all that time has flung between." But it is impossible to like or admire Laud. The nearer we get to him the more all soft illusion falls off, and the more distinctly we have before us the hard reality, as D'Ewes and others saw it, of a "little, low, red-faced man bustling by the side of the king of the narrow forehead and the melancholy Vandyke air," the "martyr" of the Cavaliers, the "man" Charles Stuart of the Roundheads.

Laud, who was virtually the Primate of all England, as Archbishop Abbot had been suspended from his duties, was strongly imbued with the love of ceremonial worship, which had been gradually failing during the reign of James. He introduced in the performance of the divine service those ceremonial observances which were offensive to those who dreaded a revival of popery in copes and candlesticks, prayers towards the east, and bowings to the altar; for he held that the communion-table was to be regarded as an altar, and as such permanently fixed altar-wise at the east end of the chancel, instead of, as was commonly the case, being "a

joined table," to be laid up in the chancel during the time it was not in use, and placed in the body of the church when used. All these and many other points did Laud insist on, and feel that they added to the beauty and sanctity of worship, or as he himself constantly expresses it, "the beauty of holiness." Knight says, "We know little at the present day of the somewhat unchristian spirit engendered by differences about ceremonies. It is an odious blemish upon the narrative of Hume, our most popular historian, that whenever he encounters a strong instance of religious zeal in the Puritans he exclaims, 'Hypocrisy.' It is an almost equal fault of other writers, that they regard the desire, however ill-regulated, to invest the performance of religious rites with some of the decent order and even pomp of the earlier churches, as mere superstition and idol worship." There was a man who made his first speech in the session of 1629, whom it was once the fashion to regard as the arch-hypocrite of his times. Hume calls him "fanatical hypocrite," and Sir Phillip Warwick wrote of him as "a gentleman very ordinarily appparelled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor"; but the plain gentleman with his countenance swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untunable, had, according to the same observer, an "eloquence full of fervor," and Carlyle says of Cromwell "that he believed in God, not on Sundays only, but on all days, in all places, and in all cases." Milton had intended to enter the Church, Masson says of his change of sentiment: "To the Church as it was governed by Laud, and as it seemed likely to be governed by Laud or others for many years to come, it was impossible for *him* honestly to belong, and yet there were other fine and pure spirits of that day who were positively attracted into the Church by that which repelled him from its doors. At the very time when Milton was renouncing the Church as his profession, his senior, Herbert,

with death's gate shining nearer and nearer before him, was finding his delight in her services and praise. Nor is Herbert the only instance of a man of fine character actually led into a closer connection with the ecclesiastical system of England than might otherwise have been, by Laud's personal influence or the influence of his system." And he notes among others "the famous case of Nicholas Ferrar and his family."

One of the earliest biographers of Ferrar, Dr. Peckard of Cambridge, says that his sketch of his life contains "only the private virtues of a private man; of a man indued indeed with abilities to have adorned the highest station, but of humility hardly to be found in the lowest; of a man devoting himself as it were from the very infancy to the adoration of God, and persisting with unremitted ardor in that solemn dedication of his faculties to the last moment of his life." He inherited perhaps some of the spirit of his ancestor Bishop Ferrar, who, after his condemnation to the stake, said, "If you see me stir in the fire, believe not the doctrine I have taught." And as he said so he right well performed the same. "For so patiently he stood that he never moved." Nicholas Ferrar, the father, was a London merchant and "of high repute in the city, of liberal hospitality, but governed his family with great order." His house was the resort of many of the adventurous spirits of the age, — Hawkins, Drake, Raleigh, and others, — who braved the dangers of the deep at that time so little explored, prompted either by love of gain or the spirit of enterprise. Mr. Ferrar married Mary Wodenoth, who was of an old and respected family. She was well esteemed in her day; Bishop Lindsel said of her, that he "knew no woman superior to her in eloquence, true judgment, or wisdom, and that few were equal to her in charity towards man or piety towards God."

His parents were devout and pious people and brought up a large family, six of whom lived to a good age;

the rest died in infancy. We are told that "they did not spoil the children by absolutely sparing the rod," but they were constantly trained in virtue and religion, and all the needful accomplishments of the time. It was a maxim of the parents that, being trained in virtue, "they would rather give them a good education without wealth, than wealth without a good education."

Nicholas, the third son of this worthy couple, was born in February, 1592. He is described as "a beautiful child of a fair complexion, and light colored hair." At the age of four he was sent to school, and at five could repeat with propriety and grace a chapter in the Bible; he showed, even at that early age, uncommon brightness and strength of mind; the Bible and Fox's "Book of Martyrs" were his favorite studies. He was of a grave and serious turn of mind, and early disdained all things that savored of worldly vanity. "When bands were being made for the children, he earnestly entreated his mother that his might not have any lace upon them, like those of his brother, but be made little and plain, like those of Mr. Wotton (a learned divine), 'for I wish to be a preacher as he is.'" In short, he was a small miracle of learning and virtue and a kind of infant prodigy. At the age of six we are informed that, "being unable to sleep one night, a fit of scepticism seized his mind and gave him the greatest perplexity and uneasiness. He doubted whether there was a God, and if there was, what was the most acceptable mode of serving him. In extreme grief he rose at midnight, cold and frosty, and went down to a grass-plot in the garden, where he stood a long time sad and pensive, musing upon this great doubt." At last he decided, "there must be a God," and probably returned to his little bed, nearly frozen by his midnight excursion in search of truth, a colder and a wiser child.

At the age of fourteen he was admitted a Pensioner of Clare Hall, Cambridge, and his application and dil-

igence were such that it was observed his room "might be known by the candle that was last put out at night and the first lighted in the morning." In his second year he became a fellow-Commoner, and later was elected to a Fellowship. He was intensely devoted to study, and his constitution, naturally delicate, was much injured by his incessant application. He was very subject to "aguish disorders," and the physician whom he consulted told him, "You must henceforth deal with this disorder when it comes to you as men do with beggars, — when they have a mind to disuse them of their houses, give them nothing, but let them go as they came." He grew worse, and it was advised that he should travel, both as a means of improving his health by change of air, and to remove him from his excessive studies. He had the good fortune to be permitted to join the retinue of the Princess Elizabeth, called by her mother in derision "Goody Palsgrave," who, with her husband the Elector Palatinate, was to depart for Germany. At the time he left Cambridge he had been seven years there, and won the regard of all who knew him. He waited on the Princess at court, to kiss her hand, habited "not in the garb of a scholar, but as a gentleman in waiting on her." We are told, "he took no delight in these gay garments, but wore them from a sense of duty."

The royal party sailed, and Ferrar found his health much benefited by the sea air; arrived in Holland, the party was received with great honors everywhere, wanting "no marks of due respect and notice." In the different towns we are told that Mr. Ferrar visited the meeting-houses of the Brownists, Anabaptists, and other dissenters, "at all which times he noted their errors, and greatly confirmed himself in his own opinions." One of his remarks will strike the reader oddly at the present day. He states that the Dutch ships were formed with more advantages for speedy sailing than those of England. At Amsterdam Mr.

Ferrar left the retinue of the Princess, as he wished to take a different route; he made an extensive tour of Germany, remaining at each place some time, observing the manners and studying the language of the people. He passed from Germany into Italy, where he remained for a time, and went to Rome, but with a great many precautions, as if it was a dangerous undertaking. Leaving Italy he went to Marseilles, where he had a violent fever; recovering from it, he returned to Venice with a friend who came from there to attend him in his fever, and thence sailed for Spain in an English vessel; on their passage they were pursued by a Turkish pirate, but happily escaped and reached Spain in safety. After a time, as he received no remittance from his father, who was not aware of his arrival in Spain, he resolved to return home and to travel on foot to St. Sebastian, with "many a weary step," and after encountering some dangers and discomforts, he accomplished it; he travelled rapier in hand, and was thought by those who met him to be a young Italian soldier on his way to join Spinola in the Low Countries. He took ship from St. Sebastian, and landed at Dover, after an absence of five years, thence he hastened to London. He found that his father and his brother John were deeply engaged in the ventures and settlement of the Virginia Company, which had planted its first Colony in 1608, more as a commercial speculation than from any love of the religious liberty that founded the Colony to which the worthy George Herbert alluded, when he penned the lines,—

"Religion stands a tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand."

The meetings of the company were held at Mr. Ferrar's house till the forced dissolution of the company by King James. Shortly after his return Nicholas was offered the position of Geometry Reader in Gresham College, London, which he declined, praying them to appoint "some more worthy person." Spain had for some time

used all her influence to prevent the growth and continuance of the English settlements in America, and through Gondomar, her wily ambassador, she made many efforts to ruin the Virginia Company. At this juncture Nicholas Ferrar became connected with the management of the company; of the management it was said that "Lord Southampton, the governor, was celebrated for wisdom, eloquence, and sweet deportment; Sir Edwin Sandys for great knowledge and integrity, and Nicholas Ferrar for wonderful abilities, unwearied diligence, and the strictest virtue." It will seem strange to the reader that, with the strong religious bent of character Ferrar showed, he never carried out the plan he appears to have entertained at this time, of going to the New World as a missionary to "the infidel natives." Mr. Ferrar, the father, who died in 1620, left the sum of three hundred pounds for the erection of a college in Virginia for the education of "such infidel children as should be there converted to the Christian religion."

In 1622 Nicholas Ferrar succeeded his brother John as deputy-governor of the company, Lord Southampton declaring that, if he was not elected, "he could not any longer take the office of governor upon him; he was the only person who was able to go through with the business." About this time the Spanish match was proposed, and the king, always easily led, was entirely at the beck and call of Spain. James's foreign policy was as short-sighted and narrow as his domestic government, and the same hand that attempted to check the growth of London, saying that the new buildings were but a shelter for those who, when they had spent their estates in coaches, lackeys, and fine clothes, like Frenchmen, lived miserably in their houses, like Italians, would have destroyed the colonies in America, and did withhold aid from the cause of Protestantism in Germany. The Virginia Company, after suffering great annoyance and oppression, finally lost its charter at the instigation of

Gondomar, and his persuasions were so effectual that James entirely disregarded the call made by his son-in-law the *winter könig* of Bohemia as the Germans call him, for assistance from England.

Simond d'Ewes, a shrewd, observant, quick-eyed youth of eighteen, was among "that greatest concourse and throng of people that hath been seen," who on a day of ill omen to the Stuart saw the Parliament of 1621 opened by the king, who rode amid great magnificence to the Abbey, and singling out for recognition only the wife and mother of Buckingham; he saw him nod and speak particularly to Gondomar, and he "spake often and lovingly to the people, standing thick and threefold on all sides to behold him, 'God bless ye! God bless ye!' contrary to his former hasty and passionate custom, which often in his sudden distemper would bid a 'pox' or a 'plague' seize on those who flocked to see him." All of which he says "were accounted something remarkable." Forster says of the king: "He had probably never seen the English people with such an expression as they carried on their faces then. Sympathy and hope were there. There had not been a Parliament for nigh seven years, and what but a Parliament could effectually help those brave Protestant hearts over the sea." But its subsidies could not save the Palatinate or reinstate the titular king of Bohemia and his "queen of hearts," though it had a great work to do, and did it in that brave Protestation which was so warmly debated when an old courtier wrote, "Such heat within, and the Thames impassable without for frost and cold." The House would gladly then have helped the king to repair the fatal error into which he fell when he at first declined to help his son-in-law, and so deluged Europe with the blood of the Thirty Years' War. One of its members, in a fervent speech, said, "The passing bell was now tolling for religion, but as for one dying, not yet dead." A writer of the present day says, "Never had the Stu-

arts any such chance of leading the army of the Protestant Union. It was the tide in their affairs they then missed forever, and only shallows and shipwreck remained for them." Crewe said, as with a premonition of all that awaited the family on the throne through "many and many" generations from one fatal obstinacy, he "wondered to see the spiritual madness of such as would fall in love with the Romish harlot now she was grown so old a hag." In Flanders they presented in their comedies "messengers bringing news that England was ready to send a hundred thousand *ambassadors* to the assistance of the Palatinate, and they depicted the king in one place with a scabbard without a sword; in another place, with a sword that nobody could draw, though divers persons stood pulling at it." At last the king had got rid of his Parliament with "its fiery popular and turbulent spirits" duly punished, and he hoped that the Spanish match might be successfully completed.

Now that the Spanish had gained what they desired by the glittering bait of an Infanta, they were in no haste to settle matters, and in reality the Infanta was already promised to Ferdinand, son of the Emperor of Germany, whom she afterwards married. "And now behold a strange adventure and enterprise," says Rushworth; which is the wild journey taken by Prince Charles and Villiers soon to be made Duke of Buckingham. "After much bitter crying on the king's part 'baby' Charles is given over to 'dog Steenie,' who then dries the eyes of his dear 'dad' and 'gossip.'" The two Mr. Smiths, for so they called themselves, reached Madrid, and after a little while the favorite writes that, "if he ever gets hold of the king's bedpost again, he means never to quit it." All England rejoiced at their return *without* the Infanta, and one writer says of it, "*The Prince hath got a beard, and is cheerful.*" Not so the Duke, who had signally failed in his treaty for the marriage of the Prince. It was too

late, however, to save the Virginia Company, which had been broken up after a long and able defence of it by its managers, among whom was Ferrar, who had acquired in the business a good reputation as an able, judicious, and worthy man. After the reading of the papers of the company before the Privy Council, it being known that they were written by Mr. Ferrar, one of the Lords said to him, "That these papers before us are the production of one pen is very plainly discernible; they are jewels that all come out of one rich cabinet, of which we have undoubted reason to believe you are the true possessor." So highly was he esteemed that a rich and influential citizen came to him at this time, and offered him his daughter, of whom he said, "It is confessed by all that she is very beautiful. I know her to have been virtuously educated, to be well accomplished, and of an amiable disposition. If you will be pleased to accept of her as your wife, I will immediately give you with her ten thousand pounds." Mr. Ferrar modestly rejoined that he was "not worthy of so great a treasure." After an interview with the young lady, whom he spoke of as "far superior to all that I can merit," he informed her father that he had long determined on a single life; and his biographer says that "the father ever after preserved the most affectionate friendship for Mr. Ferrar." Marriage at that time was made a matter of bargain, and if there was any failure in the contract on either side the engagement was often broken; it was not thought strange for a father to offer his son or daughter in this way.

Mr. Ferrar was elected a member of the Parliament of 1624. "There was a peculiar propriety in his election at this time, as there was an intention to call to account before the House those persons who had abused the king's ear, and been guilty of those violent enormities in the false accusation of the managers of the Virginia Company." The king remonstrated more forcibly than elegantly with Bucking-

ham as to the wisdom of this course, saying, "By God, Steenie, you are a fool; you are making a rod for your own back." In vain he warned both his son and the Duke that they would live to see their bellies full of parliamentary impeachments. Nicholas Ferrar was one of the committee appointed by the House to impeach the Lord Treasurer Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, for his extortionate conduct in taking bribes and "being inflamed with passion" in the trial of the Virginia Company. Forster says, "Nicholas Ferrar, a very conscientious person, was certainly one of his ardent accusers"; and as a member of the committee he made a speech which lasted two hours, gaining him universal admiration. The result of the proceedings was the imprisonment of the Lord Treasurer, who was heavily fined and lost his office; the king released him from his confinement as soon as he thought it prudent. Coke, himself disgraced by the king, said of the trial, "O, parliaments work wonderful things; it was to no purpose my lord began to cast his circle and fall to his conjuring. Better he had not left his shopboard." As it was said of an earlier Parliament,

"Many faults complained of, a few amended,
A subsidy granted, the Parliament ended!"

And with it ended the public life of Ferrar, who then carried into execution the plan he had long cherished of bidding farewell to the world and spending the remainder of his days in religious retirement.

We venture to differ with Mr. De Quincey as to the opinion he gives of Mr. Ferrar's motive, for it is plain that "the dire monotony of daily life, when visited by no irritations either of hope or fear, no hopes from ambition, no fears from poverty," could hardly have caused the retirement of a man who had been distinguished in his university, and left it full of honors, to travel over Europe, visiting in turn the great continental seats of learning of Leipsic, Prague, Padua, whose erudition he added to that he already had; and on

his return filled various places of honor and trust, ending his public career with the dissolution of the Parliament of 1624, of which he was an active and respected member, valued alike for his probity, good judgment, and knowledge of the world. Neither do we entirely agree with the inference drawn by Mr. Carlyle from the record of a visit of one whom he calls "An Anonymous Person," but whose letter describing the establishment of Nicholas Ferrar is addressed to a legal friend and signed in full, Edward Lenton. And at the request of Mr. John Ferrar Mr. Lenton sends him a copy of it, with another letter to Ferrar added. Mr. Carlyle infers that the Ferrars adopted their retired mode of life as a means of obtaining a quiet and unmolested home in the troubled times that preceded the revolution of the sixteenth century; but if they were often the mark of such impertinent curiosity as that shown by Mr. Lenton, they could hardly have been gratified at the success of their establishment.

From Mr. Lenton's letter we gain the information that he was kindly received by the Ferrars, on whom he unceremoniously intruded his presence, and freely questioned them as to their motives, commenting also very coolly on the propriety of such a mode of life. He had the rudeness to finish his conversation with Nicholas Ferrar by saying, "Perhaps he had but *assumed* all this ritual mummery, in order to get a devout life led peaceably in those bad times." Ferrar, probably not wishing to incur the ill-will of such a person, replied, "I spake like one who seemed to have had experience of the world." After this self-constituted inquisitor and original Paul Pry had finished his round of questions, which began with the arrangement of the Church and ended with inquiries as to their domestic economy in preparing their food, of which he says they "never *rost* (any) meat; onely boil and bake (but not in paste) that their servants may not be much hindered from their devotions." He writes, "It being now

near twelve a clock, we ended our discourse, and I called for my horses; hoping thereupon he would have invited me to stay (to) dinner: not that I cared for his or any man's meat (for you had given me a dinner in too good a breakfast), but that I might have gained time to have seen and observed more of their fashions; and whether the Virgins and younger sort would have mingled with us." The Virgins he mentions were the seven unmarried daughters of Mrs. Collet. He had already parted with the Virgins, as he calls them, "afar off; for I durst not come nearer, lest I should have light upon one of the Virgins; not knowing whether they would have taken a kiss in good part or no"; and now he proposed to leave, "instead of making me stay he (Ferrar) helped me to my horses; accompanying me even to my stirrup, and so we friendly parted."

After Mr. Ferrar had so settled all his affairs that he might easily devote himself to the object he had in view, his next care was to provide a place suitable for his purpose of retirement; he was informed that the "Lordship of Little Gidding," in Huntingdonshire, was to be sold; he went there and found it well suited to his purpose as far as privacy of situation, but the house "was going hastily to decay," and the church had been used as a barn; he bought the place, and at once began the repairs necessary, in 1624. At this time the plague was raging in London, and Judge Whitlock says so great was the violence of it, that in "one week died five thousand persons." Mr. Ferrar was detained in town by the settlement of his brother's business, but persuaded his mother to leave the scene of desolation for her daughter Collet's at Bourne Bridge, Cambridgeshire, and as soon as his business was completed he repaired to Gidding; his mother hastened to join him there, and their meeting is described as "in its circumstances different from the modern meeting of parent and son, for he, though thirty-two years of age, who had been engaged in many pub-

lic concerns of great importance, had been a distinguished member of Parliament, and had conducted with effect the prosecution of the Prime Minister of the day, at first approaching his mother, knelt upon the ground to ask and receive her blessing." Mrs. Ferrar presently sent for her daughter Collet and her husband with their eighteen children, and her other sons and daughters, to come and live with them; and the family, including servants, consisted of about forty persons, who henceforth devoted themselves to the exercises of religion for which they were noted. All the members of the establishment were bound to celibacy as long as they remained in it. Nicholas Ferrar, in order to carry out his plans better, was ordained a deacon by Archbishop Laud, and when his influential friends offered him benefices of great value he steadily refused them, saying his fixed determination was "to rise no higher in the Church than the place he now possessed, and which he had undertaken only with the view to be legally authorized to give spiritual assistance, according to his abilities, to his family or others with whom he might be concerned." His biographer gives rather a tedious description of the arrangement of the house and church, of which it is sufficient to say that they "were decently furnished and ever after kept elegantly clean and neat." Their mode of worship and life was highly approved by Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, and Laud; Williams made them several visits.

Mr. Ferrar engaged schoolmasters to reside constantly in the house for the instruction of the children of the family and others in the neighborhood, to whom free education was given. He arranged oratories for the men and women in the house, and "without doors he laid out the gardens in a beautiful manner, and formed in them many fair walks." We have an account of the way in which they spent the day: "They rose at four, at five went to the oratory to prayers, at six said the Psalms of the hour; for every hour

had its appointed Psalms, with some portion of the Gospel, till Mr. Ferrar had finished his Concordance, when a chapter of that work was substituted in place of that portion of the Gospel. Then they sang a short hymn, repeated some passages of Scripture, and at half past six went to church to matins; at seven said the Psalms of the hour, sang the short hymn, and went to breakfast. Then the young people repaired to their respective places of instruction; at ten to church to the Litany; at eleven to dinner, at which season were regular readings in rotation from the Scripture, from the Book of Martyrs, and from short histories drawn up by Mr. Ferrar, and adapted to the purpose of moral instruction. Recreation was permitted till one; instruction was continued till three; church at four, for evensong; supper at five, or sometimes six; diversions till eight; then prayers in the oratory; and afterwards all retired to their respective apartments." They began their night-watch, of men at one end of the house and women at the other, each watch consisting of two or more persons, at nine o'clock at night, and ended at one. "It was agreed that each watch should in those four hours carefully and distinctly say over the whole Book of Psalms, one repeating one verse and the rest the other in turn; that they should then pray for the life of the king and his sons. The time of their watch being ended, they went to Mr. Ferrar's door, bade him good morrow, and left a lighted candle for him. At one he constantly rose and betook himself to religious meditation, founding this practice on an acceptance of the passage, 'At midnight I will rise and give thanks,' and some other passages of like import." He slept wrapped in a loose frieze gown, on a bear's skin on the floor. He also watched, either in the oratory or the church, three nights in the week.

With all these religious exercises, Mr. Ferrar and his family found time for many other occupations, incredible as it may seem; they had a room es-

pecially devoted to the preparation and distribution of medicines to the sick who came there. They had another room set apart for a printing-press, in the use of which they were expert; and they likewise had learned the art of book-binding, and bound their own books. Mr. Ferrar composed a large number of Lives, and Characters of distinguished persons, and moral essays, for the use of the family. He translated from an Italian copy the "Hundred and Ten Considerations" of Valdesso, a book which he met with in his travels, and he compiled a Concordance or Harmony of the Evangelists, which required more than a year for the composition. Most of these works were destroyed by a party of fanatics who visited Little Gidding after his death. "These military zealots, in the rage of what they called reformation, ransacked both the house and church; in doing which they expressed a particular spite against the organ. This they broke in pieces, and thereat roasted several of Mr. Ferrar's sheep, which they had killed." This done, they seized all the plate, furniture, and provisions which they could carry; and in this general destruction perished those works of Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, which merited a better fate.

In 1633 King Charles, on his way to Scotland, drawn by curiosity to view the establishment at Little Gidding, which was called by the common people the *Protestant Nunnery*, "stepped a little out of his road," and was met by the family, who conducted him over their house and church, with all of which he seemed much pleased; and the next summer, when he was at Apethorp, the seat of the Earl of Westmoreland, he sent a gentleman from there to "*entreat* a sight of the Concordance," which he had heard was done at Gidding, and it was sent him; he retained it some months, sending it to them with notes by himself, and begged of them a copy for his own use. This they completed in about a year's time, and it was bound by one of the nieces, Mrs. Collet's daughter, in rich

velvet wrought in gold, in a most new and elegant fashion. The king was delighted with it, and requested a "Harmony of the Books of Kings and Chronicles"; and on receiving it, said, "it was a fit mirror for a king's daily inspection." Charles, fleeing from Oxford to the Scotch army, remembered the worthy people of Little Gidding, and threw himself on their protection for assistance; he was taken by Mr. John Ferrar to a place where he might safely pass the night, as their house was deemed a suspected place, from their known loyalty.

Nicholas Ferrar, who from his youth was of a delicate and feeble constitution, had greatly weakened it by his austerities, and he did not long survive his aged mother, who died at the advanced age of eighty-three. He grew constantly weaker, and breathed his last December 2, 1637. On his death-bed he predicted something of the terrible times that so soon followed; he said to his brother, "Sad times are coming on, very sad times indeed; you will live to see them. O my brother! I pity you, who must see these dreadful alterations. And in this great trial may God of his infinite mercy support and deliver you." Izaak Walton, in his *Life of Herbert*, gives a touching account of Mr. Ferrar's sending a friend to inquire for the health of Mr. Herbert, who was then very ill, and lived but a short time. By the friend he sent to Ferrar his poem of "The Temple," asking him to burn it if he did not think it worthy to be printed. Mr. Ferrar wrote the preface to it and had it published. He lived only a little time after his friend's death.

The real solution of the cause of the remarkable devotion of the Ferrars seems to have been their love of a secluded and religious life; and Nicholas, who had resisted many persuasions to come into communion with the Roman Church, and continued "eminent for his obedience to his mother, the Church of England," evidently felt that Church had parted with some of that ceremonial observance and the conventual

discipline that has so great attractions for some minds. There are a few notable instances of retirement from the world, among others those of the Emperor Charles V., and John Valdesso, but Ferrar did not wait till life had lost its charms for him and he was in declining years, though Mr. Herbert quaintly said of him he had seen the "manners and vanities of the world and found them to be 'a nothing between two dishes.'" Such a man can hardly with propriety be called a useless enthusiast, for his pious example may be of great benefit in the hurry and bustle of the world. The large number of children trained by the fam-

ily, and the poor and sick they cared for, attest to the fact that if they forsook the world and its vanities, they certainly retained a lively sense of the ignorance, want, and suffering which always abound. These lines in Cowper's *Task* seem very appropriate to the character of Ferrar:—

" Occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not hers, for he has found them vain.
Not slothful he, though seeming unemployed,
And censured oft as *useless*.
The man whose virtues are more felt than seen,
Must drop indeed the Hope of Public Praise;
But he may boast what few who win it can,
That if his country stand not by his skill,
At least, his follies have not wrought her fall."

G. A. E.

GLADIOLI.

STEEPED in hot radiance to the brim,
Thy spires aflame with blossoms bright,
Ye stand beside the smoke-tree dim,
With color, dazzling blind our sight.

From palest flush to darkest red,
From orange dull to amber clear,—
All tints of glory on thee shed,
Gradations to the artist dear.

Carbuncle flames within thee burn,
Thou bearest thee with rigid pride,
Thy tawny tints in bronzed urn
Suggest the leopard's spotted side.

When first I heard thy Latin name,
A vision rose, of Roman state,
A broad arena's cruel game,
The lion and the martyr's fate.

We see the gladiator stand,
His level eyes the crowds explore,
He seeks the sign of uplift hand,
He dies! The pageant is well o'er.

But English thought and English tongue
Have lent their fitness to thy face;
Sword-lily summons to my song
The history of the human race.

A glory flashes in the sword;
The Pagan craved it as his need.
To fight with banners never lowered,
To conquer, was his chosen creed.

Then came the chastening Christian life,
The sword was hung upon the wall;
And, emblem of their saintly strife,
Sprang lilies, sweet and white and tall.

But men must fight as well as pray;
Fight living foes, outside the heart;
Nor wear their life in dreams away,
But in the conflict bear their part.

So grew the times of tented field,
Of ladies' scarf, of squire and knight.
The lily bloomed upon the shield,
The sword, unsheathed, flashed forth its light.

O vision of our hearts' desire!
Thy carven topaz still suggests
The sword of fate, the flame of fire,
The white heat of the crucial tests.

Still lift thy sturdy flower-stem up,
And show thy splendors at their best,
For hid within thy painted cup
A poet's dream lies unconfest.

When peace shall rule the broad world round,
And banish selfish greed and pride,
When war is but an old-time sound
And blossoms bloom on each roadside,

Ye flowers that blaze with warlike red,
And bristle with such martial mien,
Peace rests upon thy glowing head,
Of slumberous noontide crowns thee queen.

For gardens green and summer home
War beats down with relentless hoof;
And tramping feet have never come
To desecrate this sacred roof.

O nations! who at this late day
Contend in deep and bitter hate,
Your rifles drop, your bayonets stay,
Your consciousness may come, too late.

Farewell, yon beauties! Fairer far
Such prophecy of good to come
When truth and love may banish war,
And cannons rust, forever dumb.

Emily E. Ford.

KATE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SLEEP, comfortably and for the time unwakably asleep, lay Randolph Armitage on the damp mossy turf of the forest, not a scratch upon him from Sam Hicks's bullets, all gone astray in the uncertain moonlight.

He was gathered up, borne to his horse, set astride behind Quash, tightly bound to him, and thus taken home. Transportation of this sort being naturally slow, it was two or three in the morning before Redhead Saxon got clear of his responsibility, stealthily depositing this senseless lump of humanity in its usual place of storage, and then hurrying away on guilty tip-toes after the fashion of boon-companions who bring home drunkards. All this time nothing could waken Armitage; he would open his eyes under shaking and keep them open, but he still slumbered on; he was a limp, inert, inconvenient mass of stupor. The moderately affectionate and immoderately lazy Quash simply laid him on a sofa and covered him with a shawl. Then, with the thoughtlessness of discovery and of consequences characteristic of slaves, at least when they are negroes, he stretched himself on the bare floor and went to sleep, without so much as locking the door.

In this state the two were found at six in the morning by Nellie Armitage, who could not altogether repress anxiety to know whether her husband was alive. She gave him one glance, guessed with sufficient accuracy how he had spent the night, turned from him in quiet scorn, and awoke the blackamoor with her foot.

"Where have you been with him?" she asked.

"Hain't been nowhar," responded Quash, lying without a moment's thought and with infantile awkwardness, as "niggers" do.

"How dare you tell me that? Leave the room."

As Quash crept out Kate Beaumont glided in, asking, "Has he returned? Is he hurt?"

Mrs. Armitage, shaken by a night of sleeplessness, lost control of herself in this emergency; the weariness, the sorrow, the shame, and the scorn that were in her face turned at once into red-hot anger, demanding utterance; and though she at first raised her hand instinctively to check her sister's advance, she immediately dropped it.

"Come on," she said. "It is time to tell the truth. I have hidden my misery long enough. Come here and look at him. There is a husband; that thing is a husband. What do you think of it?"

Armitage lay perfectly quiet; indeed there was a look about him as if nothing on earth could move him; he was the image of utter helplessness and clod-like insensibility. One eye was partly open, but there was a horrible glassiness and lifelessness in it, and it was obvious that he saw nothing. His face was colorless, except a faint tinting of bluish and yellowish shades, as if it were the countenance of a corpse. Yet in spite of this shocking metamorphosis, his features were so symmetrical that he was handsome still.

Kate, trembling from head to foot, stared at him without speaking. She had never before seen a man in the last stage of intoxication; and in spite of what Nellie had said, she did not fully comprehend his condition.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "What is the matter with him? Is he—dying?"

"He is dead,—dead drunk," replied the wife.

"O no, Nellie!" implored Kate.

"To think how I have loved him!" Nellie went on. "That man has had all the good, all the best that was in

my heart. He has had it and trampled on it and wasted it till it is gone. I can hate now, and I hate *him*."

Kate joined her hands as if pleading with her sister to be silent.

"No man ever had greater love; no man ever despised greater love," continued Nellie. "I have seen the time when I could kneel and kiss the figures of the carpet which his feet had rested upon. I worshipped him; even after I began to find out what he was, I worshipped him; I passed years in forgiving and worshipping. Once, when he came home drunk, yes, when he came home to abuse me, I would watch over him all night in his stupid sleep, and forgive him the moment he spoke to me in the morning. O, how handsome he was in my eyes! He fascinated me. That was it; he was beautiful; I could see nothing else. How I did love him for his beauty! And now see how I hate him and despise him. I can take a mean and cowardly revenge on him."

She suddenly advanced upon the senseless man, and slapped his face with her open hand.

"O, you woman, what are you doing?" exclaimed Kate, seizing her and drawing her away. "Nellie, I won't love you!"

"Yes, I am hateful," replied Nellie. "Do you know why? I can't tell you half the reasons I have for being hateful. Look at that scar," pointing to a mark on her forehead. "I have never revealed to any one how I came to have that. He did it. He struck me with his doubled fist, and that gash was cut by the ring which I gave him."

Kate sat down, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed violently.

"It was not the only time," pursued Nellie. "He had struck me before, and he has struck me since. And there have been other insults; I would not have thought that I could have taken them; but from him I have learned to take them. O, if my father and brothers knew! They guess, but they don't know."

"They would kill him, Nellie," said

Kate, looking up piteously, as if pleading for the man's life.

"I know it. But that is not all. I have become so savage, that it seems to me I would not mind that. What I care for is exposure. If they should shoot him, people would learn why. It would be known that I had failed; that Nellie Beaumont could not live with her husband; that she could not lie on her bed after making it; that she had failed as a wife and a woman."

"Is there no such thing as separation?" asked Kate. She said it hesitatingly and with a sense of culpability, for the idea of breaking the marriage bond was shocking to her.

"There is. But who would have the children? Do you suppose I want to leave them here to grow up drunkards? As long as I am with them, they do not taste a drop of the poison which makes a beast of their father. I don't know whether I could have both the children. Besides, separation is exposure; the courts would have to know everything; the public would know and babble; the Beaumonts would know. I shall stay and fight it out here until I can fight no longer. But I wanted some one's sympathy. I wanted at least to tell my own sister how miserable I am."

She stopped, fell on her knees, laid her head in the girl's lap, and broke out in violent crying.

After a minute she rose, lifted Kate to her feet, embraced her passionately, and said in a voice which had suddenly become calm, "This is my first cry in two years. My heart feels a little less like breaking. Let us go."

"Do you suppose he has heard?" asked the younger woman, glancing at Armitage.

"Heard?" answered Nellie with a hard laugh. "He could n't hear the last trump, if it should be blown in this room. Is it he horrible—and handsome? My darling, that is an Armitage. Don't marry one of them. Promise me. You won't?"

"Never," answered Kate.

"I must tell you a great deal," con-

tinued Nellie, when she had reached her own room? "My heart is open, and I must let it run."

During a large part of the day she talked about her husband, detailing with painful minuteness the outrages of his periods of orgie; how he had upset tables, thrown food out of the windows, broken dishes, furniture, mirrors, beaten the servants and children; how he had fallen down and slept all night in his dooryard, or been brought home half dead from accidents or fights.

"Sometimes it is ridiculous," she said. "I have actually laughed to see him lying among the ruins of chairs and crockery. It seemed so absurd that any human being could become demented enough to beat and belabor inanimate things till he gasped with fatigue and wore himself out, that I could not help laughing. Of course I had lost all respect for him then, and all affection. How could I keep either? The man was more like a crazy monkey than like a human being. His pranks surpass all description. There are things that I cannot tell you of, for very shame. I did hope, when I brought you here, that, for your sake and out of fear of our family, he would control himself. But he is irreclaimable. He is contemptible. He is horrible."

"Nellie, you have a way of talking that makes my blood run cold," said Kate. "If you stay here, will you not be over-tempted some day, and do something wrong?"

"I shall never commit a crime," replied Mrs. Armitage. "I am a lady. I would not disgrace myself and my family by even considering such a thing as poisoning. Is that what you fear? You may be tranquil."

"How dreadful it is even to think of such things! I never thought before that anything in life could be so dreadful."

"Well, we will say no more about it to-day," sighed Nellie. "I will try never to speak of this subject to you again. Hereafter I can bear my troub-

les better. Some one knows, some one sympathizes."

There was an embrace, and a mingling of tears between the two sisters, followed by a long and sad silence.

"Some one has come," was Nellie's next remark. "I heard a carriage drive up to the door. It is probably Bent Armitage. Scarcely any one else stops here."

"I am so glad," said Kate. "Won't he help us? Won't he have some influence?"

"He has influence when none is wanted. At such times as this no one has any influence, at least none for any good end. But Bentley will try to make things easy for us. He is not hard-hearted, and he never becomes a madman in my presence, although he is taking the same road with his brother. It is in the blood to go that way."

"I wish nothing unpleasant had passed between him and myself," said Kate, coloring slightly.

"Don't care for that," returned Nellie, proudly. "You were right in avoiding him, and he knows it. He knows that no Armitage has any claim on any Beaumont. My only wonder is, that he dared court you when he knew what his brother had done to me. If he begins again, tell me of it. I won't have it, certainly not here. I am mistress in this house, so far as he is concerned. Remember now; we ask no manner of favors of him; he is just a guest and nothing more."

There was a little glancing into mirrors, a little arranging of curls and shaking out of dresses; there was the sacrifice to becomingness which woman rarely neglects to pay, however unhappy she may be and indifferent to the eyes that are to pass judgment upon her; then they went down to receive their visitor. Bent Armitage was walking the parlor, staring abstractedly at the old faded engravings which he had seen a thousand times, his "clapper," as he called his partially paralyzed foot, slapping the floor in its usual style, and his queer smile curling up into his dark cheek as a confession of embar-

rassment. Remembering Nellie's interference between him and her sister, he feared that he should be received as an intruder, and he was ill at ease. He was even humble to an extent which was pathetic; he had laid aside all his self-respect in coming here. "Let me look at her a moment," his face seemed to plead; "then turn me away forever, if you must; at least I shall have seen her."

"I hope I am not indiscreet," he said meekly, as he kissed the cheek of his sister-in-law and shook hands with Kate. "I am just up in these diggings from a grand tour as far as Charleston," he went on, talking slang to gain courage. "I heard at Brownville that you were both here, and I thought I might venture to rein up for a minute."

"We are glad to see you," replied Kate; and Nellie added, "You must stay a few days."

Bentley brightened a little; loving hopes rose out of their graves.

"We may need your assistance," Nellie explained quietly.

His countenance fell at once. He understood that his brother was making trouble; that was the reason why he was wanted, or endured. But, although the revelation was a painful one to him, he did not turn sullen under it. Impelled by a fine movement of soul, he resolved to serve these women, who demanded service without offering reward or scarcely thanks. In spite of his slang, his back-country roughness of manner, his willingness to shed blood on occasion, and his hereditary tendency to strong drink, there was a foundation of good and warm feeling in Bentley. He was not such a detestable egotist as his brother; he was capable of a love other and stronger than the love of self.

"I will stay as long as I can be of use," he said. "Shall I hitch up in the old spot?"

"I would rather you should take the room next to Randolph's," replied Nellie.

"Just as handy," assented Bentley,

at the same time thinking, "So I am to be his keeper."

"How are things at Hartland, Miss Beaumont?" he now inquired. "Everybody chirk there?"

"All well, thank you," Kate said. "At least so my last letters told me."

"The fight with the Philistines keeps up, I suppose."

"With the — the McAlisters? I suppose so," answered the girl, her face coloring perceptibly.

She was almost angry with him for speaking so carelessly of the feud and so irreverently of the McAlisters. Bentley perceived that he had made a mistake, and for a moment looked absolutely frightened as well as embarrassed, so anxious was he to stand well with this girl. As to being sorry for the renewal of the quarrel between the Beaumonts and their neighbors, he could not of course reach that state of grace; in fact, he could not but rejoice in the event, inasmuch as it had relieved him of one whom he knew to be a preferred rival, and made the winning of Kate seem possible. It was this new hope, to a certain extent, which had brought him to Saxonburg.

"Well, I'll go to my nest and arrange my feathers," he remarked, presently, shuffling and slapping his way up stairs.

Before attending to his toilet he stepped into his brother's room. No one was there but Quash, lazily setting things to rights.

"Hi, Mars Bent," chuckled the darky. "I'se mighty glad for to see you, Mars Bent. You's jess come in good time. Wah, wah, wah. You's wanted, Mars Bent."

"If you's so mighty glad to see me, brush my boots," returned Bentley, seating himself.

"Yes, Mars Bent," said Quash, getting out his brushes cheerfully, quite sure of a dime, or perhaps a quarter.

"Whar's Mars Ranney?" continued Bentley, imitating the negro dialect and pronunciation, as he loved to do.

"He jess done gone down sta'rs; dunno whar."

"Is he on a bender?"

"Yes, marsr."

"Big one?"

"Well, nuffin pertickler; nuffin great, so fur."

"From fair to middlin', eh?"

"Yes, marsr."

"Could n't you hide his whiskey?"

"Would n't dast do it, Mars Bent," replied Quash, looking up earnestly.

"Lordy, Mars Bent, you knows how he kerries on. He'd jess bust my head."

"I s'pose so," growled Bentley.

"Well, what of it? You ought to have your head bust, Quash. You are a rascal."

Quash merely sniggered and continued to polish away, sure of his dime. The boots were just done when a loud crash of furniture was heard down stairs, followed by a wrathful shouting.

"Thar he goes," observed Quash. "Smashin' things like he allays doos."

"Here 's your quarter," said Bentley, rising hastily. "If you 'll break his whiskey-jug, I 'll give you two dollars."

Hastening down to the parlor, he discovered Randolph dancing on the fragments of a delicate work-table, a present to Nellie from her brother Vincent.

"Halloo!" shouted the drunkard. "Is nobody coming? What am I left alone for?"

Just then Kate Beaumont entered the room; she was very pale, and her soft eyes were dilated with amazement and horror; but she advanced calmly to the maniac and said, "Randolph, what do you want?"

At first he simply glared at her; he seemed to be ready to strike her. Bentley Armitage picked up a leg of the table and came close to his brother, perfectly resolved to knock him down if he raised a hand upon Kate.

"Go away," said Randolph, hoarsely. "I did n't call for you. I wanted Nell."

Bentley made a sign of the head to the young lady, and in obedience to it she retired without a word further.

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"Oho," exclaimed Randolph, discovering his brother and turning short upon him. "So you are here. What the —— do you want?"

"I've come to bear a hand generally," returned Bentley, endeavoring to smile, but anticipating a difficulty, and showing it in his face.

"You bear a hand somewhere else," screamed Randolph, all at once beside himself with an insane rage, approaching to delirium tremens. "You bear a hand out of this house. You leave. It's my house. You've had your share. We divided, did n't we? You took the Pickens land, did n't you? You've no claim here. You travel. Take your traps and travel. By the Lord, I am master here. I won't be overcrowded by anybody. Lay down that club. Leave it, and leave here."

"Come, come, Randolph," expostulated Bentley. "There's no sense in this, and I don't deserve it. I've come to make myself agreeable and bear a hand at anything you like."

"I've no use for you, I tell you I've no use for you," Randolph went on screaming, utterly out of his senses. "You just hump yourself and get to your own district. You travel, or I'll ——" Here he caught up a glass lamp and hurled it at his brother's head, the missile narrowly missing its mark and smashing against the wall. Then he made a charge. The younger man struck, but unwillingly and faintly: his blow only exasperated the assailant. Bentley, far less muscular than Randolph, and lame besides, was thrown and badly hammered. This horrible scene was ended by the entrance of Mrs. Armitage and several of the house-servants, who with great difficulty dragged the drunken maniac off his victim and pushed him out of the room.

"You must go," said Nellie to Bentley, when they two were alone.

"Ah, if he was n't my brother!" exclaimed the young man, furious from his conflict, "I would finish him."

"But he is your brother, and you can

do no good here, at least not now. You will have to go."

"What, and leave you with that mad-man! Leave *her* with him!"

"We can manage him better than you. Seeing another man here only makes him want to fight. We shall be better off without you."

"I never was called on to do so mean a thing before," said Bentley.

"I don't wish to charge you with being capable of meanness. Besides, it won't be mean to do this when I insist upon it."

"Well," assented the young man, unwillingly and sullenly. "But I won't go farther than Rullet's tavern, on the road to Brownville, you know, five miles from here. If you need me, you can send a nigger, and I'll put over."

"Very good," said Nellie. "Now you will have to take your Brownville carriage back. You can slip through the garden and meet it below the house. Quash will take care of your baggage."

"I never saw him so bad before," muttered Bentley, meaning his brother.

"He gets worse every time. His constitution is breaking down. His nerves are not what they used to be."

"Be sure you send for me slap off, if there is any serious trouble," were the farewell words of Bentley.

Randolph Armitage, totally forgetting his brother's visit, spent the rest of the afternoon in his room, drinking, singing, breaking such furniture as he could break, and at last going to sleep among the ruins. The women remained together, talking rarely and sadly, the younger sometimes crying, the elder never.

"I wonder at you," said Kate once. "I never imagined that a woman could have such fortitude."

"Fortitude!" returned Nellie. "I am intelligent enough to know that it is not the fortitude that you mean. It is mere hardened callousness and want of feeling. I ceased some time ago to be a woman. I am a species of brute."

This eminently true and simple and clear-headed person showed herself

great by refusing to claim a greatness which did not belong to her.

"If ever I am tried as you have been, perhaps I shall become as noble as you are," was the answer of Kate, faithfully admiring her sister.

When bedtime came the younger woman said, "I shall stay with you to-night."

"You can't," replied Mrs. Armitage. "My husband has a right to come to my room at any time."

"Ah!" murmured Kate, recoiling at once before the authority of marriage.

"You are not afraid for yourself, are you?" asked Nellie.

"I had not thought of that," answered the girl. "Besides, my door bolts and locks."

"Good night," said Nellie, with a kiss. "You are a great comfort to me. I am glad that you know everything; I am glad that I told you everything, though I did it in a fit of madness, and it was wrong. I bear things the better because you know them. I was growing savage and wicked with lack of sympathy. Thank you for your sympathy, darling. Good night."

Kate went to her room, fastened her doors with lock and bolt, then deliberately unfastened it and left it ajar, fearing a little for herself, but far more for her sister. She was worn out; it seemed to her that the day had been years long; that she had stepped from youth to middle age since morning. Could it be that the degrading and miserable tragedy which she had looked upon was marriage? What might be her own future, even should the feud once more be allayed, and life promise as fairly as it had done weeks before? Even should she, by some incredible chance, become the wife of the man whom she preferred and trusted above all other men, what then? Would the end of her once fair hopes be like the end of the once fair hopes of Nellie? Her mind ran all towards evil foreboding; the future seemed a wilderness, complex, pathless, and sombre; merely to think of it was a weariness and sorrow. Yet she was so exhausted with the

unrest of the previous night and the emotions of the day, that, even while saying to herself that she should never sleep, she lost her consciousness.

After a time some noise partially roused her; it was painful to lose her hold on slumber, and she strove not to awake; but the noise persisted and so alarmingly that of a sudden she started up in her full senses. It was clear to her now that she heard the voice of Randolph in loud altercation with his wife; and, hastily slipping on a dressing-gown, she glided down a dark passage to the door of Nellie's room. The door was ajar, and there was a faint light within as of a candle, but she was so placed that she could not see the speakers. The conversation, however, was but too audible.

"Will you tell me—?" demanded the husband, in a hoarse, thick utterance.

"No, I will not, Randolph," answered Nellie, in that monotone of hers which meant unshakable persistence.

"Then, by heavens—! Look here, you obstinate fool; don't you know what I 'll do to you? Don't you know?"

"I know, Randolph," said Nellie. "I don't care for your threats."

The answer to this speech was a sound as of a struggle. Kate hesitated no longer; she stepped swiftly into the room. By the flicker of a candle dying in its socket she saw Randolph holding his wife down on the pillow with one hand, while with the other he brandished a long knife.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE cry and rush with which Kate entered the room startled the tremulous madman who was attempting murder, or counterfeiting it.

"Whooh!" he exclaimed; it was a beastly sound, like the short, explosive growl of a surprised dog; but as he uttered it he let go of his wife and faced about.

"O, it's you, is it?" he stammered,

staring at the girl with watery, uncertain eyes, and with a grin that was half embarrassed, half defiant. "I forgot there was another woman in the house. What the Devil do you want?"

"Randolph!" exclaimed Kate with an imposing air of reproach; then, dropping to a tone of entreaty, she implored, "Won't you go away?"

"I want my whiskey," he replied, exposing without shame the degrading motive of his brutality. "She's hidden it."

Kate turned on Nellie an appealing glance which said, "Can't you let him have it?"

"It is not here," answered Mrs. Armitage, speaking to her sister. "When I say that it is n't here, you may know that it is n't."

"Do you know where it is?" demanded the husband, evidently believing her, unable to disbelieve her.

"I do not," she said, still not looking at him. "I know nothing about it. If I knew, I would not tell."

"Then I 'll leave," he growled, after a moment's hesitation, meanwhile staring at his knife as if still uncertain whether he would not use it. "That's all I came here for. Do you suppose I wanted *you*?"

With this parting insult to his wife, he turned his back on her, reeled by Kate, and went out. A few seconds later a howl of joyous oaths announced that he had found his treasure; the bungling and lazy and also no doubt timorous Quash having concealed it instead of destroying it.

"What shall we do?" asked Kate, who had meanwhile locked the door, and now stood by it listening.

"Let him drink," said Nellie, with the sad common-sense born of long trouble. "It is the easiest way to get rid of him."

"Is n't it horrible!" Kate could not help groaning, still hearkening at the keyhole for Randolph's return.

The unhappy wife, invisible in the darkness, made no reply. Presently Kate became alarmed at the silence; she whispered, "Nellie," and then

called aloud; still no answer. The terrible thought crossed the girl that Randolph might actually have stabbed his wife, and that she might now be dying, or dead. Groping her way to the bedside, she threw her arms around her sister, dropped kisses and tears upon the cool, damp face which touched hers, and sobbed repeatedly, "Nellie! Nellie!" But wild as she was with alarm, she perceived soon that the heart was still beating, and she guessed that this was not death. By the time she had found matches and lighted a lamp, Nellie began to draw the long sighs which mark restoration from a swoon, and presently opened her eyes.

"I have been faint," she whispered, with a bitter smile. "I didn't know there was so much of the woman left in me. I ought to have got over this sort of thing long ago. I am ashamed of myself."

"Nellie, what can I do for you?" asked Kate.

"Nothing. I will get up in a moment, and go to packing."

"Are you going to leave him? Ah, — well."

"At all events I shall take you away. You have seen enough of this, and too much. I ought not to have brought you here at all. It is quite sufficient for one man that he should make one woman wretched. It is as much success as is due to a drunkard. My dear, you won't marry a high-strung gentleman, I hope. Marry a Quaker first, or a Yankee pedler, — anything that does n't get drunk and fight, anything that is n't high-strung. I hate the word. It's a mean, slang word, and it stands for a curse."

Kate thought of a man who, as she believed, was not high-strung. It was true that he had fought a duel; it was true also that he had fought it with her brother; but then possibly he could not have helped that; there was the code, that savage mystery; it was all beyond her judgment. At any rate he did not drink, nor address women with brutality, nor lead an habitually wild life. But she could say nothing of him to

Nellie, and indeed it was useless to think of him, for there was the family feud, an abyss between him and her.

"Will Randolph let you go?" she asked.

"His whiskey-jug will attend to that," replied Nellie. "He has a noble master, has n't he? He prides himself on not being ruled by his wife. It is so much more manly, more chivalrous, more high-strung to be ruled by a jug! Come, go and do your packing. I will do mine and the children's."

An hour or so later the trunks were ready, the little ones dressed, and the carriage at the door.

"I will go and bid good by to my husband," said Nellie.

Kate followed her, fearful lest Randolph might be awake and a collision ensue. There was no trouble; the man lay on the floor, stone-blind drunk; an earthquake could not have shaken that stupor.

"Handsome Armitage!" murmured Nellie, looking at the sodden countenance with a strange mixture of scorn and grief in her own pale face. Then turning to Quash, who rose drowsily from his usual sleeping-place in the passage, she said: "Take care of him. But tell him nothing about our going away. Let him find it out for himself."

"Yes, missus," yawned Quash, and proceeded to lie down again, covering his shoulders and head with his blanket-coat.

The bays were started off at their speediest trot, for ten miles of rough, hilly road lay between the Armitage place and the Brownville station, and the down train, the only train of the day, left at six in the morning. At the half-way house, known as Rullet's Tavern, or more commonly as Old John Rullet's, Nellie looked at her watch, and said calmly: "It is useless. We sha' n't get there till after six. We may as well stop and see Bentley."

The younger Armitage, a bad sleeper in these days, and consequently an early riser, made his appearance almost immediately.

"Travelling?" he said, with a wretch-

ed attempt at a smile, thinking meanwhile that this might be his last interview with Kate. "I rather judge it's the healthiest thing you can do."

"We can't catch the train," replied Nellie. "We shall have to wait in Brownville till to-morrow morning."

After glancing at his watch, shaking his head, and pondering a minute, he remarked: "I suppose I had better go and amuse Randolph."

"Bentley, it is a hard thing to owe you so much," said Nellie.

"O, it's all in the family," he smiled. "And it does n't square the family account either."

"Be careful," said Kate, honestly anxious for him.

He looked greatly pleased; he seemed to think it very kind of her merely to care a little for his life; the humility of his gratitude made it absolutely pathetic.

"No particular danger, I reckon," he replied, shaking her hand cordially. "You won't mind it, I hope, if you hear of our drinking a little. A prosperous journey to you. Good by."

"Good by, Bentley," said Nellie, bending down and kissing him. "I wish I could do more for you."

It seemed to Bentley also that he deserved more than the kiss of a sister-in-law; but none the less he set about his ill-requited work promptly and courageously. Rough as he was, and in some respects coarsely vicious, he had certain high notions of gentility. As he turned his back on Kate Beaumont, and prepared for his horrible *tête-à-tête* with his brother, he said to himself, "Noblesse oblige."

When he reached the Armitage place Randolph was just coming out of his drunken slumber. Then followed a tragi-comedy which, considering that the two leading actors in it were brothers, was little less than infernal. Bentley's purpose was to keep Randolph so far under the influence of liquor that he should not notice the absence of his family, or should be indifferent to it if he discovered it. To this end he drank, jested, gambled, quarrelled, exchanged

blows even, went through reconciliations, drank again, squabbled again, and so on for twenty-four hours. It must be observed that, although he had not sought the spree for its own sake, he did in a certain measure enjoy it. Whiskey tasted good to him; a little of the excitement of alcohol always made him long for more; he was only less of a drunkard than his brother because younger. But for anxiety as to the result, and also for the somewhat burdensome reflection that he was tipping under compulsion, he would have had a truly delightful carouse. Perhaps we ought, moreover, to consider that he was a disappointed lover, and that liquor helped to drown his sorrow. In short, Bentley had a downright honest bender, although he never quite forgot his object in commencing it.

The day passed in freaks beyond the imagination of monkeys. Whenever Randolph demanded his family, Bentley invented some new madness. For instance, late in the afternoon he proposed that they should mob Nancy Gile, on the plea that Randolph had been insulted and attacked by her low-down following. So, mounting their horses, they galloped four or five miles to surprise the "lone woman," turned her furniture topsy-turvy, drank her last gill of whiskey, and then, giving her a couple of dollars to pay the damages, departed hooting. The next thing was a wild-goose chase through swamps and old fields, on the supposed trail of Sam Hicks, both the brothers being now in strenuous earnest, and intent upon killing their man if they should find him, which they did not. Giving up their fruitless hunt when night came on, they made a circuit to reach the cabin of Redhead Saxon, and held another festival in his society.

And now came the climax of the saturnalia. Randolph, who in his cups would have quarrelled with angels or devils, became irritated at Saxon for some cause never afterwards heard of, and laid that faithful henchman prostrate with a fisticuff.

"Square, that's low-flung business,"

roared Saxon, so drunk that he forgot his fealty. "You've no call to hit a chap when he ain't a lookin'," he continued, rising with difficulty and by instalments, first on all fours, and so on. "You would n't 'a' dared fetch me that lick, ef your brother had n't been here."

"You need n't count in Bentley," replied Randolph. "He sha' n't take a hand. I'll play it alone."

He tried to get off his coat, but in the effort went down and struggled some time on the floor with the garment over his head. When he regained his feet he accused Redhead of pushing him, and proceeded to draw his revolver. At this point Mrs. Saxon, a powerful young amazon of at least six feet in height, rushed upon the scene from the *other* room of the cabin, shouting, "Quit that. No fightin' yere. Ef you want to fight, go out do'."

This pacifying admonition not being heeded, she sprang at her husband, scratched him smartly, and bundled him out of the cabin. Then, holding the door against him, she turned upon the Armitages, and broke out: "Now say. What d' you two want? You've got the man out of his own house. S'posin' you try your hand on the woman. Ain't you a high-tone gentleman, Square Armitage? Then go whar you b'long, an' fight with yer own sort. Oughter be shamed of yerself, pickin' musses with crackers. Wish I was yer wife, and had the breakin' of ye. I'd learn ye to go in harness. Don't ye p'int yer shootin'-iron at me. I'll take it away from ye, an' lam yer face with it. You cl'ar. You jest cl'ar, or I'll light on ye."

"We'll go," answered Bentley, grinning at the scene like an amused monkey and surveying the pugnacious housewife with bland approbation. "Randolph, we're getting the hot end of the poker. Come, old lady, let us out."

"No sir-ee," declared the contradictory Madam Saxon. "You want to mount my old man outside. — Jimmy," she screamed, through a crack of the door, "you travel."

"I won't," vociferated Redhead, who all the while was trying to re-enter.

"Dog gone these men!" objurgated the lady. "Why can't they be peaceful like women-folks? It takes a woman to every man to make him behave."

"Let me in!" roared the husband. "Ef you don't, I'll fire through the do'."

"Hold up a minute, Redhead," called Bentley. Then addressing Mrs. Saxon in a caressing whisper, meanwhile patting her stalwart shoulder, he added, "Look here, old girl. The best way is to powder it out. Let's have a sham fight. You load your husband's pistol and I'll load Ranney's. Blank cartridges, you understand. What do you say?"

"All right," grinned the amazon, her wide mouth stretching from ear to ear to embrace the joke. "Git hold of the Square's shooting-iron, I'll fix Jimmy's."

When the duel was proposed to Randolph, he assented at once with a drunken solemnity which finely satirized the behavior usual with principals in real affairs of honor, and delivered his revolver to Bentley to be discharged and reloaded.

"Hand over ye five-shooter, old man," demanded Mrs. Saxon, rushing out upon her husband and disarming him. "We're gwine to hev a duel."

"Who's a gwine to?" asked Redhead, falling into the cabin.

"You be; you an' the Square."

"You go to —!" retorted the man of the house, who, drunk as he was, discovered an absurdity in the proposition.

"Redhead, you are a gentleman, I suppose," began Bentley.

"No, I ain't," interrupted Saxon, his reason perfectly sound on that point.

"Wal, you're a man, ain't ye?" put in his wife, flying at him and giving him a shake. "You stan' up in that corner till things is ready. Mr. Bent, you set the Square up in t' other corner. Thar's a bar'l thar for him to hold on to."

The two principals being placed, the seconds went out of doors to prepare the weapons. The ball cartridges in the barrels were discharged, and other cartridges substituted with the bullets broken off.

"It'll be mighty slim huntin', won't it?" said Mrs. Saxon, bursting into loud laughter. "Would n't my old man be mad, ef he sensed the thing. He ain't used to goin' a shootin' with nothin' but powder."

This idea amused her excessively, and she returned to it several times. "To think of Jim firin' away at a feller with nothin' but powder!"

"Well, old lady, are you loaded?" asked Bentley.

"Reckon I be," grinned Molly Saxon, revolving the chamber of her pistol with experienced dexterity. "No bullets in them. Let's see yourn. All right, my blessed stranger. Now what'll we do next?"

"Just hand your old man his cold iron, and caution him to wait for the word. I'll give the instructions."

They re-entered the cabin. There were Saxon and Randolph Armitage, each propped up in his corner and holding fast, their faces very solemn and stolid. Molly's broad physiognomy twitched all over with suppressed laughter as she handed the pistol to her husband.

"Now, Jim, ha' n't you got any last words for yer woman?" she asked by way of joke.

"Stan' out the way, ole gal," replied Redhead, thickly. "An' take care yerself."

At this moment Randolph, trying to stand independent of his barrel, fell over it and rolled on the floor.

"Set 'm up agen," muttered Redhead calmly, and without showing the slightest amusement.

By the aid of Bentley the prostrate man rose and braced himself once more in his corner, smiling the monotonous smile of intoxication.

"Catch hold," said Bentley, delivering the revolver. "And don't fire till I give the word. Gentlemen, listen

to the instructions. I shall pronounce the words, 'one, two, three, — fire.' At the word 'fire,' you are at liberty to commence, and you will go on until you have exhausted your barrels."

"That's so," sniggered Molly, cramming a yard or so of her calico apron into her mouth to keep from laughing outright. "Jim, do you understand?"

"You shut up," snapped Redhead in a tone of impatience which redoubled his wife's amusement.

"Now, then," called Bentley. "One, two, three, — fire."

A deliberate firing ensued; it was curious how cool the two drunkards were; though they could scarcely stand, they meant business.

"That's all," mumbled Randolph when he had exhausted his barrels.

"No 't ain't," called Saxon. "I've got a charge left."

"Well, blaze away, old Redhead," returned Randolph, still smiling his alcoholized smile.

Old Redhead took steady aim, resting his revolver across his left arm, and blazed away to the best of his ability. Randolph fell across his barrel once more, but it was whiskey which upset him, and not a bullet.

"Square, are you bad hurt?" called Saxon, advancing slowly and unsteadily. "Square, I'm sorry for it; dog gone if I ain't."

Then seeing his antagonist rise, with the assistance of Bentley, he added, "Did I miss you, Square? Wall, I'll be dog-rotted!! However, never mind. Glad you come out of it safe. Bully for you, Square. Stood it like a sojer. Le's shake han's."

There was shaking hands accordingly, as in more elegant and sober affairs of honor, the two late enemies complimenting each other as high-toned gentlemen, etc., etc., while Molly Saxon fairly capered and stamped with delight.

"An' now you two cl'ar," she presently whispered to Bentley. "I want room to larf. Ef I don't hev it, I shall bust."

Bentley hurried his brother away the

more willingly because Saxon, a blazing pine-knot in hand, was searching for the marks of his bullets, and not finding them, might be led to suspect and denounce the trick which had been played, to the manifest risk of further altercation.

"You need n't look for 'em, Jim," Molly was heard to giggle. "You 're too drunk to aim at anythin'. You fired out o' winder an' up chimney an' every-whar but at him."

"I 'll be dog-rotted ef I ever see any such doin's befo'," returned the confounded Jim. "When a man can't hit a house, standin' inside on 't, he 'd better quit shootin'."

And now, as it was getting towards midnight, the Armitages went home. Bentley was still afraid that Randolph might discover the absence of his wife and set out in pursuit of her. He resolved to floor him completely, if the thing could be done; he commenced a fresh drinking-bout and kept it up for hours. It was the very saturnalia of doing evil that good might come. It was ludicrous and it was horrible.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AFFAIRS of state, a shouting of stump-orators, and a buzzing of swarming fellow-citizens recall us to Hartland.

The canvassing for the election of representatives to Congress was at the boiling-point. There was speechifying, discussion around groceries and at street corners, generous betting and chivalrous fighting every day. The principals in the contest, as well as their partisans, had gone into the struggle in the highest-toned fashion, prepared to clean out the adversaries if the latter persistently refused to hearken to reason. When Peyton Beaumont went forth on his stumping progresses, his sons guarded him with revolvers under their shooting-jackets; while Judge McAlister was escorted in a similar manner by his warlike progeny, even Frank admitting that he must defend his father. As for the

Colts and Derringers, and bowies and toothpicks, which were carried by the rank and file, they were beyond enumeration. Excepting that the weapons were concealed, those election scenes resembled the political assemblages of the ancient Gauls, who discussed questions of war and peace with spear in hand and buckler on shoulder. All these gaunt and long-legged men, whether clad in "store-clothes" of black broadcloth, or in short-backed, long-tailed frock-coats of gray or butternut homespun, were as bellicose as so many Scotch Highlanders of three hundred years ago.

It must not be supposed, however, that fighting was continuous or even very frequent. As every man took it for granted that every other man was armed, discussions were usually conducted with great civility of speech, unless the disputants had become inflamed with whiskey. Even if angry words were exchanged and weapons drawn, there were friends at hand to do the proper amount of coat-tail pulling, and bloodshed was generally averted. As for such harmless blusterers as Crazy Taylor and Drunken John Charles, they were allowed to roll each other in the dust at their pleasure, it being understood that they would only furnish innocent amusement to their fellow-electors. The fun which these conflicts afforded was increased by the fact that the defeated athlete usually pitched into some boy or nigger who had laughed at his overthrow, and kicked him with much swearing around the nearest corner. Let us state, by the way, that John Charles and Crazy Taylor were not landless crackers or penniless village loafers. Although they dressed in homespun and held such high-caste people as the Beaumonts and McAlisters in deep reverence, they were well-to-do farmers, owning their five hundred acres and their twenty or thirty head of niggers. John Charles, in spite of his frequent benders, was "captain of patrol" in his "beat," or magisterial precinct. Crazy Taylor never went howling about

the streets and making a spectacle of himself, except when he was drunk.

Notwithstanding the serious sensitiveness of Southerners, and the danger of jesting with punctilious men who carry revolvers, much sly, coarse ridicule was current in the Hartland political debates. For instance, John Charles, a violent adherent of the Beaumonts, set afloat ridiculous tales about the McAlister chieftain, representing him as a man of little less than idiotic simplicity, which was true in so far as this that the Judge had not the remotest idea of a joke.

"*He go to Congress!*" sneered John Charles. "Them Yankees would come games on him an' poke fun at him from Sunday morning to Saturday night. I'll tell you what sort of a man *he* is. The Judge started out to canvass the district. How did he do it? Got up his coach. Sure as you're born he got up his coach an' four horses to go an' ask poo' men for their votes. Well, he druv round an' kissed the young uns an' talked Sabba' school to the women folks, an' subscribed to meetin'-houses an' all that sort of nonsense. An' you bet he made mistakes. You bet on it an' win every time. Durned ef he did n't take short-haired Dolly Stokes, — she a settin' by the fire wrapped up in blankets because of the chills, — durned ef he did n't take her for the old man an' ask her to vote for him. Now you don't believe that, you fellers of the McAlister crowd. But it's true; you bet your best bale on it; old Stokes he told me. Now that's a lively man to go to Congress from Hartland District *and* South Carolina. Why, he would n't know a he Yankee from a she one. Them fellers up thar in them foreign States would stock the keerds ag'in him an' clean him out every time. Now look at the Honorable Peyton Beaumont in a poor man's cabin. *He* don't come in no coach; he comes a horse-back. He walks in square an' strong, like he was to home. He straddles out before the fire, an' parts his coat-tails behind him, an' hollers for his tod of plain whiskey, an' chaws an' spits like

one of the family. *He* don't make no mistakes betwixt the old man an' the old woman. He knows other folks as sure 's he knows himself. He knows the name of every voter in this part of South Carolina an' the name of that voter's dog. He's that kind of a man that rouses your entuzzumzuzzy. He's a man that South-Carolinians will take a heap of trouble for. We never had an election yet but what loads of fellers would pile over the line from every district round here, walkin' or ridin' ten or fifteen miles perhaps to give him a lift, an' that too after going as fur for their own men whar they belong. An' they're right; they're right in takin' all that extra trouble for him; he deserves it. I tell you, ef thar's a gentleman in this district who's fit to stand for the people of this district *and* South Carolina, it's old squar'-shouldered, open-eyed, true-handed, big-hearted, high-toned Peyt Beaumont."

Of course we are not to put absolute faith in the partisan declarations of John Charles. There is no doubt that he exaggerated both the innocence of Judge McAlister and the slightly demagogic courtesies with which Beaumont did occasionally temper his patrician haughtiness.

But we must leave the political background of our story and return to the personages who occupy its foreground. Very sad in these days was Frank McAlister, miserable over the past, and despondent over the future. He did not even believe in the success of his party in the election, for he had almost of necessity taken the measure of his prim, solemn, unbending father, and had guessed that he could not carry Hartland electors against hearty, full-blooded, off-handed Peyton Beaumont. The Beaumonts would triumph at the ballot-box; they would add contempt for his family to hatred for it; there was not a chance for him to win their daughter and sister. He was in these days so gloomy, so haggard, so unable to sleep, so unable to eat, that his mother became terrified about him.

Of course she had guessed the cause

of his trouble ; a woman and a mother could not fail to guess it. But what could she do to raise the spirits of her stricken giant, and renovate his health, and save his life ? It was impossible to quiet the family feud, and consequently impossible to get Kate Beaumont for him. That sovereign remedy being out of the question, was there no other ? Time ? Alas, time is very slow in his work, and affection abhors waiting. Mrs. McAlister knew of a cure which was quicker than that and every way more consonant with her own feelings ; it occurred to her that it would be the best thing in the world to get another young lady in the place of the young lady who had been lost.

The proposition may shock a sentimental man, but I suspect that it was both motherly and womanly. A woman believes in love ; if one love affair fails, she requires that another should commence as soon as may be. The single adventure, though very great to her, is not so great as the passion. Moreover, her sister-women are cheaper in her eyes than they are in ours, and she sees no sufficient cause why the loss of one of them should stop a man from using his heart, especially in view of the fact that his heart is in her opinion his noblest organ.

It was in consequence of these reasons (which Mrs. McAlister did not of course take the trouble to reason upon, not even with herself) that she invited Jenny Devine to make a visit under her roof. Stating the case plainly, she meant to have Frank fall in love with Jenny, and so forget the girl whom he could not get. True, Wallace was enamored of Miss Devine : the all-seeing mother was not ignorant of that. But Wallace, it was pretty certain, could not have her ; and, moreover, Wallace did not stand in pressing need of matrimony, not being broken in spirits and shattered in health ; and finally Frank, her youngest and handsomest, was her favorite child. Small, plain, bald-headed Wallace must be sacrificed just a little to save his magnificent, his suffering brother. The

plan savored of cruelty, but it was the cruelty of intense affection, perhaps also of wise judgment.

Thus it was that pretty, flirting, jolly, good-hearted Jenny Devine became an inmate of the McAlister mansion. She did not come at all unsuspiciously ; she guessed that coquettish passages awaited her ; she was somewhat like a cat entering a buttery. In the first place, she was accustomed to be begged for from house to house to entertain young gentlemen visiting in Hartland, and to enliven hops and teas with her music, her dancing, her small talk, and her bright eyes. In the second place, she knew pretty positively that Frank McAlister had been fascinated by Kate Beaumont, and so must have found it a sad business to be divided from her.

Yes, she was specially wanted ; a flirtation or something of that nature was to be got up between her and this disappointed young man ; that was the object of Mrs. McAlister. That Jenny was at least willing to run a risk in the matter is shown by the fact that she accepted the invitation. She liked Frank, and she thought no less of him for having liked Kate ; for she was not one of those sensitive girls who recoil from a man because he has loved some one else ; she had had too many courting affairs of her own to be fastidious on that point. As for cutting out her absent friend, there could be no question of it. Kate had been cut out already by the revival of the old hate between the two families. Moreover, Kate was not in love with Frank ; so much Jenny believed that she had discovered. Accordingly, with conscience clear of unworthy intent, and with heart prepared for either great or little emotions, she repaired with her select armor of finery to the enchanted palace of the McAlisters, to take the chances of such adventures as might befall her there.

She was received with a gladness, which, considering the grave character of the family, was equivalent to festivity. Mrs. McAlister fairly leaned towards

the girl; she enjoyed her in anticipation as a daughter-in-law, the chosen one of her favorite son; she secretly loved her and blessed her in a spirit of prophecy. It was the yearning of a bereaved mother, who trusts that she is yet to obtain a child in place of the one that has been taken away. Not but that Mrs. McAlister would still have preferred Kate as a daughter; she had no spite against the Beaumont men even, and she loved their loved one dearly. But Kate being lost beyond recovery, she must positively have some one in her place, and in her longing she grasped at Jenny.

One result of this craving—a result which looks like the effect of witchery—was that she at once lost sight of the girl's defects, though plainly discernible by her heretofore. Jenny was a flirt; so Mrs. McAlister had thus far always admitted; she had even been angry at her for trifling with Wallace's affections; very angry because of the quarrel which had been made up between him and Vincent. She had said to herself that Jenny Devine, notwithstanding her good temper and mainly good intentions, would make no fit wife for a man of high character and sensitive feelings. Now she forgave all these shortcomings and peccadilloes so completely that she forgot them. Jenny was no flirt; it was not supposable that she could jilt Frank; she would accept him and be an excellent wife and a charming daughter. Mrs. McAlister reasoned about the girl as a lover reasons about the mistress of his heart. Desire and hope did the whole of the argument, and of course reached the most agreeable conclusions.

To all these feelings and wishes Mary McAlister assented with the instantaneous facility and energy of her mind. Not that there was any open talk on the matter between the mother and daughter; but the latter had the power of divining the mind of the former by sympathy; and the moment she divined it she was guided by it. It would be difficult to find any other

two human beings so much at one in opinion as these two. Which ever *felt* first on any given subject had the lead; the other discovered the feeling by clairvoyance, and at once shared it; there was no need between them of statement, and much less of argument. Thus they were always alike in their credences, desires, and purposes. Even the action, the ratiocination, and the persuasions of the respected male folk of their family could not divide them. Their union was a singular and interesting and almost touching instance of the potency of mere feminine sympathy. Both hated the feud; both abhorred duelling and all bloodshed; both adored Frank, and would have died for him; both loved Kate Beaumont, and longed for relationship with her; both accepted Jenny Devine when Kate was no longer attainable. The unanimity of reason is perhaps grander than this unanimity of the heart, and no doubt in the main practically more useful, but surely not half so beautiful.

The tall, thin, gray-haired mother and the tall, slender, chestnut-ringleted daughter, both shooting rays of love out of large mild eyes, embraced Jenny Devine with the same tenderness.

"I am so delighted that we have not lost you as a friend," said Mrs. McAlister. "It seems as if there were no friends of late. Everybody is a partisan."

"The Beaumonts will not be angry at you for coming to us?" asked Mary. "We did hope not when we begged for you. But you must tell us."

"I am not their kin," replied Jenny. "And I am not a man either. I claim a woman's right to be sweet to everybody. Don't worry about my good standing with the Beaumonts. If the Honorable Peyton looks glum at me, I shall take his arm and smile in his face, and the next I know he will be patting my head. These old gentlemen are all fools with girls. If you had a speck of courage and impudence, Molly, you could go and tame him in fifteen minutes. I do believe that, if I were in your place, I could make him

call on the Judge and ask the whole family to dinner."

"Jenny, I wish we could work such miracles," sighed Mrs. McAlister. "I would go on my knees to do it."

"O, you would n't answer at all," laughed the frank and saucy Jenny. "It would take somebody as young as Molly. By the way, there is an idea; why, would n't that be nice? Molly, you could be Mrs. Peyton Beaumont the third, merely for winking; only, poor thing, you don't know how to wink."

"What nonsense!" protested Mary, in blushing amazement. "Who could imagine such a thing? Nobody but you."

"I could make Dr. Mattieson imagine it," whispered the teasing Jenny. "Would n't he rage?"

Mary blushed still deeper, and glanced with maidenly alarm at her mother, who, of course, pretended not to hear and looked all benignity.

Jenny's frolicsomeness was one cause why the McAlisters continually forgave her misdeeds and liked her. They were a grave generation, without meaning it, and finding persistent gravity a burden; and, like all such, they extracted much comfort from jolly people, and craved them as thirsty souls do water.

Thus it may be conceived that Frank McAlister, weighted always with seriousness of spirit, and just now crushed under disappointment, should incline kindly to the company of this prattling and gleesome young lady. Because she made him smile in spite of himself, he liked to listen to her. Because she turned whist into mere fun, he took a hand as her partner. Presently he came to walk with her and then to ride with her. The intimacy, ripened by his sorrowful tenderness of feeling, burgeoned rapidly into confidences. Before long the subject of Kate Beaumont was broached between the two, and after that there was no end to their talking together.

What an enticing, abundant, limitless subject it was! It was like a Mis-

souri prairie to a herd of buffalo; there was room there to browse forever. Little by little Frank told Jenny all that was in his heart, — how he had loved, how he had hoped to win, and how he had lost. The girl, in spite of her levity, was like almost all other women in the matter of quick sympathy, and especially could not help being touched by a tale of wounded affections. She forgot herself; she opened her heart wide to his procession of sorrows; and of course it followed that he found her charming. In a certain sense she was Jenny Devine and Kate Beaumont in one. To talk to her about Kate was the next best thing to talking to Kate about herself.

Who has not smiled at the ease with which many a grief-stricken widower has been won by a woman who sincerely pitied him for the loss of his wife? Shall we have cause to smile thus at our hitherto unchangeable lover, Frank McAlister?

"How tedious I must be to you!" he said one day, ashamed of his egotism.

"You are not tedious at all," declared Jenny, her cheeks coloring with the enthusiasm of honest and earnest feeling.

"Is it possible that you can like to hear me tell how I love another woman?" he asked, amazed.

"I do like it," said Jenny. "She so nobly deserves it."

"Miss Devine, you are admirable," he replied, with profound reverence. "I am astonished at women, the more I know of them. They have so much unselfishness and sympathy. I think a great heart is nobler than a great brain."

"Ah, don't give me too much credit," sighed Jenny, dropping her eyes. It occurred to her just then that perhaps she was playing falsely by her friend, and running risk of winning that friend's lover. In the next breath she said to herself: "But Kate does not care for him; she told me so."

In fact Jenny was becoming interested and even fascinated. At the time this dialogue took place she had been over a week in the McAlister house. During that crowded week

she had seen much of Frank and had grown to be his intimate and his confidant. She had looked further into his heart than she had ever before looked into the heart of man; and all that she discovered there had led her to admire him exceedingly; to judge that his love was worth any woman's having. It was not for her; it was for her friend Kate; but would it always be? She had not distinctly asked herself this momentous question, nor any other that concerned her future relations with Frank. Rather she had gone on blindly, first sympathizing, then sympathizing more, then admiring, then liking, then — No, not loving; not at all that; at least, not yet. But there was danger of it, and at times she saw the danger.

During the evening following this conversation she announced her intention of returning home on the morrow. But Mrs. McAlister, in whose opinion things were going on passing well, would not hear of it; and Mary McAlister, guessing at once her mother's ideas and consenting to them, also would not hear of it. So strenuous was their opposition, that Jenny gave up her wise project and meekly stayed on, not knowing what might happen to her heart, and beginning not to care. "I shall be disappointed in love," she sometimes thought; "but it does not matter a bit; I shall deserve it."

Meantime Wallace McAlister was wretched with jealousy. His mother saw it and grieved over it, but did not change her plan for all her grief. To save Frank, it seemed that Wallace must be sacrificed; it was very sad that it should be so, but she could not help it. After all, Wally must not be a dog in the manger. Unable to get Jenny himself, he must not prevent her from saving his brother; that would be the extreme of selfishness. The unlucky young man himself thought something like these thoughts in his more rational moments. But none the less he suffered; felt his heart shrivel when Jenny strolled out with Frank; clapped his beaver on his poor bald

head, and went off to be miserable alone.

Another person who was troubled and alarmed by this sudden intimacy between Frank and Jenny was Major John Lawson. He did not learn it from the McAlisters, of whom he saw very little in these days, he being still a guest of Kershaw's, and consequently more or less tied to the Beaumonts. It was Mrs. Chester who told him of this new peril which threatened his romance of Romeo and Juliet in South Carolina. Mrs. Chester had met Mrs. Devine; and Mrs. Devine had been over to see Jenny in the McAlister hunting-grounds; and the result was certain motherly smiles and hints of a prophetic and exultant nature. Thereupon Mrs. Chester, who had turned to speaking evil of her lost Titan as strenuously as she had once followed after him, spread the report that he was about to marry the greatest flirt in Hartland District, namely, Miss Jenny Devine.

"You don't tell me so, Mrs. Chester!" grinned the disquieted Major, when she had exploded this bit of news under his nose like a fire-cracker. "My dear Mrs. Chester, you don't seriously believe it! Why, it would be a most delightful arrangement," he continued, recovering his self-possession and wishing to stick some sly pins in Mrs. Chester. "Really delightful! Jenny is an admirable girl. A little of a flirt, no doubt, as you say. But so are all women until they are married. All the same, she is admirable. Deserves him. Deserves anybody. I had had hopes, by the way, that she would have caught Vincent. I am a little disappointed. Do you suppose, Mrs. Chester, that our excellent friend Mrs. Devine speaks with authority? Mothers are so apt to deceive themselves, you know. They are sharp-sighted, wonderfully sharp-sighted: I admit it. But nevertheless they do sometimes hang up a scalp for their daughters which has not yet been taken. Do you suppose, Mrs. Chester, do you really suppose —"

"I know nothing about it," replied the imbittered lady. "Mrs. Devine makes her boasts and I record them. Miss Jenny Devine is nothing to me, and Mr. McAlister is of course less than nothing. I merely mention the thing as a matter of common uninteresting gossip."

"Ah," bowed the Major, smiling unspeakable compliments at Mrs. Chester, while in the same breath he investigated her with twinkling, analytic eyes. "Of course. Certainly. Not worthy of your attention. Certainly not."

"I never was more mistaken in any man than I was in that Mr. Frank McAlister," the lady went on vixenishly. "I thought well of him for a short time; I thought him good-hearted and a gentleman. He is a selfish, stupid, low fellow. I never saw another man so vulgarly and stupidly ungrateful for civilities. It is well for our family that we got shut of him and his breed. I hope Jenny Devine will catch him. The little cross jilt is just fit for him, and he is just fit for her. They will punish each other nicely."

"Ah — you think so?" nodded the Major, hardly able to keep from grinning in her face. "Really, how dull we male creatures are! Here I had been thinking well of the girl; wishing my young friend Vincent could catch her; envying him the chance. God bless my soul, — God bless my soul! Mrs. Chester, I am positively not fit to go about the world alone. I need your guidance at every moment; absolutely need it, must have it," he fluted in his finest trills and quavers, cocking his head on one side like a curious parrot, and puckering his face into a thousand wrinkles, all expressive of adoration and servitude. But the moment he got out of her presence he muttered, "Spiteful, disappointed old beldame!"

"What does the woman lie for in that style?" he went on, commencing a long soliloquy about this worrying bit of gossip. "I don't believe a word she says. Frank McAlister in love with Jenny Devine! Frank McAlister

forgotten Kate Beaumont! Romeo false to Juliet! Impossible. I can't have been so mistaken in the young man. I know him; I have studied him; I have looked him in the eyes; I have sounded his character. Sounded it, — sound-ed it," he insisted, smirking and twinkling as if he were talking to some one else than himself and trying to carry conviction to his auditor. "I must see Romeo," he continued vehemently. "I must say to him, 'This won't do; this spoils our drama; this will make the plot a nullity; this will draw a storm of hisses.' I *will* see him. It will be awkward; it may lead to difficulties; the Beaumonts may scowl at me. But no: the Beaumonts prize me; they are under obligations to me; they know that I fought Tom well; yes, fought him well, begad," affirmed the Major aloud, chuckling over the recollection of his only duel — as a second. "And if the heathen do rage, I must defy them. In the name of the poetic unities, I must defy them. I can't have my romance, the darling romance of my life, broken up because of an election, a mere tempest in a teapot, a squabble sure to end in six weeks. God bless my soul, I can't have it. It would make me miserable. I should leave this part of the country. And I have already written to Charleston about my little drama. Prophesied about it, — bragged over it. I couldn't go back to Charleston. Where the deuce could I go?"

And, mounting his horse, the Major rode off boldly toward the McAlister place, not caring in his desperation what the Beaumonts might think of his confabulating with their enemies. He neared the house; he got a view of the garden from the high road; and there, among the roses he saw — what? Frank McAlister walking with Jenny Devine, bending over her in a manner which indicated close amity, and holding her — yes, her hand.

In his indignation and despair, the Major at once wheeled his horse and galloped, without drawing rein, to Kershaw's.

J. W. DeForest.

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

IV.

THE DESCENT OF MOUNT TYNDALL.

TO our surprise, upon sweeping the horizon with my level, there appeared two peaks equal in height with us, and two rising even higher. That which looked highest of all was a cleanly cut helmet of granite upon the same ridge with Mount Tyndall, lying about six miles south, and fronting the desert with a bold square bluff which rises to the crest of the peak, where a white fold of snow trims it gracefully.

Mount Whitney, as we afterwards called it in honor of our chief, is probably the highest land within the United States. Its summit looked glorious, but inaccessible.

The general topography overlooked by us may be thus simply outlined. Two parallel chains, enclosing an intermediate trough, face each other. Across this deep enclosed gulf, from wall to wall, juts the thin, but lofty and craggy ridge, or "divide," before described, which forms an important water-shed, sending those streams which enter the chasm north of it into King's River, those south forming the most important sources of the Kern, whose straight, rapidly deepening valley stretches south, carved profoundly in granite, while the King's, after flowing longitudinally in the opposite course for eight or ten miles, turns abruptly west around the base of Mount Brewer, cuts across the western ridge, opening a gate of its own, and carves a rock channel transversely down the Sierra to the California plain.

Fronting us stood the west chain, a great mural ridge watched over by two dominant heights, Kaweah Peak and Mount Brewer, its wonderful profile defining against the western sky a multitude of peaks and spires. Bold buttresses jut out through fields of ice, and reach down stone arms among

snow and *débris*. North and south of us the higher, or eastern, summit stretched on in miles and miles of snow-peaks, the farthest horizon still crowded with their white points. East the whole range fell in sharp, hurrying abruptness to the desert, where, ten thousand feet below, lay a vast expanse of arid plain intersected by low parallel ranges, traced from north to south. Upon the one side a thousand sculptures of stone, hard, sharp, shattered by cold into infiniteness of fractures and rift, springing up, mutely severe, into the dark, austere blue of heaven, scarred and marked, except where snow or ice, spiked down by ragged granite bolts, shields with its pale armor these rough mountain shoulders, storm-tinted at summit, and dark where, swooping down from ragged cliff, the rocks plunge over cañon-walls into blue, silent gulfs.

Upon the other hand, reaching out to horizons faint and remote, lay plains clouded with the ashen hues of death, stark, wind-swept floors of white, and hill-ranges, rigidly formal, monotonously low, all lying under an unfeeling brilliance of light, which, for all its strange, unclouded clearness, has yet a vague half-darkness, a suggestion of black and shade more truly pathetic than fading twilight. No greenness soothes, no shadow cools the glare. Owen's Lake, an oval of acid water, lies dense blue upon the brown sage-plain, looking like a plate of hot metal. Traced in ancient beach-lines, here and there upon hill and plain, relics of ancient lake-shore outline the memory of a cooler past,—a period of life and verdure when the stony chains were green islands among basins of wide, watery expanse.

The two halves of this view, both in

sight at once, express the highest, the most acute, aspects of desolation, — inanimate forms out of which something living has gone forever. From the desert have been dried up and blown away its seas. Their shores and white, salt-strewn bottoms lie there in the eloquence of death. Sharp-white light glances from all the mountain-walls, where in marks and polishings has been written the epitaph of glaciers now melted and vanished into air. Vacant cañons lie open to the sun, bare, treeless, half shrouded with snow, cumbered with loads of broken *débris*, still as graves, except when flights of rocks rush down some chasm's throat, startling the mountains with harsh, dry rattle, their fainter echoes from below followed too quickly by dense silence.

The serene sky is grave with nocturnal darkness. The earth blinds you with its light. That fair contrast we love in lower lands between bright heavens and dark cool earth here reverses itself with terrible energy. You look up into an infinite vault, unveiled by clouds, empty and dark, from which no brightness seems to ray, an expanse with no graded perspective, no tremble, no vapory mobility, only the vast yawning of hollow space.

With an aspect of endless remoteness burns the small white sun, yet its light seems to pass invisibly through the sky, blazing out with intensity upon mountain and plain, flooding rock details with painfully bright reflections, and lighting up the burnt sand and stone of the desert with a strange blinding glare. There is no sentiment of beauty in the whole scene; no suggestion, however far remote, of sheltered landscape; not even the air of virgin hospitality that greets us explorers in so many uninhabited spots which by their fertility and loveliness of grove or meadow seem to offer man a home, or us nomads a pleasant camp-ground. Silence and desolation are the themes which nature has wrought out under this eternally serious sky. A faint suggestion of life clings about the middle altitudes of

the eastern slope, where black companies of pine, stunted from breathing the hot desert air, group themselves just beneath the bottom of perpetual snow, or grow in patches of cloudy darkness over the moraines, those piles of wreck crowded from their pathway by glaciers long dead. There is something pathetic in the very emptiness of these old glacier valleys, these imperishable tracks of unseen engines. One's eye ranges up their broad, open channel to the shrunken white fields surrounding hollow amphitheatres which were once crowded with deep burdens of snow, — the birthplace of rivers of ice now wholly melted; the dry, clear heavens overhead, blank of any promise of ever rebuilding them. I have never seen Nature when she seemed so little "Mother Nature" as in this place of rocks and snow, echoes and emptiness. It impresses me as the ruins of some bygone geological period, and no part of the present order, — like a specimen of chaos which has defied the finishing hand of Time.

Of course I see its bearings upon climate, and could read a lesson quite glibly as to its usefulness as a condenser, and tell you gravely how much California has for which she may thank these heights, and how little Nevada; but looking from this summit with all desire to see everything, the one overmastering feeling is desolation, desolation!

Next to this, and more pleasing to notice, is the interest and richness of the granite forms; for the whole region, from plain to plain, is built of this dense solid rock, and is sculptured under the chisel of cold in shapes of great variety, yet all having a common spirit, which is purely Gothic.

In the much-discussed origin of this order of building, I never remember to have seen, though it can hardly have escaped mention, any suggestion of the possibility of the Gothic having been inspired by granite forms. Yet, as I sat on Mount Tyndall, the whole mountains shaped themselves like the ruins of cathedrals, — sharp roof-ridges,

pinnaced and statued ; buttresses more spired and ornamented than Milan's ; receding doorways with pointed arches carved into blank façades of granite, — doors never to be opened, — innumerable jutting points with here and there a single cruciform peak, its frozen roof and granite spires so strikingly Gothic that I cannot doubt the Alps furnished the models for early cathedrals of that order.

I thoroughly enjoyed the silence, which, gratefully contrasting with the surrounding tumult of form, conveyed to me a new sentiment. I have lain and listened through the heavy calm of a tropical voyage, hour after hour, longing for a sound ; and in desert nights the dead stillness has many a time awakened me from sleep. For moments, too, in my forest life, the groves made absolutely no breath of movement ; but there is around these summits the soundlessness of a vacuum. The sea stillness is that of sleep ; the desert, of death ; this silence is like the waveless calm of space.

All the while I made my instrumental observations the fascination of the view so held me that I felt no surprise at seeing water boiling over our little fagot blaze at a temperature of one hundred and ninety-two degrees F., nor in observing the barometrical column stand at 17.99 inches ; and it was not till a week or so after that I realized we had felt none of the conventional sensations of nausea, headache, and I don't know what all, that people are supposed to suffer at extreme altitudes ; but these things go with guides and porters, I believe, and with coming down to one's hotel at evening, there to scold one's picturesque *aubergiste* in a French which strikes upon his ear as a foreign tongue ; possibly all that will come to us with advancing time, and what is known as "doing America." They are already shooting our buffaloes ; it cannot be long before they will cause themselves to be honorably dragged up and down our Sierras, with perennial yellow gaiter, and ostentation of bath-tub.

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Having completed our observations, we packed up the instruments, glanced once again around the whole field of view, and descended to the top of our icicle ladder. Upon looking over, I saw to my consternation that during the day the upper half had broken off. Scars traced down upon the snow-field below it indicated the manner of its fall, and far below, upon the shattered *débris*, were strewn its white relics. I saw that nothing but the sudden gift of wings could possibly take us down to the snow ridge. We held council and concluded to climb quite round the peak in search of the best mode of descent.

As we crept about the east face, we could look straight down upon Owen's Valley, and into the vast glacier gorges, and over piles of moraines and fluted rocks, and the frozen lakes of the eastern slope. When we reached the southwest front of the mountain we found that its general form was that of an immense horseshoe, the great eastern ridge forming one side, and the spur which descended to our camp the other, we having climbed up the outer part of the toe. Within the curve of the horseshoe was a gorge, cut almost perpendicularly down two thousand feet, its side rough-hewn walls of rocks and snow, its narrow bottom almost a continuous chain of deep blue lakes with loads of ice and *débris* piles. The stream which flowed through them joined the waters from our home grove, a couple of miles below the camp. If we could reach the level of the lakes, I believed we might easily climb round them, and out of the upper end of the horseshoe, and walk upon the Kern plateau round to our bivouac.

It required a couple of hours of very painstaking, deliberate climbing to get down the first descent, which we did, however, without hurting our barometer, and fortunately without the fatiguing use of the lasso ; reaching finally the uppermost lake, a granite bowlful of cobalt-blue water, transparent and unrippled. So high and enclosing were the tall walls about us, so narrow and

shut in the cañon, so flattened seemed the cover of sky, that we felt oppressed after the expanse and freedom of our hours on the summit.

The snow-field we followed, descending farther, was irregularly honey-combed in deep pits, circular or irregular in form, and melted to a greater or less depth, holding each a large stone embedded in the bottom. It seems they must have fallen from the overhanging heights with sufficient force to plunge into the snow.

Brilliant light and strong color met our eyes at every glance,—the rocks of a deep purple-red tint, the pure alpine lakes of a cheerful sapphire blue, the snow glitteringly white. The walls on either side for half their height were planed and polished by glaciers, and from the smoothly glazed sides the sun was reflected as from a mirror.

Mile after mile we walked cautiously over the snow, and climbed around the margins of lakes, and over piles of *débris* which marked the ancient terminal moraines. At length we reached the end of the horseshoe, where the walls contracted to a gateway, rising on either side in immense vertical pillars a thousand feet high. Through this gateway we could look down the valley of the Kern, and beyond to the gentler ridges, where a smooth growth of forest darkened the rolling plateau. Passing the last snow, we walked through this gateway and turned westward round the spur toward our camp. The three miles which closed our walk were alternately through groves of *Pinus flexilis* and upon plains of granite.

The glacier sculpture and planing are here very beautiful, the large crystals of orthoclase with which the granite is studded being cut down to the common level, their rosy tint making with the white base a beautiful burnished porphyry.

The sun was still an hour high when we reached camp, and with a feeling of relaxation and repose we threw ourselves down to rest by the log, which still continued blazing. We had accomplished our purpose.

During the last hour or two of our tramp Cotter had complained of his shoes, which were rapidly going to pieces. Upon examination we found to our dismay that there was not over half a day's wear left in them, a calamity which gave to our difficult homeward climb a new element of danger. The last nail had been worn from my own shoes, and the soles were scratched to the quick, but I believed them stout enough to hold together till we should reach the main camp.

We planned a pair of moccasins for Cotter, and then spent a pleasant evening by the camp-fire, rehearsing our climb to the detail, sleep finally overtaking us and holding us fast bound until broad daylight next morning, when we woke with a sense of having slept for a week, quite bright and perfectly refreshed for our homeward journey.

After a frugal breakfast, in which we limited ourselves to a few cubic inches of venison and a couple of stingy slices of bread, with a single meagre cup of diluted tea, we shouldered our knapsacks, which now set lightly upon toughened shoulders, and marched out upon the granite plateau.

We had concluded that it was impossible to retrace our former way, knowing well that the precipitous divide could not be climbed from this side; then, too, we had gained such confidence in our climbing powers, from constant victory, that we concluded to attempt the passage of the great King's Cañon, mainly because this was the only mode of reaching camp, and because the geological section of the granite it exposed would afford us an exceedingly instructive study.

The broad granite plateau which forms the upper region of the Kern Valley slopes in general inclination up to the great divide. This remarkably pinnacled ridge, where it approaches the Mount Tyndall wall, breaks down into a broad depression where the Kern Valley sweeps northward, until it suddenly breaks off in precipices three thousand feet down into the King's Cañon.

The morning was wholly consumed in walking up this gently inclined plane of granite, our way leading over the glacier-polished foldings and along graded undulations among labyrinths of alpine garden and wildernesses of erratic boulders, little lake-basins, and scattered clusters of dwarfed and sombre pine.

About noon we came suddenly upon the brink of a precipice which sunk sharply from our feet into the gulf of the King's Cañon. Directly opposite us rose Mount Brewer, and up out of the depths of those vast sheets of frozen snow swept spiry buttress-ridges, dividing the upper heights into those amphitheatres over which we had struggled on our outward journey. Straight across from our point of view was the chamber of rock and ice where we had camped on the first night. The wall at our feet fell sharp and rugged, — its lower two thirds hidden from our view by the projections, — a thousand feet of crags. Here and there, as we looked down, small patches of ice, held in rough hollows, rested upon the steep surface, but it was too abrupt for any great fields of snow. I dislodged a boulder upon the edge and watched it bound down the rocky precipice, dash over eaves a thousand feet below us, and disappear; the crash of its fall coming up to us from the unseen depths fainter and fainter, until the air only trembled with confused echoes.

A long look at the pass to the south of Mount Brewer, where we had parted from our friends, animated us with courage to begin the descent, which we did with utmost care, for the rocks, becoming more and more glacier-smoothed, afforded us hardly any firm footholds. When down about eight hundred feet we again rolled rocks, ahead of us, and saw them disappear over the eaves, and only heard the sound of their stroke after many seconds, which convinced us that directly below lay a great precipice.

At this juncture the soles came entirely off Cotter's shoes, and we stopped upon a little cliff of granite to

make him moccasins of our provision-bags and slips of blanket, tying them on as firmly as we could with the extra straps and buckskin thongs.

Climbing with these proved so insecure that I made Cotter go behind me, knowing that under ordinary circumstances I could stop him if he fell.

Here and there in the clefts of the rocks grew stunted pine-bushes, their roots twisted so firmly into the crevices that we laid hold of them with the utmost confidence whenever they came within our reach. In this way we descended to within fifty feet of the brink, having as yet no knowledge of the cliffs below, except our general memory of their aspect from the Mount Brewer wall.

The rock was so steep that we descended in a sitting posture, clinging with our hands and heels.

I heard Cotter say, "I think I must take off these moccasins and try it barefooted, for I don't believe I can make it." These words were instantly followed by a startled cry, and I looked round to see him slide quickly toward me, struggling and clutching at the smooth granite. As he slid by I made a grab for him with my right hand, catching him by the shirt, and, throwing myself as far in the other direction as I could, seized with my left hand a little pine tuft, which held us. I asked Cotter to edge along a little to the left, where he could get a brace with his feet and relieve me of his weight, which he cautiously did. I then threw a couple of turns of the lasso round the roots of the pine-bush, and we were safe, though hardly more than twenty feet from the brink. The pressure of curiosity to get a look over that edge was so strong within me, that I lengthened out sufficient lasso to reach the end, and slid slowly to the edge, where, leaning over, I looked down, getting a full view of the wall for miles. Directly beneath, a sheer cliff of three or four hundred feet reached down to a pile of *débris* which rose to unequal heights along its face, reaching the very crest not more than a hun-

dred feet south of us. From that point to the bottom of the cañon broken rocks, ridges rising through vast sweeps of *débris*, tufts of pine and frozen bodies of ice, covered the farther slope.

I returned to Cotter, and, having loosened ourselves from the pine-bush inch by inch, we crept along the granite until we supposed ourselves to be just over the top of the *débris* pile, where I found a firm brace for my feet, and lowered Cotter to the edge. He sang out "All right," and climbed over on the uppermost *débris*, his head only remaining in sight of me; when I lay down upon my back, making knapsack and body do friction duty, and, letting myself move, followed Cotter and reached his side.

From that point the descent required two hours of severe constant labor, which was monotonous of itself, and would have proved excessively tiresome but for the constant interest of glacial geology beneath us. When at last we reached bottom and found ourselves upon a velvety green meadow, beneath the shadow of wide-armed pines, we realized the amount of muscular force we had used up, and threw ourselves down for a rest of half an hour, when we rose, not quite renewed, but fresh enough to finish the day's climb.

In a few minutes we stood upon the rocks just above King's River, — a broad white torrent fretting its way along the bottom of an impassable gorge. Looking down the stream, we saw that our right bank was a continued precipice, affording, so far as we could see, no possible descent to the river's margin, and indeed, had we gotten down, the torrent rushed with such fury that we could not possibly have crossed it. To the south of us, a little way up stream, the river flowed out from a broad oval lake, three quarters of a mile in length, which occupied the bottom of the granite basin. Unable to cross the torrent, we must either swim the lake or climb round its head. Upon our side the walls of the basin curved to the head of the lake in sharp

smooth precipices, or broken slopes of *débris*, while on the opposite side its margin was a beautiful shore of emerald meadow, edged with a continuous grove of coniferous trees. Once upon this other side, we should have completed the severe part of our journey, crossed the gulf, and have left all danger behind us; for the long slope of granite and ice which rose upon the west side of the cañon and the Mount Brewer wall opposed to us no trials save those of simple fatigue.

Around the head of the lake were crags and precipices in singularly forbidding arrangement. As we turned thither we saw no possible way of overcoming them. At its head the lake lay in an angle of the vertical wall, sharp and straight like the corner of a room; about three hundred feet in height, and for two hundred and fifty feet of this a pyramidal pile of blue ice rose from the lake, rested against the corner, and reached within forty feet of the top. Looking into the deep blue water of the lake, I concluded that in our exhausted state it was madness to attempt to swim it. The only other alternative was to scale that slender pyramid of ice and find some way to climb the forty feet of smooth wall above it; a plan we chose perforce, and started at once to put into execution, determined that if we were unsuccessful we would fire a dead log which lay near, warm ourselves thoroughly, and attempt the swim. At its base the ice mass overhung the lake like a roof, under which the water had melted its way for a distance of not less than a hundred feet, a thin eave overhanging the water. To the very edge of this I cautiously went, and, looking down into the lake, saw through its beryl depths the white granite blocks strewn upon the bottom at least one hundred feet below me. It was exceedingly transparent, and, under ordinary circumstances, would have been a most tempting place for a dive; but at the end of our long fatigue, and with the still unknown tasks ahead, I shrunk from a swim in such a chilly temperature.

We found the ice-angle difficultly steep, but made our way successfully along its edge, clambering up the crevices melted between its body and the smooth granite to a point not far from the top, where the ice had considerably narrowed, and rocks overhanging it encroached so closely that we were obliged to leave the edge and make our way with cut steps out upon its front. Streams of water, dropping from the overhanging rock-eaves at many points, had worn circular shafts into the ice, three feet in diameter and twenty feet in depth. Their edges offered us our only foothold, and we climbed from one to another, equally careful of slipping upon the slope itself, or falling into the wells. Upon the top of the ice we found a narrow, level platform, upon which we stood together, resting our backs in the granite corner, and looked down the awful pathway of King's Cañon, until the rest nerved us up enough to turn our eyes upward at the forty feet of smooth granite which lay between us and safety.

Here and there were small projections from its surface, little protruding knobs of feldspar, and crevices riven into its face for a few inches.

As we tied ourselves together, I told Cotter to hold himself in readiness to jump down into one of these in case I fell, and started to climb up the wall, succeeding quite well for about twenty feet. About two feet above my hands was a crack, which, if my arms had been long enough to reach, would probably have led me to the very top; but I judged it beyond my powers, and, with great care, descended to the side of Cotter, who believed that his superior length of arm would enable him to make the reach.

I planted myself against the rock, and he started cautiously up the wall. Looking down the glare front of ice, it was not pleasant to consider at what velocity a slip would send me to the bottom, or at what angle, and to what probable depth, I should be projected into the ice-water. Indeed, the idea of such a sudden bath was so annoying

that I lifted my eyes toward my companion. He reached my farthest point without great difficulty, and made a bold spring for the crack, reaching it without an inch to spare, and holding on wholly by his fingers. He thus worked himself slowly along the crack toward the top, at last getting his arms over the brink, and gradually drawing his body up and out of sight. It was the most splendid piece of slow gymnastics I ever witnessed. For a moment he said nothing; but when I asked if he was all right he cheerfully repeated, "All right." It was only a moment's work to send up the two knapsacks and barometer, and receive again my end of the lasso. As I tied it round my breast, Cotter said to me, in an easy, confident tone, "Don't be afraid to bear your weight." I made up my mind, however, to make that climb without his aid, and husbanded my strength as I climbed from crack to crack. I got up without difficulty to my former point, rested there a moment, hanging solely by my hands, gathered every pound of strength and atom of will for the reach, then jerked myself upward with a swing, just getting the tips of my fingers into the crack. In an instant I had grasped it with my right hand also. I felt the sinews of my fingers relax a little, but the picture of the slope of ice and the blue lake affected me so strongly that I redoubled my grip, and climbed slowly along the crack, until I reached the angle, and got one arm over the edge as Cotter had done. As I rested my body upon the edge and looked up at Cotter, I saw that, instead of a level top, he was sitting upon a smooth roof-like slope, where the least pull would have dragged him over the brink. He had no brace for his feet, nor hold for his hands, but had seated himself calmly, with the rope tied round his breast, knowing that my only safety lay in being able to make the climb entirely unaided; certain that the least waver in his tone would have disheartened me, and perhaps made it impossible. The shock I received on see-

ing this affected me for a moment, but not enough to throw me off my guard, and I climbed quickly over the edge. When we had walked back out of danger we sat down upon the granite for a rest.

In all my experience of mountaineering I have never known an act of such real, profound courage as this of Cotter's. It is one thing, in a moment of excitement, to make a gallant leap, or hold one's nerves in the iron grasp of will, but to coolly seat one's self in the door of death, and silently listen for the fatal summons, and this all for a friend,—for he might easily have cast loose the lasso and saved himself,—requires as sublime a type of courage as I know.

But a few steps back we found a thicket of pine overlooking our lake, by which there flowed a clear rill of snow-water. Here, in the bottom of the great gulf, we made our bivouac; for we were already in the deep evening shadows, although the mountain-tops to the east of us still burned in the reflected light. It was the luxury of repose which kept me awake half an hour or so, in spite of my vain attempts at sleep. To listen for the pulsating sound of waterfalls and arrowy rushing of the brook by our beds was too deep a pleasure to quickly yield up.

Under the later moonlight I rose and went out upon the open rocks, allowing myself to be deeply impressed by the weird Dantesque surroundings;—darkness, out of which to the sky towered stern, shaggy bodies of rock; snow, uncertainly moonlit with cold pallor; and at my feet the basin of the lake, still, black, and gemmed with reflected stars, like the void into which Dante looked through the bottomless gulf of Dis. A little way off there appeared upon the brink of a projecting granite cornice two dimly seen forms; pines I knew them to be, yet their motionless figures seemed bent forward, gazing down the cañon; and I allowed myself to name them Mantuan and Florentine, thinking at the same time how grand and spacious the scenery, and how powerful their attitude, how infinitely

more profound the mystery of light and shade, than any of those hard, theatrical conceptions with which Doré has sought to shut in our imagination. That artist, as I believe, has reached a conspicuous failure from an overbalancing love of solid, impenetrable darkness. There is in all his Inferno landscape a certain sharp boundary between the real and unreal, and never the infinite suggestiveness of great regions of half-light, in which everything may be seen, nothing recognized. Without waking Cotter, I crept back to my blankets, and to sleep.

The morning of our fifth and last day's tramp must have dawned cheerfully; at least, so I suppose from its aspect when we first came back to consciousness, surprised to find the sun risen from the eastern mountain-wall and the whole gorge flooded with its direct light. Rising as good as new from our mattress of pine twigs, we hastened to take breakfast, and started up the long, broken slope of the Mount Brewer wall. To reach the pass where we had parted from our friends required seven hours of slow, laborious climbing, in which we took advantage of every outcropping spine of granite, and every level expanse of ice, to hasten at the top of our speed. Cotter's feet were severely cut; his tracks upon the snow were marked by stains of blood, yet he kept on with undiminished spirit, never once complaining. The perfect success of our journey so inspired us with happiness that we forgot danger and fatigue, and chatted in the liveliest strain.

It was about two o'clock when we reached the summit and rested a moment to look back over our new Alps, which were hard and distinct under direct unpoetic light; yet with all their dense gray and white reality, their long, sculptured ranks, and cold, still summits, we gave them a lingering farewell look, which was not without its deep fulness of emotion, then turned our backs and hurried down the *débris* slope into the rocky amphitheatre at the foot of Mount Brewer, and by five o'clock had reached our old camp-

ground. We found here a note pinned to a tree informing us that the party had gone down into the lower cañon, five miles below, that they might camp in better pasturage.

The wind had scattered the ashes of our old camp-fire, and banished from it the last sentiment of home. We hurried on, climbing among the rocks which reached down to the crest of the great lateral moraine, and then on in rapid stride along its smooth crest, riveting our eyes upon the valley below, where we knew the party must be camped.

At last, faintly curling above the sea of green tree-tops, a few faint clouds of smoke wafted upward into the air.

We saw them with a burst of strong emotion, and ran down the steep flank of the moraine at the top of our speed. Our shouts were instantly answered by the three voices of our friends, who welcomed us to their camp-fire with tremendous hugs.

After we had outlined for them the experience of our days, and as we lay outstretched at our ease, warm in the blaze of the glorious camp-fire, Brewer said to me, "King, you have relieved me of a dreadful task. For the last three days I have been composing a letter to your family, but somehow I did not get beyond, 'It becomes my painful duty to inform you.'"

Clarence King.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELLER.

II.

ROME, Tuesday Eve, January 19, 1869.

DEAR PEOPLE: What do you suppose we do with letters? I'll tell you. We read them over and over and over and over, until we know them just as well as we know our alphabets; and then we put them on our table, where we can see them all the time till we go to bed; and then, the next day, we read them a great deal more, and carry them in our pockets, and feel every now and then to see if they are there; and then, the next day — Well, there is no use in going on forever with the story; but there are Americans who have been seen reading over old letters in the Coliseum! There now, if you don't all write to me after this, you are the nethermost of millstones; and, once for all, let me say (because this is my last appeal for letters), do write all the most insignificant details, — what you have for dinner, and the color of your winter bonnet; what was your last ailment, and whether you took aconite or calomel; if your front gate is off its hinges, or your minister has had a donation-party; who came in last to

see you, and what they had to say. Don't suppose that anything can be too unimportant to tell. You don't know anything about it. Wait till you have been hungry yourself. Here ends the "Complete European Letter-Writer."

And next? To-night it shall be about ruins. Don't think I forget your savage injunctions, dear young woman of N——, who said to me, "Don't write about ruins, whatever else you do." For all that, I shall tell you where L—— and I went this afternoon. At divers times, thick envelopes had been left at our door, containing the most learned prospectuses of the British Archæological Society, and setting forth in terms which sounded fine the rules and the advantages of being members of the same. We thought we did not know enough, and we did not know anybody who belonged, and so it slipped along and we did n't join, and yet we had all the while a hankering after it. They have a lecture every Friday night in which some especial ruin is described, and then the mem-

bers of the society take an excursion on the next fine day to see the ruin. It is the fashion to laugh at this, you know; therefore very few Americans have anything to do with it, for which they are silly; though I dare say I should have laughed too, if I had got my first impression of it, as one of my friends did, from seeing the whole crowd, one day, rushing pell-mell down a steep place, not into the sea, but nearly into the Tiber, and knocking each other over in their wild eagerness to get down to the lecturer, and hear his explanations; and perhaps I should have found it a bore if I had begun with a lecture. But we took the excursion first; and it is that from which we came home, cold and tired and hungry, three hours ago, but from which I am rested now, and about which I shall tell you, if I can get to it. I shall have all the names wrong, but you won't care. I shall not have the first name wrong, though, for that is Trastevere. I love the very sound of the word; they never mean to live or die out of it, these proud poor souls, who think themselves more Roman than other Romans. I fancy they are all nobler in their looks over there. If I were a man I should certainly go and live in Trastevere and find out some secrets. Painters like to paint the Trastevere women; but About says people have died who looked too curiously at them: I can easily believe this.

Well, we drove over an old, old bridge (I know the name of that, too, but I won't tell it) into Trastevere, and wormed our way in and round the lanes and under all the washerwomen's wet clothes hanging on lines from window to window, and came to the church of San Crisogono, from whose steps the Archæological Society were to get out at precisely two P. M. (Sounds a little bungling for the name of a pleasure excursion, does n't it?) There was the church, solemn and still as death. Not a soul to be seen; we ran round the other side; worse and worse. There were the empty carriages in which the A. S. had come (lucky there is only

one S., for I must really abbreviate it) to Trastevere, but no A. S.! The coachmen, many of them private, looked at us with the becoming nonchalance of British coachmen who drove the A. S. about, and we thought we would n't ask them any questions; so we prowled a little, and presently a sunny Italian face said, "Ecco! Ecco!" and pointed to a door. He knew what we were after, and so, for that matter, did the British coachmen.

Into the door we went, and down a winding stair, and plumped right on the A. S. before we knew it. There it was, large as life; it had about a hundred legs, all pretty badly dressed. I don't know which were ugliest, the trousers or the petticoats. A gray-haired man in the middle of the group was talking earnestly and showing photographs, and everybody was crowding up to see; the place they were in was like a great open cellar with high walls, and several other cellars opening out of it. L—— and I felt a little dashed at first, but in a moment our friend Signor L—— stepped up and took us under his wing, and there we were launched as archæologists.

I must tell you about Signor L——. Miss C—— had a letter to him, and we were told that he had charge of government excavations, and could do more than any one else to show us curious old ruins, was a distinguished archæologist, etc., etc. So the letter was sent, and we waited patiently for the first visit from the archæologist. We thought he would be middle aged, rather stout, wear gold spectacles, and be a little bald. Ha! the bell rang one night, and in skipped a slender figure in full evening dress, lavender kids, and a violet in his button-hole; he sank down with a mixture of timidity and vivacity perfectly overwhelming on the tip of a chair, and with a burst of infantile laughter said, "I do not speak any Eenglis but a leettle." This was Signor L——, and we had hard work that first night to keep grave faces. Now we know him very well, and find him entertaining and clever; but he has

still the same infantile way, and I begin to doubt if Italian young men ever grow up. He told us the other day, with perfect gravity and evident sincerity, that his mother "would not permit him to leap in riding!"

But I forget that I left you "in a cellar." In this cellar, too, were hidden secrets; it was the old barracks of a Roman cohort in the time of the Emperors. In the court-yard the soldiers had lounged and scribbled on the walls. There they were still, the uncouth faces and figures they had drawn; names and dates; the name of the consul at that time; and, best of all, the date of the Emperor's birthday; and that, Signor L—— said, was the only record of that Emperor's age.

In a little niche on one side were figures of Mercury in rough fresco; this was a little chapel dedicated to his worship. In the middle of the court-yard was a stone rim of a fountain, star-shaped. On this lay bits of all sorts of old marbles which had been dug up in the different rooms; and the gray-headed man laid his photographs on them: so the years met!

I am quite sure that we were the only Americans there, except Professor G——. Everybody else was as British as British could be. We did not stay long in the cellar, of which I was glad, for it was colder than any place ought to be into which the sun shone. I felt as if ghostly breaths blew on us from every corner. Then we climbed up the stairs again, and the A. S. which drove got into its coaches, and the A. S. which walked took to its very strong legs, and the procession moved off. It was a little like a funeral, but we did not drive far; the first carriage stopped, and then all the others stopped, and the gray-headed man, who had on a cloak with a pointed hood and kept the hood over his head, led us down on the banks of the Tiber, to what looked to me like the mouth of a drain, if I might be so bold. I gave most irreverent inattention to all he said here; I gathered only that he believed that the priests used to wash their knives at

that particular spot. I did n't believe it for all that, and I looked at the Tiber while he talked. "Yellow Tiber" sounds well; Macaulay never could have got on without that adjective; but it is such a license, no poet any nearer than England would have ventured on it. The water looks just like the water in the puddles in brick-yards, dirty, thick, dead, drab; as for "shaking its tawny mane," it does not look as if it ever stirred so much as a drop, and all the craft that are on it look as if they had roots like pond-lilies and would n't come up. They are all tipped a little to one side, and seem to lean on the banks, and I don't believe one has been in or out for five thousand years. I have looked and looked in vain to see even a little boat in motion there; and the longer you look, the thicker and the stickier the water seems, and the more lifeless and useless the ships and the two or three hulking steamboats look, and the more real and intent the old bits of stone ruins become, till it would not astonish you to see Julius Cæsar himself step out from under one of the gray lion's heads and knock all the sham of modern shipping into a cocked hat, before you could say Jack Robinson. Surely it takes quite a long time to say Jack Robinson; so if any of you know how this bit of slang came about, please tell me when you write. But, I forget! you never write; so it's no use asking you questions.

Presently I found that the A. S. was moving off again; dear me, they did look as if they knew all about that drain (it was n't the Cloaca Maxima though, I took care to find out that much); but I made up for not having attended to the drain when we reached the Emporium. This really did thrill my insensible soul; here were the old wharves, in the old days, and here lay the blocks of marble which were brought and unloaded and never carried away; who knows why? Like pebbles under your feet were strewn bits of old red pottery, where the unlucky or the thriftless broke the jars in which had come

oil or dates to be sold. Ah, this was really worth looking at!

From a hole in the side of the bank stuck out a huge column of dark marble, only half unburied; this is the largest column known of its kind, and when the great council meets next year, they are to set it up on some hill in Rome; then the A. S. said the other end of the column could be seen by going into another hole, farther back. Why we all wanted to see the other end of it, Heaven only knows; but we all ran like sheep; hopped up and down over the great blocks of marble, and then, when we got to the hole, only one could go in at a time, and nobody could see anything after getting in. This seemed to make everybody more anxious to go in; and when you saw that you had to bend yourself nearly double, and poke in head foremost down a slope, with every chance of falling on your nose, it became irresistible. Everybody said breathlessly to those coming out, "Did you see it?" and the come-outers said deprecatingly, "Why no, I can't say I did exactly; it's pretty dark." And so we all asked, and so we all replied, and that was the end of that.

Then the Baron V—— arrived who was to give some explanations of these ruins; he came running, with the light of joy on his old face, and a little bit of stone in a white paper, which he showed to the gray-headed man in the hooded cloak; and they both gloated; and everybody crowded up and looked over, and after all it was rather worth while. A bit of stone they had just found, yellow jasper from Sicily; very, very old, and very, very rare. Then the Baron put it into his mouth and wet it, as if it were a small jewel, and held it up again, rubbing it in the sun to bring out the colors. And then the British A. S. stretched up its fifty necks to see. Then the Baron began to talk, and dear me, what should it be but French! So being of an ingenuous and just turn, I slipped off, and gave up my good place at his elbow to somebody who could understand modern French on the sub-

ject of Roman ruins, spoken by an aged Baron without many teeth; and that was about the last of the archaeological excursion.

Then L—— and I drove home by way of the Piazza Navona, where are more oranges and apples to sell than all Rome could ever eat, one would say. The orange-stalls dazzle you like the setting sun's light on a great front of glass windows, on a hot day. We wanted some sour apples; Romans don't know what the word means; there are no sour apples here; but there are some which are just *not* sweet, and they are better than nothing. When I begin to stammer out my few substantives at the stalls, the men and women gather round and laugh so good-naturedly, that I don't mind their cheating me, which of course they will do in spite of all I can say. Once, though, I did make a stand with a little black-eyed rascal who sold oranges, and asked me two *soldi* apiece for them, when I had that very morning been told by Marianina that I should give but one. I shook my head and said "*Un soldo, un soldo.*" How he did asseverate and reiterate, and at last said a *soldo* and a half; on which I told the driver to "drive on"; and in two seconds my orange-boy had signalled to the driver to stop, and was pouring the oranges into the bottom of the carriage, and laughing just as roguishly at me as if it were the best joke going that I had detected him. "*Sì, sì, signora; un soldo!*" Of course strict morality would have refused to compound felony (or whatever they may call it, to encourage dishonesty) by buying oranges of such a little liar; but I only laughed as hard as he did, and bought two dozen.

Thursday, P. M. — Now something better than ruins; we have seen the lambs blessed at the church of St. Agnes. Did n't somebody who did n't know tell us it would be at 9 A. M.? and as the church is outside the walls, did n't we get up at seven, and breakfast shivering at eight, and see *icicles* in the fountain in the Barberini Piazza as we drove out? However, the sun

was clear and bright, and the mountains looked like clouded sapphire against the sky, and it was only an hour too early.

We had time to see the church thoroughly (it is a cellar, by the way, rather cold on a frosty morning) and get good seats, before the mass began; I have given myself papal absolution from my vow never to sit through another high mass; because, you see, they are so wily, they put the things you *do* want to see after these tedious masses instead of before them, so you have to sit it out. The crowd grew tremendous, and began to push and scramble long before the lambs came. Luckily a priest had moved a huge *Prie-Dieu* just in front of us; so we were sure not only of a barricade, but of something to mount upon in crises.

At last came the servants of the cardinal with their droll long-bodied coats trimmed all over with upholstering gimp, elbowing a passage through the crowd; behind them two men in uniform, each bearing a good-sized lamb on a red damask cushion, its eyes tied, its head half covered with red and white and green flowers, and bows of red ribbon stuck here and there in the wool. You would n't have thought they would look pretty, but they did; it is so hard, I suppose, to spoil a lamb! But what they did to the lambs after they carried them behind the high altar I don't know, we could not see; but they were presently brought out again, and laid, cushions and all, under the great marble dome over the altar, and at the feet of the statue of St. Agnes herself. While they lay here, the cardinal and the priests and the choir, and the sackbuts and the dulcimers and the fiddles, were all chanting and singing and going on, and the lambs once in a while said "Baa, baa," which was the only thing I understood of it all, and pro-

duced the most marked sensation in the crowd.

I had a dear little Italian boy to hold up on the top of the desk; and when the lambs baaed he laughed out, and his nurse from behind, who had consigned him to heretic hands with about equal misgiving and gratitude, reached over and jerked him and told him to be still. But I encouraged him to laugh. One poor little lamb kept lifting up its head and shaking the flowers, and the man who held it pressed its head down again, till you could hardly see that it had a head at all. Then the men cleared a way again through the crowd, and the poor little creatures were carried off; and good Catholics pressed up to touch them, as they were carried by; and then we came away, only stooping on the staircase to try to read some of the odd inscriptions from the tombs of the early Christians, which are built into the walls,—the inscriptions I mean, not the early Christians. This sentence is about as good as one in Murray where he speaks of this ceremony, and says that the lambs "are afterwards handed over to the nuns of a convent in Rome, by whom they are raised for their wool, which is employed in making the palliums distributed by the Pope to great Church dignitaries, and their mutton eaten!" It is true about the wool, but the lambs are never killed. They are usually given to Roman families, and kept as pets; an English priest told me so to-day.

We are luxuriating now in clear cold weather; at least I am. There are misguided souls (or bodies) that like the warm days; but I find them insupportably enervating. As for the sirocco, when that blows all hope forsakes a person of nerves; you feel as if you were a thousand needles, assorted sizes! Good by and good by, and God bless you all!

H. H.

THE SINGER.

YEARS since (but names to me before),
Two sisters sought at eve my door ;
Two song-birds wandering from their nest,
A gray old farm-house in the West.

Timid and young, the elder had
Even then a smile too sweetly sad ;
The crown of pain that all must wear
Too early pressed her midnight hair.

Yet ere the summer eve grew long,
Her modest lips were sweet with song ;
A memory haunted all her words
Of clover-fields and singing birds.

Her dark dilating eyes expressed
The broad horizons of the west ;
Her speech dropped prairie flowers ; the gold
Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

Fore-doomed to song she seemed to me :
I queried not with destiny :
I knew the trial and the need,
Yet, all the more, I said, God speed !

What could I other than I did ?
Could I a singing-bird forbid ?
Deny the wind-stirred leaf ? Rebuke
The music of the forest brook ?

She went with morning from my door,
But left me richer than before :
Thenceforth I knew her voice of cheer,
The welcome of her partial ear.

Years passed : through all the land her name
A pleasant household word became :
All felt behind the singer stood
A sweet and gracious womanhood.

Her life was earnest work, not play ;
Her tired feet climbed a weary way ;
And even through her lightest strain
We heard an undertone of pain.

Unseen of her her fair fame grew,
The good she did she rarely knew,
Ungessed of her in life the love
That rained its tears her grave above.

When last I saw her, full of peace,
She waited for her great release ;
And that old friend so sage and bland,
Our later Franklin, held her hand.

For all that patriot bosoms stirs
Had moved that woman's heart of hers,
And men who toiled in storm and sun
Found her their meet companion.

Our converse, from her suffering bed
To healthful themes of life she led;
The out-door world of bud and bloom
And light and sweetness filled her room.

Yet evermore an underthought
Of loss to come within us wrought,
And all the while we felt the strain
Of the strong will that conquered pain.

God giveth quietness at last!
The common way that all have passed
She went, with mortal yearnings fond,
To fuller life and love beyond.

Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
My dear ones! Give the singer place!
To you, to her, — I know not where, —
I lift the silence of a prayer.

For only thus our own we find;
The gone before, the left behind,
All mortal voices die between;
The unheard reaches the unseen.

Again the blackbirds sing; the streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,
And tremble in the April showers
The tassels of the maple flowers.

But not for her has spring renewed
The sweet surprises of the wood;
And bird and flower are lost to her
Who was their best interpreter!

What to shut eyes has God revealed?
What hear the ears that death has sealed?
What undreamed beauty passing show
Requites the loss of all we know?

O silent land, to which we move,
Enough if there alone be love;
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow!

O white soul! from that far-off shore
Float some sweet song the waters o'er,
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the old voice we loved so well!

John G. Whittier.

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

VIII.

DURING this hot weather we cannot better refresh ourselves than by the perusal of a portfolio of Dickens's letters, written to me from time to time during the past ten years. As long ago as the spring of 1858 I began to press him very hard to come to America and give us a course of readings from his works. At that time I had never heard him read in public, but the fame of his wonderful performances rendered me eager to have my own country share in the enjoyment of them. Being in London in the summer of 1859, and dining with him one day in his town residence, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, we had much talk in a corner of his library about coming to America. I thought him over-sensitive with regard to his reception here, and I tried to remove any obstructions that might exist in his mind at that time against a second visit across the Atlantic. I followed up our conversation with a note setting forth the certainty of his success among his Transatlantic friends and urging him to decide on a visit during the year. He replied to me, dating from "Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent."

"I write to you from my little Kentish country house, on the very spot where Falstaff ran away.

"I cannot tell you how very much obliged to you I feel for your kind suggestion, and for the perfectly frank and unaffected manner in which it is conveyed to me.

"It touches, I will admit to you frankly, a chord that has several times sounded in my breast, since I began my readings. I should very much like to read in America. But the idea is a mere dream as yet. Several strong reasons would make the journey difficult to me, and — even were they overcome — I

would never make it, unless I had great general reason to believe that the American people really wanted to hear me.

"Through the whole of this autumn I shall be reading in various parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland. I mention this, in reference to the closing paragraph of your esteemed favor.

"Allow me once again to thank you most heartily, and to remain,

"Gratefully and faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

Early in the month of July, 1859, I spent a day with him in his beautiful country retreat in Kent. He drove me about the leafy lanes in his basket-wagon, pointing out the lovely spots belonging to his friends, and ending with a visit to the ruins of Rochester Castle. We climbed up the time-worn walls and leaned out of the ivied windows, looking into the various apartments below. I remember how vividly he reproduced a probable scene in the great old banquetting-room, and how graphically he imagined the life of *ennui* and every-day tediousness that went on in those lazy old times. I recall his fancy picture of the dogs stretched out before the fire, sleeping and snoring with their masters. That day he seemed to revel in the past, and I stood by listening almost with awe to his impressive voice, as he spoke out whole chapters of a romance destined never to be written. On our way back to Gad's Hill Place he stopped in the road, I remember, to have a crack with a gentleman, whom he told me was a son of Sydney Smith. The only other guest at his table that day was Wilkie Collins; and after dinner we three went out and lay down on the grass, while Dickens showed off a raven that was hopping about, and told anecdotes of

the bird and of his many predecessors. We also talked about his visiting America, I putting as many spokes as possible into that favorite wheel of mine. A day or two after I returned to London I received this note from him: —

“ . . . Only to say that I heartily enjoyed our day, and shall long remember it. Also that I have been perpetually repeating the — experience (of a more tremendous sort in the way of ghastly comicality, experience there is none) on the grass, on my back. Also, that I have not forgotten Cobbett. Also, that I shall trouble you at greater length when the mysterious oracle, of New York, pronounces.

“ Wilkie Collins begs me to report that he declines pale horse, and all other horse exercise — and all exercise, except eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping — in the dog days.

“ With united kind regards,

“ Believe me always,

“ Cordially yours,

“ CHARLES DICKENS.”

An agent had come out from New York to endeavor to induce him to arrange for a speedy visit to America, and Dickens was then waiting to see the man who had been announced as on his way to him. He was evidently giving the subject serious consideration, for on the 20th of July he sends me this note: —

“ As I have not yet heard from Mr. — of New York, I begin to think it likely (or, rather, I begin to think it more likely than I thought it before) that he has not backers good and sufficient, and that his ‘mission’ will go off. It is possible that I may hear from him before the month is out, and I shall not make any reading arrangements until it has come to a close; but I do not regard it as being very probable that the said — will appear satisfactorily, either in the flesh or the spirit.

“ Now, considering that it would be August before I could move in the matter, that it would be indispensably

necessary to choose some business connection and have some business arrangements made in America, and that I am inclined to think it would not be easy to originate and complete all the necessary preparations for beginning in October, I want your kind advice on the following points: —

“ 1. Suppose I postponed the idea for a year.

“ 2. Suppose I postponed it until after Christmas.

“ 3. Suppose I sent some trusty person out to America *now*, to negotiate with some sound, responsible, trustworthy man of business in New York, accustomed to public undertakings of such a nature; my negotiator being fully empowered to conclude any arrangements with him that might appear, on consultation, best.

“ Have you any idea of any such person to whom you could recommend me? Or of any such agent here? I only want to see my way distinctly, and to have it prepared before me, out in the States. Now, I will make no apology for troubling you, because I thoroughly rely on your interest and kindness.

“ I am at Gad’s Hill, except on Tuesdays and the greater part of Wednesdays.

“ With kind regards,

“ Very faithfully yours,

“ CHARLES DICKENS.”

Various notes passed between us after this, during my stay in London in 1859. On the 6th of August he writes: —

“ I have considered the subject in every way, and have consulted with the few friends to whom I ever refer my doubts, and whose judgment is in the main excellent. I have (this is between ourselves) come to the conclusion *that I will not go now*.

“ A year hence I may revive the matter, and your presence in America will then be a great encouragement and assistance to me. I shall see you (at least I count upon doing so) at my house in town before you turn your face towards the locked-up house; and

we will then, reversing Macbeth, 'proceed further in this business.' . . .

"Believe me always (and here I forever renounce 'Mr.,' as having anything whatever to do with our communication, and as being a mere preposterous interloper),

"Faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

When I arrived in Rome, early in 1860, one of the first letters I received from London was from him. The project of coming to America was constantly before him, and he wrote to me that he should have a great deal to say when I came back to England in the spring; but the plan fell through, and he gave up all hope of crossing the water again. I, however, did not let the matter rest; and when I returned home I did not cease, year after year, to keep the subject open in my communications with him. He kept a watchful eye on what was going forward in America both in literature and politics. During the war, of course, both of us gave up our correspondence about the readings. He was actively engaged all over Great Britain in giving his marvellous entertainments, and there certainly was no occasion for his travelling elsewhere. In October, 1862, I sent him the proof-sheets of an article, that was soon to appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*, on "Blind Tom," and on receipt of it he sent me a letter, from which this is an extract:—

"I have read that affecting paper you have had the kindness to send me, with strong interest and emotion. You may readily suppose that I have been most glad and ready to avail myself of your permission to print it. I have placed it in our Number made up to-day, which will be published on the 18th of this month, — well before you, — as you desire.

"Think of reading in America? Lord bless you, I think of reading in the deepest depth of the lowest crater in the Moon, on my way there!

"There is no sun-picture of my Falstaff House as yet; but it shall be

done, and you shall have it. It has been much improved internally since you saw it. . . .

"I expect Macready at Gad's Hill on Saturday. You know that his second wife (an excellent one) presented him lately with a little boy? I was staying with him for a day or two last winter, and, seizing an umbrella when he had the audacity to tell me he was growing old, made at him with Macduff's defiance. Upon which he fell into the old fierce guard, with the desperation of thirty years ago.

"Kind remembrances to all friends who kindly remember me.

"Ever heartily yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

Every time I had occasion to write to him after the war, I stirred up the subject of the readings. On the 2d of May, 1866, he says:—

"Your letter is an excessively difficult one to answer, because I really do not know that any sum of money that could be laid down would induce me to cross the Atlantic to read. Nor do I think it likely that any one on your side of the great water can be prepared to understand the state of the case. For example, I am now just finishing a series of thirty readings. The crowds attending them have been so astounding, and the relish for them has so far outgone all previous experience, that if I were to set myself the task, 'I will make such or such a sum of money by devoting myself to readings for a certain time,' I should have to go no further than Bond Street or Regent Street, to have it secured to me in a day. Therefore, if a specific offer, and a very large one indeed were made to me from America, I should naturally ask myself, 'Why go through this wear and tear, merely to pluck fruit that grows on every bough at home?' It is a delightful sensation to move a new people; but I have but to go to Paris, and I find the brightest people in the world quite ready for me. I say thus much in a sort of desperate endeavor to explain myself to you. I can

put no price upon fifty readings in America, because I do not know that any possible price could pay me for them. And I really cannot say to any one disposed towards the enterprise, 'Tempt me,' because I have too strong a misgiving that he cannot in the nature of things do it.

"This is the plain truth. If any distinct proposal be submitted to me, I will give it a distinct answer. But the chances are a round thousand to one that the answer will be no, and therefore I feel bound to make the declaration beforehand.

". . . . This place has been greatly improved since you were here, and we should be heartily glad if you and she could see it.

"Faithfully yours ever,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

On the 16th of October he writes :—

"Although I perpetually see in the papers that I am coming out with a new serial, I assure you I know no more of it at present. I am *not* writing (except for Christmas number of 'All the Year Round'), and am going to begin, in the middle of January, a series of forty-two readings. Those will probably occupy me until Easter. Early in the summer I hope to get to work upon a story that I have in my mind. But in what form it will appear I do not yet know, because when the time comes I shall have to take many circumstances into consideration. . . .

"A faint outline of a castle in the air always dimly hovers between me and Rochester, in the great hall of which I see myself reading to American audiences. But my domestic surroundings must change before the castle takes tangible form. And perhaps I may change first, and establish a castle in the other world. So no more at present.

"Believe me ever
"Faithfully yours,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

In June, 1867, things begin to look more promising, and I find in one of
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his letters, dated the 3d of that month, some good news, as follows :—

"I cannot receive your pleasantest of notes, without assuring you of the interest and gratification that I feel on *my* side in our alliance. And now I am going to add a piece of intelligence that I hope may not be disagreeable.

"I am trying hard so to free myself, as to be able to come over to read this next winter ! Whether I may succeed in this endeavor or no I cannot yet say, but I am trying *HARD*. So in the mean time don't contradict the rumor. In the course of a few mails I hope to be able to give you positive and definite information on the subject.

"My daughter (whom I shall not bring if I come) will answer for herself by and by. Understand that I am really endeavoring tooth and nail to make my way personally to the American public, and that no light obstacles will turn me aside, now that my hand is in.

"My dear Fields,
"Faithfully yours always,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

This was followed up by another letter, dated the 13th, in which he says :—

"I have this morning resolved to send out to Boston, in the first week in August, Mr. Dolby, the secretary and manager of my readings. He is profoundly versed in the business of those delightful intellectual feasts (!), and will come straight to Ticknor and Fields, and will hold solemn council with them, and will then go to New York, Philadelphia, Hartford, Washington, etc., etc., and see the rooms for himself, and make his estimates. He will then telegraph to me : 'I see my way to such and such results. Shall I go on ?' If I reply, 'Yes,' I shall stand committed to begin reading in America with the month of December. If I reply, 'No,' it will be because I do not clearly see the game to be worth so large a candle. In either case he will come back to me.

"He is the brother of Madame Sainton Dolby, the celebrated singer. I have absolute trust in him and a great regard for him. He goes with me everywhere when I read, and manages for me to perfection.

"We mean to keep all this STRICTLY SECRET, as I beg of you to do, until I finally decide for or against. I am beleaguered by every kind of speculator in such things on your side of the water; and it is very likely that they would take the rooms over our heads, — to charge me heavily for them, — or would set on foot unheard-of devices for buying up the tickets, etc., etc., if the probabilities oozed out. This is exactly how the case stands now, and I confide it to you within a couple of hours after having so far resolved. Dolby quite understands that *he* is to confide in you, similarly, without a particle of reserve.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

On the 12th of July he says: —

"Our letters will be crossing one another rarely! I have received your cordial answer to my first notion of coming out; but there has not yet been time for me to hear again. . . .

"With kindest regard to 'both your houses,' public and private,

"Ever faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

He had engaged to write for "Our Young Folks" "A Holiday Romance," and the following note, dated the 25th of July, refers to the story: —

"Your note of the 12th is like a cordial of the best sort. I have taken it accordingly.

"Dolby sails in the Java on Saturday, the 3d of next month, and will come direct to you. You will find him a frank and capital fellow. He is perfectly acquainted with his business and with his chief, and may be trusted without a grain of reserve.

"I hope the Americans will see the joke of 'Holiday Romance.' The writing seems to me so like children's, that

dull folks (on *any* side of *any* water) might perhaps rate it accordingly! I should like to be beside you when you read it, and particularly when you read the Pirate's story. It made me laugh to that extent that my people here thought I was out of my wits, until I gave it to them to read, when they did likewise.

"Ever cordially yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

On the 3d of September he breaks out in this wise, Dolby having arrived out and made all arrangements for the readings: —

"Your cheering letter of the 21st of August arrived here this morning. A thousand thanks for it. I begin to think (nautically) that I 'head westward.' You shall hear from me fully and finally as soon as Dolby shall have reported personally.

"The other day I received a letter from Mr. — of New York (who came over in the winning yacht, and described the voyage in the Times), saying he would much like to see me. I made an appointment in London, and observed that when he *did* see me he was obviously astonished. While I was sensible that the magnificence of my appearance would fully account for his being overcome, I nevertheless angled for the cause of his surprise. He then told me that there was a paragraph going round the papers, to the effect that I was 'in a critical state of health.' I asked him if he was sure it was n't 'cricketing' state of health? To which he replied, Quite. I then asked him down here to dinner, and he was again staggered by finding me in sporting training; also much amused.

"Yesterday's and to-day's post bring me this unaccountable paragraph from hosts of uneasy friends, with the enormous and wonderful addition that 'eminent surgeons' are sending me to America for 'cessation from literary labor'!!! So I have written a quiet line to the Times, certifying to my own state of health, and have also begged Dixon to do the like in the

Athenæum. I mention the matter to you, in order that you may contradict, from me, if the nonsense should reach America unaccompanied by the truth. But I suppose that the New York Herald will probably have got the latter from Mr. — aforesaid. . . .

"Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins are here; and the joke of the time is to feel my pulse when I appear at table, and also to inveigle innocent messengers to come over to the summer-house, where I write (the place is quite changed since you were here, and a tunnel under the high road connects this shrubbery with the front garden), to ask, with their compliments, how I find myself *now*.

"If I come to America this next November, even you can hardly imagine with what interest I shall try Copperfield on an American audience, or, if they give me their heart, how freely and fully I shall give them mine. We will ask Dolby then whether he ever heard it before.

"I cannot thank you enough for your invaluable help to Dolby. He writes that at every turn and moment the sense and knowledge and tact of Mr. Osgood are inestimable to him.

"Ever, my dear Fields,

"Faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

Here is a little note dated the 3d of October: —

"I cannot tell you how much I thank you for your kind little letter, which is like a pleasant voice coming across the Atlantic, with that domestic welcome in it which has no substitute on earth. If you knew how strongly I am inclined to allow myself the pleasure of staying at your house, you would look upon me as a kind of ancient Roman (which, I trust in Heaven, I am not) for having the courage to say no. But if I gave myself that gratification in the beginning, I could scarcely hope to get on in the hard 'reading' life, without offending some kindly disposed and hospitable American friend afterwards; whereas if I observe my English prin-

ciple on such occasions, of having no abiding-place but an hotel, and stick to it from the first, I may perhaps count on being consistently uncomfortable.

"The nightly exertion necessitates meals at odd hours, silence and rest at impossible times of the day, a general Spartan behavior so utterly inconsistent with my nature, that if you were to give me a happy inch, I should take an ell, and frightfully disappoint you in public. I don't want to do that, if I can help it, and so I will be good in spite of myself.

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

A ridiculous paragraph in the papers following close on the public announcement that Dickens was coming to America in November, drew from him this letter to me, dated also early in October: —

"I hope the telegraph clerks did not mutilate out of recognition or reasonable guess the words I added to Dolby's last telegram to Boston. 'Tribune London correspondent totally false.' Not only is there not a word of truth in the pretended conversation, but it is so absurdly unlike me that I cannot suppose it to be even invented by any one who ever heard me exchange a word with mortal creature. For twenty years I am perfectly certain that I have never made any other allusion to the republication of my books in America than the good-humored remark, 'that if there had been international copyright between England and the States, I should have been a man of very large fortune, instead of a man of moderate savings, always supporting a very expensive public position.' Nor have I ever been such a fool as to charge the absence of international copyright upon individuals. Nor have I ever been so ungenerous as to disguise or suppress the fact that I have received handsome sums for advance sheets. When I was in the States, I said what I had to say on the question, and there an end. I am absolutely certain that I have never since

expressed myself, even with soreness, on the subject. Reverting to the preposterous fabrication of the London correspondent, the statement that I ever talked about 'these fellows' who republished my books, or pretended to know (what I don't know at this instant) who made how much out of them, or ever talked of their sending me 'conscience money,' is as grossly and completely false as the statement that I ever said anything to the effect that I could not be expected to have an interest in the American people. And nothing can by any possibility be false than that. Again and again in these pages (*All the Year Round*) I have expressed my interest in them. You will see it in the 'Child's History of England.' You will see it in the last Preface to 'American Notes.' Every American who has ever spoken with me in London, Paris, or where not, knows whether I have frankly said, 'You could have no better introduction to me than your country.' And for years and years when I have been asked about reading in America, my invariable reply has been, 'I have so many friends there, and constantly receive so many earnest letters from personally unknown readers there, that, but for domestic reasons, I would go to-morrow.' I think I must, in the confidential intercourse between you and me, have written you to this effect more than once.

"The statement of the London correspondent from beginning to end is false. It is false in the letter and false in the spirit. He may have been misinformed, and the statement may not have originated with him. With whomsoever it originated, it never originated with me, and consequently is false. More than enough about it.

"As I hope to see you so soon, my dear Fields, and as I am busily at work on the Christmas number, I will not make this a longer letter than I can help. I thank you most heartily for your proffered hospitality, and need not tell you that if I went to any friend's house in America, I would go to yours.

But the readings are very hard work, and I think I cannot do better than observe the rule on that side of the Atlantic which I observe on this, — of never, under such circumstances, going to a friend's house, but always staying at a hotel. I am able to observe it here, by being consistent and never breaking it. If I am equally consistent there, I can (I hope) offend no one.

"Dolby sends his love to you and all his friends (as I do), and is girding up his loins vigorously.

"Ever, my dear Fields,

"Heartily and affectionately yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

Before sailing in November he sent off this note to me from the office of *All the Year Round* : —

"I received your more than acceptable letter yesterday morning, and consequently am able to send you this line of acknowledgment by the next mail. Please God we will have that walk among the autumn leaves, before the readings set in.

"You may have heard from Dolby that a gorgeous repast is to be given to me to-morrow, and that it is expected to be a notable demonstration. I shall try, in what I say, to state my American case exactly. I have a strong hope and belief that within the compass of a couple of minutes or so I can put it, with perfect truthfulness, in the light that my American friends would be best pleased to see me place it in. Either so, or my instinct is at fault.

"My daughters and their aunt unite with me in kindest loves. As I write, a shrill prolongation of the message comes in from the next room, 'Tell them to take care of you-u-u!'

"Tell Longfellow, with my love, that I am charged by Forster (who has been very ill of diffused gout and bronchitis) with a copy of his *Sir John Eliot*.

"I will bring you out the early proof of the Christmas number. We publish it here on the 12th of December. I am planning it (No *Thoroughfare*) out into a play for Wilkie Collins to manip-

ulate after I sail, and have arranged for Fechter to go to the Adelphi Theatre and play a Swiss in it. It will be brought out the day after Christmas day.

"Here, at Boston Wharf, and everywhere else,

"Yours heartily and affectionately,
"C. D."

On a blustering evening in November, 1867, Dickens arrived in Boston Harbor, on his second visit to America. A few of his friends, under the guidance of the Collector of the port, steamed down in the custom-house boat to welcome him. It was pitch dark before we sighted the Cuba and ran alongside. The great steamer stopped for a few minutes to take us on board and Dickens's cheery voice greeted me before I had time to distinguish him on the deck of the vessel. The news of the excitement the sale of the tickets to his readings had occasioned had been carried to him by the pilot, twenty miles out. He was in capital spirits over the cheerful account that all was going on so well, and I thought he never looked in better health. The voyage had been a good one, and the ten days' rest on shipboard had strengthened him amazingly he said. As we were told that a crowd had assembled in East Boston, we took him in our little tug and landed him safely at Long Wharf in Boston, where carriages were in waiting. Rooms had been taken for him at the Parker House, and in half an hour after he had reached the hotel he was sitting down to dinner with half a dozen friends, quite prepared, he said, to give the first reading in America that very night, if desirable. Assurances that the kindest feelings towards him existed everywhere put him in great spirits, and he seemed happy to be among us. On Sunday he visited the School Ship and said a few words of encouragement and counsel to the boys. He began his long walks at once, and girded himself up for the hard winter's work before him. Steadily refusing all invitations to go

out during the weeks he was reading, he only went into one other house besides the Parker, habitually, during his stay in Boston. Every one who was present remembers the delighted crowds that assembled nightly in the Tremont Temple, and no one who heard Dickens, during that eventful month of December, will forget the sensation produced by the great author, actor, and reader.

He went from Boston to New York, carrying with him a severe catarrh contracted in our climate. In reality much of the time during his reading in Boston he was quite ill from the effects of the disease, but he fought courageously against its effects, and always came up on the night of the reading, all right. Several times I feared he would be obliged to postpone the readings, and I am sure almost any one else would have felt compelled to do so; but he always declared no man had a right to break an engagement with the public, if he were able to be out of bed. His spirit was wonderful, and, although he lost all appetite and could partake of very little food, he was always cheerful and ready for his work when the evening came round. Every morning his table was covered with invitations to dinners and all sorts of entertainments, but he said, "I came for hard work, and I must try to fulfil the expectations of the American public." He did accept a dinner which was tendered to him by some of his literary friends in Boston; but the day before it was to come off he was so ill he felt obliged to ask that the banquet might be given up. The strain upon his strength and nerves was very great during all the months he remained in the country, and only a man of iron will could have accomplished all he did. And here let me say, that although he was accustomed to talk and write a great deal about eating and drinking, I have rarely seen a man eat and drink less. He liked to dilate in imagination over the brewing of a bowl of punch, but I always noticed that when the punch was ready, he drank less of it than any one who

might be present. It was the sentiment of the thing and not the thing itself that engaged his attention. He liked to have a little supper every night after a reading, and have three or four friends round the table with him, but he only picked at the viands as a bird might do, and I scarcely saw him eat a hearty meal during his whole stay in the country. Both at Parker's Hotel in Boston, and at the Westminster in New York, everything was arranged by the proprietors for his comfort and happiness, and tempting dishes to pique his invalid appetite were sent up at different hours of the day, with the hope that he might be induced to try unwonted things and get up again the habit of eating more; but the influenza, that seized him with such masterful power, held the strong man down till he left the country.

One of the first letters I had from him, after he had begun his reading tour, was dated from the Westminster Hotel in New York, on the 15th of January, 1868.

"MY DEAR FIELDS: On coming back from Philadelphia just now (three o'clock) I was welcomed by your cordial letter. It was a delightful welcome and did me a world of good.

"The cold remains just as it was (beastly), and where it was (in my head). We have left off referring to the hateful subject, except in emphatic sniffs on my part, convulsive wheezes, and resounding sneezes.

"The Philadelphia audience ready and bright. I think they understood the Carol better than Copperfield, but they were bright and responsive as to both. They also highly appreciated your friend Mr. Jack Hopkins. A most excellent hotel there, and everything satisfactory. While on the subject of satisfaction, I know you will be pleased to hear that a long run is confidently expected for the No Thoroughfare drama. Although the piece is well cast and well played, my letters tell me that Fechter is so remarkably fine as to play down the whole company. The

Times, in its account of it, said that 'Mr. Fechter' (in the Swiss mountain scene, and in the Swiss Hotel) 'was practically alone upon the stage.' It is splendidly got up, and the Mountain Pass (I planned it with the scene-painter) was loudly cheered by the whole house. Of course I knew that Fechter would tear himself to pieces rather than fall short, but I was not prepared for his contriving to get the pity and sympathy of the audience out of his passionate love for Marguerite.

"My dear fellow, you cannot miss me more than I miss you and yours. And Heaven knows how gladly I would substitute Boston for Chicago, Detroit, and Co.! But the tour is fast shaping itself out into its last details, and we must remember that there is a clear fortnight in Boston, not counting the four Farewells. I look forward to that fortnight as a radiant landing-place in the series. . . .

"Rash youth! No presumptuous hand should try to make the punch, except in the presence of the hoary sage who pens these lines. With *him* on the spot to perceive and avert impending failure, with timely words of wisdom to arrest the erring hand and curb the straying judgment, and, with such gentle expressions of encouragement as his stern experience may justify, to cheer the aspirant with faint hopes of future excellence,—with these conditions observed, the daring mind may scale the heights of sugar and contemplate the depths of lemon. Otherwise not.

"Dolby is at Washington, and will return in the night. — is on guard. He made a most brilliant appearance before the Philadelphia public, and looked hard at them. The mastery of his eye diverted their attention from his boots: charming in themselves, but (unfortunately) two left ones.

"I send my hearty and enduring love. Your kindness to the British Wanderer is deeply inscribed in his heart.

"When I think of L——'s story about Dr. Webster, I feel like the lady

in Nickleby who 'has had a sensation of alternate cold and biling water running down her back ever since.'

"Ever, my dear Fields,
"Your affectionate friend,
"C. D."

His birthday, 7th of February, was spent in Washington, and on the 9th of the month he sent this little note from Baltimore:—

BALTIMORE, Sunday, February 9, 1868.

MY DEAR FIELDS: I thank you heartily for your pleasant note (I can scarcely tell you *how* pleasant it was to receive the same) and for the beautiful flowers that you sent me on my birthday. For which—and much more—my loving thanks to both.

In consequence of the Washington papers having referred to the august 7th of this month, my room was on that day a blooming garden. Nor were flowers alone represented there. The silversmith, the goldsmith, the landscape-painter, all sent in their contributions. After the reading was done at night, the whole audience rose; and it was spontaneous, hearty, and affecting.

I was very much surprised by the President's face and manner. It is, in its way, one of the most remarkable faces I have ever seen. Not imaginative, but very powerful in its firmness (or perhaps obstinacy), strength of will, and steadiness of purpose. There is a reticence in it too, curiously at variance with that first unfortunate speech of his. A man not to be turned or trifled with. A man (I should say) who must be killed to be got out of the way. His manners, perfectly composed. We looked at one another pretty hard. There was an air of chronic anxiety upon him. But not a crease or a ruffle

in his dress, and his papers were as composed as himself. (Mr. Thornton was going in to deliver his credentials, immediately afterwards.)

This day fortnight will find me, please God, in my "native Boston." I wish I were there to-day.

Ever, my dear Fields,
Your affectionate friend,

CHARLES DICKENS,
Chairman Missionary Society.

When he returned to Boston in the latter part of the month, after his fatiguing campaign in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, he seemed far from well, and one afternoon sent round from the Parker House to me this little note, explaining why he could not go out on our accustomed walk.

"I have been terrifying Dolby out of his wits, by setting in for a paroxysm of sneezing, and it would be madness in me, with such a cold, and on such a night, and with to-morrow's reading before me, to go out. I need not add that I shall be heartily glad to see you if you have time. Many thanks for the Life and Letters of Wilder Dwight. I shall "save up" that book, to read on the passage home. After turning over the leaves, I have shut it up and put it away; for I am a great reader at sea, and wish to reserve the interest that I find awaiting me in the personal following of the sad war. Good God, when one stands among the hearths that war has broken, what an awful consideration it is that such a tremendous evil *must be* sometimes!

"Ever affectionately yours,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

And with the reading of this we will shut up the portfolio till next month.

WATCH AND WARD.

IN FIVE PARTS: PART FIRST.

I.

ROGER LAWRENCE had come to town for the express purpose of doing a certain act, but as the hour for action approached he felt his ardor rapidly ebbing away. Of the ardor that comes from hope, indeed, he had felt little from the first; so little that as he whirled along in the train he wondered to find himself engaged in this fool's errand. But in default of hope he was sustained, I may almost say, by despair. He would fail, he was sure, but he must fail again before he could rest. Meanwhile he was restless enough. In the evening, at his hotel, having roamed aimlessly about the streets for a couple of hours in the dark December cold, he went up to his room and dressed, with a painful sense of having but partly succeeded in giving himself the *tournure* of an impassioned suitor. He was twenty-nine years old, sound and strong, with a tender heart, and a genius, almost, for common sense; his face told clearly of youth and kindness and sanity, but it had little other beauty. His complexion was so fresh as to be almost absurd in a man of his age, — an effect rather enhanced by a precocious partial baldness. Being extremely shortsighted, he went with his head thrust forward; but as this infirmity is considered by persons who have studied the picturesque to impart an air of distinction, he may have the benefit of the possibility. His figure was compact and sturdy, and, on the whole, his best point; although, owing to an incurable personal shyness, he had a good deal of awkwardness of movement. He was fastidiously neat in his person, and extremely precise and methodical in his habits, which were of the sort supposed to mark a man for bachelorhood. The desire to get the better of his diffi-

dence had given him a somewhat ponderous formalism of manner, which many persons found extremely amusing. He was remarkable for the spotlessness of his linen, the high polish of his boots, and the smoothness of his hat. He carried in all weathers a peculiarly neat umbrella. He never smoked; he drank in moderation. His voice, instead of being the robust barytone which his capacious chest led you to expect, was a mild, deferential tenor. He was fond of going early to bed, and was suspected of what is called "fussing" with his health. No one had ever accused him of meanness, yet he passed universally for a cunning economist. In trifling matters, such as the choice of a shoemaker or a dentist, his word carried weight; but no one dreamed of asking his opinion in politics or literature. Here and there, nevertheless, an observer less superficial than the majority would have whispered you that Roger was an undervalued man, and that in the long run he would come out even with the best. "Have you ever studied his face?" such an observer would say. Beneath its simple serenity, over which his ruddy blushes seemed to pass like clouds in a summer sky, there slumbered a fund of exquisite human expression. The eye was excellent; small, perhaps, and somewhat dull, but with a certain appealing depth, like the tender dumbness in the gaze of a dog. In repose Lawrence may have looked stupid; but as he talked his face slowly brightened by gradual fine degrees, until at the end of an hour it inspired you with a confidence so perfect as to be in some degree a tribute to its owner's intellect, as it certainly was to his integrity. On this occasion Roger dressed himself with unusual care and with a certain sober elegance. He debated for three minutes over two cra-

vats, and then, blushing in his mirror at his puerile vanity, he replaced the plain black tie in which he had travelled. When he had finished dressing, it was still too early to go forth on his errand. He went into the reading-room of the hotel, but here there soon appeared two smokers. Wishing not to be infected by their fumes, he crossed over to the great empty drawing-room, sat down, and beguiled his impatience with trying on a pair of lavender gloves.

While he was thus engaged there came into the room a person who attracted his attention by the singularity of his conduct. This was a man of less than middle age, good-looking, pale, with a rather pretentious blond mustache, and various shabby remnants of finery. His face was haggard, his whole aspect was that of grim and hopeless misery. He walked straight to the table in the centre of the room, and poured out and drank without stopping three full glasses of ice-water, as if he were striving to quench the fury of some inner fever. He then went to the window, leaned his forehead against the cold pane, and drummed a nervous tattoo with his long stiff finger-nails. Finally he strode over to the fireplace, flung himself into a chair, leaned forward with his head in his hands, and groaned audibly. Lawrence, as he smoothed down his lavender gloves, watched him and reflected: "What an image of fallen prosperity, of degradation and despair! I have been fancying myself in trouble; I have been dejected, doubtful, anxious. I'm hopeless. But what is my sentimental sorrow to this?" The unhappy gentleman rose from his chair, turned his back to the chimney-piece, and stood with folded arms gazing at Lawrence, who was seated opposite to him. The young man sustained his glance, but with sensible discomfort. His face was as white as ashes, his eyes were as lurid as coals. Roger had never seen anything so tragic as the two long harsh lines which descended from his nose beside his mouth, showing almost black on his chalky skin, and seeming to satir-

ize the silly drooping ends of his fair relaxed mustache. Lawrence felt that his companion was going to address him; he began to draw off his gloves. The stranger suddenly came towards him, stopped a moment, eyed him again with insolent intensity, and then seated himself on the sofa beside him. His first movement was to seize the young man's arm. "He's simply crazy!" thought Lawrence. Roger was now able to appreciate the pathetic disrepair of his appearance. His open waistcoat displayed a soiled and crumpled shirt-bosom, from whose empty button-holes the studs had recently been wrenched. In his normal freshness the man must have looked like a gambler with a run of luck. He spoke in a rapid, excited tone, with a hard, petulant voice.

"You'll think me crazy, I suppose. Well, I shall be soon. Will you lend me a hundred dollars?"

"Who are you? What's your trouble?" Roger asked.

"My name would tell you nothing. I'm a stranger here. My trouble,—it's a long story! But it's grievous, I assure you. It's pressing upon me with a fierceness that grows while I sit here talking to you. A hundred dollars would stave it off,—a few days at least. Don't refuse me!" These last words were uttered half as an entreaty, half as a threat. "Don't say you have n't got them,—a man that wears gloves like that! Come! you look like a good fellow. Look at me! I'm a good fellow, too! I don't need to swear to my being in distress."

Lawrence was moved, disgusted, and irritated. The man's distress was real enough, but there was something flagrantly dissolute and unsavory in his expression and tone. Roger declined to entertain his request without learning more about him. From the stranger's persistent reluctance to do more than simply declare that he was from St. Louis, and repeat that he was in trouble, in hideous, overwhelming trouble, Lawrence was led to believe that he had been dabbling in crime. The

more he insisted upon some definite statement of his circumstances, the more fierce and peremptory became the other's petition. Lawrence was before all things deliberate and perspicacious, the last man in the world to be hustled or bullied. It was quite out of his nature to do a thing without distinctly knowing why. He of course had no imagination, which, as we know, should always stand at the right hand of charity; but he had good store of that wholesome discretion whose place is at the left. Discretion told him that his companion was a dissolute scoundrel, who had sinned through grievous temptation, perhaps, but who had certainly sinned. His perfect misery was incontestable. Roger felt that he could not cancel his misery without in some degree sanctioning his vices. It was not in his power, at any rate, to present him, out of hand, a hundred dollars. He compromised. "I can't think of giving you the sum you ask," he said. "I have no time, moreover, to investigate your case at present. If you will meet me here to-morrow morning, I will listen to anything more you may have made up your mind to say. Meanwhile, here are ten dollars."

The man looked at the proffered note and made no movement to accept it. Then raising his eyes to Roger's face, — eyes streaming with tears of helpless rage and baffled want: "O, the devil!" he cried. "What can I do with ten dollars? Damn it, I don't know how to beg. Listen to me! If you don't give me what I ask, I shall cut my throat! Think of that! on your head be the penalty!"

Lawrence repocketed his note and rose to his feet. "No, decidedly," he said, "you don't know how to beg!" A moment after, he had left the hotel and was walking rapidly toward a well-remembered dwelling. He was shocked and discomposed by this brutal collision with want and vice; but, as he walked, the cool night air restored the healthy tone of his sensibilities. The image of his heated peti-

tioner was speedily replaced by the calmer figure of Isabel Morton.

He had come to know her three years before, through a visit she had then made to one of his neighbors in the country. In spite of his unventurous tastes and the even tenor of his habits, Lawrence was by no means lacking, as regards life, in what the French call *les grandes curiosités*; but from an early age his curiosity had chiefly taken the form of a timid but strenuous desire to fathom the depths of matrimony. He had dreamed of this gentle bondage as other men dream of the "free unhouse condition" of celibacy. He had been born a marrying man, with a conscious desire for progeny. The world in this respect had not done him justice. It had supposed him to be wrapped up in his petty comforts; whereas, in fact, he was serving a devout apprenticeship to the profession of husband and father. Feeling at twenty-six that he had something to offer a woman, he allowed himself to become interested in Miss Morton. It was rather odd that a man of tremors and blushes should in this line have been signally bold; for Miss Morton had the reputation of being extremely fastidious, and was supposed to wear some dozen broken hearts on her girdle, as an Indian wears the scalps of his enemies.

It is said that, as a rule, men fall in love with their opposites; certainly Lawrence complied with the rule. He was the most unobtrusively natural of men; she, on the other hand, was pre-eminently artificial. She was pretty, but not really so pretty as she seemed; clever, but not intelligent; amiable, but not generous. She possessed in perfection the manner of society, which she lavished with indiscriminate grace on the just and the unjust, and which very effectively rounded and completed the somewhat meagre outline of her personal character. In reality, Miss Morton was keenly ambitious. A woman of simpler needs, she might very well have accepted our hero. He offered himself with urgent and obstinate

warmth. She esteemed him more than any man she had known, — so she told him; but she added that the man she married must satisfy her heart. Her heart, she did not add, was bent upon a carriage and diamonds.

From the point of view of ambition, a match with Roger Lawrence was not worth discussing. He was therefore dismissed with gracious but inexorable firmness. From this moment the young man's sentiment hardened into a passion. Six months later he heard that Miss Morton was preparing to go to Europe. He sought her out before her departure and urged his suit afresh, with the same result. But his passion had cost too much to be flung away unused. During her residence abroad he wrote her three letters, only one of which she briefly answered, in terms which amounted to little more than this: "Dear Mr. Lawrence, *do* leave me alone!" At the end of two years she returned, and was now visiting her married brother. Lawrence had just heard of her arrival and had come to town to make, as we have said, a supreme appeal.

Her brother and his wife were out for the evening; Roger found her in the drawing-room, under the lamp, teaching a stitch in crochet to her niece, a little girl of ten, who stood leaning at her side. She seemed to him prettier than before; although, in fact, she looked older and stouter. Her prettiness, for the most part, however, was a matter of coquetry; and naturally, as youth departed, coquetry filled the vacancy. She was fair and plump, and she had a very pretty trick of suddenly turning her head and showing a charming white throat and ear. Above her well-filled corsage these objects produced a most agreeable effect. She always dressed in light colors and with perfect certainty of taste. Charming as she may have been, there was, nevertheless, about her so marked a want of the natural, that, to admire her particularly, it was necessary to be, like Roger, in love with her. She received him with such flattering friend-

liness and so little apparent suspicion of his purpose, that he almost took heart and hope. If she did n't fear a declaration, perhaps she desired it. For the first half-hour it hung fire. Roger sat dumbly sensitive to the tempered brightness of her presence. She talked to better purpose than before she went abroad, and if Roger had ever doubted, he might have believed now with his eyes shut. For the moment he sat tongue-tied for very modesty. Miss Morton's little niece was a very pretty child; her hair was combed out into a golden cloud, which covered her sloping shoulders. She kept her place beside her aunt, clasping one of the latter's hands, and staring at Lawrence with that sweet curiosity of little girls. There glimmered mistily in the young man's brain a vision of a home-scene in the future, — a lamp-lit parlor on a winter night, a placid wife and mother, wreathed in household smiles, a golden-haired child, and, in the midst, his sentient self, drunk with possession and gratitude. As the clock struck nine, the little girl was sent to bed, having been kissed by her aunt and re-kissed, or un-kissed shall I say? by her aunt's lover. When she had disappeared, Roger proceeded to business. He had proposed so often to Miss Morton, that, actually, practice had begun to tell. It took but a few moments to make his meaning plain. Miss Morton addressed herself to her niece's tapestry, and as her lover went on with manly eloquence, glanced up at him from her work with womanly *finesse*. He spoke of his persistent love, of his long waiting and his passionate hope. Her acceptance of his hand was the main condition of his happiness. He should never love another woman; if she now refused him, it was the end of all things; he should continue to exist, to work and act, to eat and sleep, but he should have ceased to *live*.

"In heaven's name," he said, "don't answer me as you have answered me before."

She folded her hands, and with a se-

rious smile ; " I shall not, altogether," she said. " When I have refused you before, I have simply told you that I could n't love you. I can't love you, Mr. Lawrence ! I must repeat it again to-night, but with a better reason than before. I love another man : I 'm engaged."

Roger rose to his feet like a man who has received a heavy blow and springs forward in self-defence. But he was indefensible, his assailant in-attackable. He sat down again and hung his head. Miss Morton came to him and took his hand and demanded of him, as a right, that he should be resigned. " Beyond a certain point," she said, " you have no right to obtrude upon me the expression of your regret. The injury I do you in refusing you is less than that I should do you in accepting you without love."

He looked at her with his eyes full of tears. " Well ! I shall never marry," he said. " There 's something you can't refuse me. Though I shall never possess you, I may at least espouse your memory and live in intimate union with your image ; spend my life on my knees before it ! " She smiled at this fine talk ; she had heard so much in her day ! He had fancied himself prepared for the worst, but as he walked back to his hotel, it seemed intolerably bitter. Its bitterness, however, quickened his temper and prompted a violent reaction. He would now, he declared, cast his lot with pure reason. He had tried love and faith, but they would none of him. He had made a woman a goddess, and she had made him a fool. He would henceforth care neither for woman nor man, but simply for comfort, and, if need should be, for pleasure. Beneath this gathered gust of cynicism the future lay as hard and narrow as the silent street before him. He was absurdly unconscious that good-humor was lurking round the very next corner.

It was not till near morning that he was able to sleep. His sleep, however, had lasted less than an hour when it was interrupted by a loud noise from the ad-

joining room. He started up in bed, lending his ear to the stillness. The sound was immediately repeated ; it was that of a pistol-shot. This second report was followed by a loud shrill cry. Roger jumped out of bed, thrust himself into his trousers, quitted his room, and ran to the neighboring door. It opened without difficulty, and revealed an astonishing scene. In the middle of the floor lay a man, in his trousers and shirt, his head bathed in blood, his hand grasping the pistol from which he had just sent a bullet through his brain. Beside him stood a little girl in her night-dress, her long hair on her shoulders, shrieking and wringing her hands. Stooping over the prostrate body, Roger recognized, in spite of his bedabbled visage, the person who had addressed him in the parlor of the hotel. He had kept the spirit, if not the letter, of his menace. " O father, father, father ! " sobbed the little girl. Roger, overcome with horror and pity, stooped towards her and opened his arms. She, conscious of nothing but the presence of human help, rushed into his embrace and buried her head in his grasp.

The rest of the house was immediately aroused, and the room invaded by a body of lodgers and servants. Soon followed a couple of policemen, and finally the proprietor in person. The fact of suicide was so apparent that Roger's presence was easily explained. From the child nothing but sobs could be obtained. After a vast amount of talking and pushing and staring, after a physician had affirmed that the stranger was dead, and the ladies had passed the child from hand to hand through a bewildering circle of caresses and questions, the multitude dispersed, and the little girl was borne away in triumph by the proprietor's wife, further investigation being appointed for the morrow. For Roger, seemingly, this was to have been a night of sensations. There came to him, as it wore away, a cruel sense of his own accidental part in his neighbor's tragedy. His refusal to help the poor man had

brought on the catastrophe. The idea haunted him awhile ; but at last, with an effort, he dismissed it. The next man, he assured himself, would have done no more than he, might possibly have done less. He felt, however, a certain indefeasible fellowship in the sorrow of the little girl. He lost no time, the next morning, in calling on the wife of the proprietor. She was a kindly woman enough, but so thoroughly the mistress of a public house that she seemed to deal out her very pity over a bar. She exhibited toward her *protégée* a hard business-like charity which foreshadowed vividly to Roger's mind the poor child's probable portion in life, and repeated to him the little creature's story, as she had been able to learn it. The father had come in early in the evening, in great trouble and excitement, and had made her go to bed. He had kissed her and cried over her, and, of course, made her cry. Late at night she was aroused by feeling him again at her bedside, kissing her, fondling her and raving over her. He bade her good night and passed into the adjoining room, where she heard him fiercely knocking about. She was very much frightened, and fancied he was out of his mind. She knew that their troubles had lately been thickening fast, and now the worst had come. Suddenly he called her. She asked what he wanted, and he bade her get out of bed and come to him. She trembled, but obeyed. On reaching the threshold of his room she saw the gas turned low, and her father standing in his shirt against the door at the other end. He ordered her to stop where she was. Suddenly she heard a loud report and felt beside her cheek the wind of a bullet. He had aimed at her with a pistol. She retreated in terror to her own bedside and buried her head in the clothes. This, however, did not prevent her from hearing a second report, followed by a deep groan. Venturing back again, she found her father on the floor, bleeding from the face. "He meant to kill her, of course," said the landlady, "that

she might n't be left alone in the world. It's a queer mixture of cruelty and kindness !"

It seemed to Roger an altogether pitiful tale. He related his own interview with the deceased, and the latter's menace of suicide. "It gives me," he said, "a sickening sense of connection with the calamity, though a gratuitous one, I confess. Nevertheless, I wish he had taken my ten dollars."

Of the antecedent history of the deceased they could learn little. The child had recognized Lawrence, and had broken out again into a quivering convulsion of tears. Little by little, from among her sobs, they gathered a few facts. Her father had brought her during the preceding month from St. Louis: they had stopped some time in New York. Her father had been for months in great distress and want of money. They had once had money enough ; she could n't say what had become of it. Her mother had died many months before ; she had no other kindred nor friends. Her father may have had friends, but she never saw them. She could indicate no source of possible assistance or sympathy. Roger put the poor little fragments of her story together. The most salient fact among them all was her absolute destitution.

"Well !" said the proprietress, "there are other people still to be attended to ; I must go about my business. Perhaps you can learn something more." The little girl sat on the sofa with a pale face and swollen eyes, and with a stupefied helpless stare watched her friend depart. She was by no means a pretty child. Her clear auburn hair was thrust carelessly into a net with broken meshes, and her limbs encased in a suit of shabby, pretentious mourning. In her appearance, in spite of her childish innocence and grief, there was something undeniably vulgar. "She looks as if she belonged to a circus troupe," Roger said to himself. Her face, however, though without beauty, was not without interest. Her forehead was high and

boldly rounded, and her mouth at once large and gentle. Her eyes were light in color, yet by no means colorless. A sort of arrested, concentrated brightness, a soft introversion of their rays, gave them a remarkable depth of tone. "Poor little betrayed, unfriended mortal!" thought the young man.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Nora Lambert," said the child.

"How old are you?"

"Twelve."

"And you live in St. Louis?"

"We used to live there. I was born there."

"Why had your father come to the East?"

"To make money, he said."

"Where was he going to live?"

"Anywhere he could find business."

"What was his business?"

"He had none. He wanted to find employment."

"To your knowledge, you say, you have no friends nor relations?"

The child gazed a few moments in silence. "He told me when he woke me up and kissed me, last night, that I had n't a friend in the world nor a person that cared for me."

Before the exquisite sadness of this statement Lawrence was silent. He leaned back in his chair and looked at the child, — the little forlorn, precocious, potential woman. His own sense of recent bereavement rose powerful in his heart and seemed to respond to hers. "Nora," he said, "come here."

She stared a moment, without moving, and then left the sofa and came slowly towards him. She was tall for her years. She laid her hand on the arm of his chair and he took it. "You have seen me before," he said. She nodded. "Do you remember my taking you last night in my arms?" It was his fancy that, for an answer, she faintly blushed. He laid his hand on her head and smoothed away her thick disordered hair. She submitted to his consoling touch with a plaintive docility. He put his arm round her waist. An irresistible sense of her childish sweetness, of her tender feminine

promise, stole softly into his pulses. A dozen caressing questions rose to his lips. Had she been to school? Could she read and write? Was she musical? She murmured her answers with gathering confidence. She had never been to school; but her mother had taught her to read and write a little, and to play a little. She said, almost with a smile, that she was very backward. Lawrence felt the tears rising to his eyes; he felt in his heart the tumult of a new emotion. Was it the inexpugnable instinct of paternity? Was it the restless ghost of his buried hope? He thought of his angry vow the night before to live only for himself and turn the key on his heart. From the lips of babes and sucklings! — he softly mused. Before twenty-four hours had elapsed a child's fingers were fumbling with the key. He felt deliciously contradicted; he was after all but a lame egotist. Was he to believe, then, that he could n't live without love, and that he must take it where he found it? His promise to Miss Morton seemed still to vibrate in his heart. But there was love and love! He could be a protector, a father, a brother! What was the child before him but a tragic embodiment of the misery of isolation, a warning from his own blank future! "God forbid!" he cried. And as he did so, he drew her towards him and kissed her.

At this moment the landlord appeared with a scrap of paper, which he had found in the room of the deceased; it being the only object which gave a clew to his circumstances. He had evidently burned a mass of papers just before his death, as the grate was filled with fresh ashes. Roger read the note, which was scrawled in a hurried, vehement hand and ran as follows: —

"This is to say that I must — I must — I must! Starving, without a friend in the world, and a reputation worse than worthless, — what can I do? Life's impossible! Try it yourself! As regards my daughter, — anything, everything is cruel; but this is the shortest way."

"She has had to take the longest, after all," said the proprietor, *sotto voce*, with a kindly wink at Roger. The landlady soon reappeared with one of the ladies who had been present overnight,—a little pushing, patronizing woman, who seemed strangely familiar with the various devices of applied charity. "I have come to arrange," she said, "about our subscription for the little one. I shall not be able to contribute myself, but I will go round among the other ladies with a paper. I've just been seeing the reporter of the 'Universe'; he's to insert a kind of 'appeal,' you know, in his account of the affair. Perhaps this gentleman will draw up our paper? And I think it will be a beautiful idea to take the child with me."

Lawrence was sickened. The world's tenderness had fairly begun. Nora gazed at her energetic benefactress, and then with her eyes appealed mutely to Roger. Her glance, somehow, moved him to the soul. Poor little disfathered daughter,—poor little uprooted germ of womanhood! Her innocent eyes seemed to more than beseech,—to admonish almost, and command. Should he speak and rescue her? Should he subscribe the whole sum in the name of human charity? He thought of the risk. She was an unknown quantity. Her nature, her heritage, her good and bad possibilities, were an unsolved problem. Her father had been an adventurer; what had her mother been? Conjecture was useless; she was a vague spot of light on a dark background. He was unable even to decide whether, after all, she was plain.

"If you want to take her round with you," said the landlady to her companion, "I'd better sponge off her face."

"No indeed!" cried the other, "she's much better as she is. If I could only have her little night-gown with the blood on it! Are you sure the bullet did n't strike your dress, deary? I'm sure we can easily get fifty names at five dollars apiece. Two hundred and fifty dollars. Perhaps this gentleman

will make it three hundred. Come, sir, now!"

Thus adjured, Roger turned to the child. "Nora," he said, "you know you're quite alone. You have no home." Her lips trembled, but her eyes were fixed and fascinated. "Do you think you could love me?" She flushed to the tender roots of her tumbled hair. "Will you come and try?" Her range of expression of course was limited; she could only answer by another burst of tears.

II.

"I have adopted a little girl, you know," Roger said, after this, to a number of his friends; but he felt, rather, as if she had adopted him. With the downright sense of paternity he found it somewhat difficult to make his terms. It was indeed an immense satisfaction to feel, as time went on, that there was small danger of his repenting of his bargain. It seemed to him more and more that he had obeyed a divine voice; though indeed he was equally conscious that there was something grotesque in his new condition,—in the sudden assumption of paternal care by a man who had seemed to the world to rejoice so placidly in his sleek and comfortable singleness. But for all this he found himself able to look the world squarely in the face. At first it had been with an effort, a blush, and a deprecating smile that he spoke of his pious venture; but very soon he began to take a robust satisfaction in alluding to it freely, in all companies. There was but one man of whose jocular verdict he thought with some annoyance,—his cousin Hubert Lawrence, namely, who was so terribly clever and trenchant, and who had been through life a commentator formidable to his modesty, though, in the end, always absolved by his good-nature. But he made up his mind that, though Hubert might laugh, he himself was serious; and to prove it equally to himself and his friends, he determined on a great move. He annulled his personal share in business

and prepared to occupy his house in the country. The latter was immediately transformed into a home for Nora, — a home admirably fitted to become the starting-point of a happy life. Roger's dwelling stood in the midst of certain paternal acres, — a little less than a "place," a little more than a farm; deep in the country, and yet at two hours' journey from town. Of recent years a dusty disorder had fallen upon the house, telling of its master's long absences and his rare and restless visits. It was but half lived in. But beneath this pulverous deposit the austerer household gods of a former generation stand erect on their pedestals. As Nora grew older, she came to love her new home with an almost passionate fondness, and to cherish all its transmitted memories as a kind compensation for her own dissevered past. There had lived with Lawrence for many years an elderly woman, of exemplary virtue, Lucinda Brown by name, who had been a personal attendant of his mother, and since her death had remained in his service as the lonely warden of his villa. Roger had an old-time regard for her, founded upon a fancy that she preserved with pious fidelity certain graceful household traditions of his mother. It seemed to him that she might communicate to little Nora, through the medium of housewifely gossip, a ray of this lady's peaceful domestic genius. Lucinda, who had been divided between hope and fear as to Roger's possibly marrying, — the fear of a diminished empire having exceeded, on the whole, the hope of company below stairs, — accepted Nora's arrival as a very comfortable compromise. The child was too young to menace her authority, and yet of sufficient importance to warrant a gradual extension of the meagre household economy. Lucinda had a vision of new carpets and curtains, of a regenerated kitchen, of a poplin dress, of her niece coming as sempstress. Nora was the narrow end of the wedge; it would broaden with her growth. Lucinda therefore was gracious.

For Roger, it seemed as if life had begun afresh and the world had put on a new face. High above the level horizon now, clearly defined against the empty sky, rose this little commanding figure, with the added magnitude that objects acquire in this position. She gave him a vast deal to think about. The child a man begets and rears weaves its existence insensibly into the tissue of his life, so that he becomes trained by fine degrees to the paternal office. But Roger had to skip experience, and spring with a bound into the paternal consciousness. In fact he missed his leap, and never tried again. Time should induct him at leisure into his proper honors, whatever they might be. He felt a strong aversion to claim in his *protégée* that prosaic right of property which belongs to the paternal name. He accepted with solemn glee his novel duties and cares, but he shrank with a tender humility of temper from all precise definition of his rights. He was too young and too sensible of his youth to wish to give this final turn to things. His heart was flattered, rather, by the idea of living at the mercy of that melting impermanence which beguiles us forever with deferred promises. It lay close to his heart, however, to drive away the dusky fears and sordid memories of Nora's anterior life. He strove to conceal the past from her childish sense by a great pictured screen, as it were, of present joys and comforts. He wished her life to date from the moment he had taken her home. He had taken her for better, for worse; but he longed to quench all baser chances in the broad daylight of prosperity. His philosophy in this as in all things was extremely simple, — to make her happy, that she might be good. Meanwhile, as he cunningly devised her happiness, his own seemed securely established. He felt twice as much a man as before, and the world seemed as much again a world. All his small stale virtues became fragrant, to his soul, with the borrowed sweetness of their unselfish use.

One of his first acts, before he left

town, had been to divest her of her shabby mourning and dress her afresh in light, childish colors. He learned from the proprietor's wife at his hotel that this was considered by several ladies interested in Nora's fortunes (especially by her of the subscription) an act of awful impiety; but he held to his purpose, nevertheless. When she was freshly arrayed, he took her to a photographer and made her sit for half a dozen portraits. They were not flattering; they gave her an aged, sombre, lifeless air. He showed them to two old ladies of his acquaintance, whose judgment he valued, without saying whom they represented; the ladies pronounced her a little monster. It was directly after this that Roger hurried her away to the peaceful, uncritical country. Her manner here for a long time remained singularly docile and spiritless. She was not exactly sad, but neither was she cheerful. She smiled, as if from the fear to displease by not smiling. She had the air of a child who has been much alone, and who has learned quite to underestimate her natural right to amusement. She seemed at times hopelessly, defiantly torpid. "Good heavens!" thought Roger, as he surreptitiously watched her; "is she stupid?" He perceived at last, however, that her listless quietude covered a great deal of observation, and that she led a silent, active life of her own. His ignorance of her past distressed and vexed him, jealous as he was of admitting even to himself that she had ever lived till now. He trod on tiptoe in the region of her early memories, in the dread of reviving some dormant claim, some unclean ghost. Yet he felt that to know so little of her twelve first years was to reckon without an important factor in his problem; as if, in spite of his summons to all the fairies for this second baptism, the godmother-in-chief lurked maliciously apart, with intent to arrive at the end of years and spoil the birthday feast. Nora seemed by instinct to have perceived the fitness of her not speaking of her own

affairs, and indeed displayed in the matter a precocious good taste. Among her scanty personal effects the only object referring too vividly to the past had been a small painted photograph of her mother, a languid-looking lady in a low-necked dress, with a good deal of prettiness, in spite of the rough handling of the colorist. Nora had apparently a timid reserve of vanity in the fact, which she once imparted to Roger with a kind of desperate abruptness, that her mother had been a public singer; and the heterogeneous nature of her own culture testified to some familiarity with the scenery of Bohemia. The common relations of things seemed quite reversed in her brief experience, and immaturity and precocity shared her young mind in the freest fellowship. She was ignorant of the plainest truths, and credulous of the quaintest falsities; unversed in the commonest learning, and instructed in the rarest. She barely knew that the earth is round, but she knew that Leonora is the heroine of *Il Trovatore*. She could neither write nor spell, but she could perform the most startling tricks with cards. She confessed to a passion for strong green tea, and to an interest in the romances of the Sunday newspapers which, with many other productions of the same complexion, she seemed to have perused by that subtle divining process common to illiterate children. Evidently she had sprung from a horribly vulgar soil; she was a brand snatched from the burning. She uttered various improper words with the most guileless accent and glance, and was as yet equally unsuspecting of the grammar and the Catechism. But when once Roger had straightened out her phrase, she was careful to preserve its shape; and when he had solemnly proscribed these all-too-innocent words, they seldom reappeared. For the rudiments of theological learning, also, she manifested a due respect. Considering the make-shift process of her growth, he marvelled that it had not straggled into even more perilous places. His impression of her

father was fatal, ineffaceable ; the late Mr. Lambert had been a blackguard. Roger had a fancy, however, that this was not all the truth. He was free to assume that the poor fellow's wife had been of a gentle nurture and temper ; and he had even framed on this theme an ingenious little romance, which gave him a great deal of comfort. Mrs. Lambert had been deceived by the lacquered plausibility of her husband, and had awaked after marriage to a life of shifting expedients and struggling poverty, during which she had been glad to turn to account the voice which the friends of her happier girlhood had praised. She had died outwared and broken-hearted, invoking human pity on her child. Roger established in this way a sentimental intimacy with the poor lady's spirit, and exchanged many a greeting over the little girl's head with this vague maternal shape. But he was by no means given up to these imaginative joys ; he addressed himself vigorously to the practical needs of the case. He determined to drive in the first nail with his own hands, to lay the first smooth foundation-stones of her culture, to teach her to read and write and cipher, to associate himself largely with the growth of her primal sense of things. Behold him thus converted into a gentle pedagogue, wooing with mild inflections the timid ventures of her thought. A moted morning sunbeam used to enter his little study and, resting on Nora's auburn hair, seemed to make of the place a humming school-room. Roger began also to anticipate the future needs of preceptorship. He plunged into a course of useful reading, and devoured a hundred volumes on education, on hygiene, on morals, on history. He drew up a table of rules and observances for the child's health ; he weighed and measured her food, and spent hours with Lucinda, the minister's wife, and the doctor, in the discussion of her regimen and clothing. He bought her a pony, and rode with her over the neighboring country, roamed with her in the woods and

fields, and made discreet provision of society among the little damsels of the country-side. A doting grandmother, in all this matter, could not have shown a finer genius for detail. His zeal indeed left him very little peace, and Lucinda often endeavored to assuage it by the assurance that he was fretting himself away and wearing himself thin on his happiness. He passed a dozen times a week from the fear of coddling and spoiling the child to the fear of letting her run wild and grow vulgar amid too much rusticity. Sometimes he dismissed her tasks for days together, and kept her idling at his side in the winter sunshine ; sometimes for a week he kept her within doors, reading to her, preaching to her, showing her prints, and telling her stories. She had an excellent musical ear, and the promise of a charming voice ; Roger took counsel in a dozen quarters as to whether he ought to make her use her voice or spare it. Once he took her up to town to a *matinée* at one of the theatres, and was in anguish for a week afterwards, lest he had quickened some inherited tendency to dissipation. He used to lie awake at night, trying hard to fix in his mind the happy medium between coldness and weak fondness. With a heart full of tenderness, he used to dole out his caresses. He was in doubt for a long time as to what he should have her call him. At the outset he decided instinctively against "father." It was a question between "Mr. Lawrence" and his baptismal name. He weighed the proprieties for a week, and then he determined the child should choose for herself. She had as yet avoided addressing him by name ; at last he asked what name she preferred. She stared rather blankly at the time, but a few days afterwards he heard her shouting "Roger !" from the garden under his window. She had ventured upon a small shallow pond enclosed by his land, and now coated with thin ice. The ice had cracked with a great report under her tread, and was swaying gently beneath her weight, at some yards from the

edge. In her alarm her heart had chosen, and her heart's election was never subsequently gainsaid. Circumstances seemed to affect her slowly; for a long time she showed few symptoms of change. Roger in his slippers, by the fireside, in the winter evenings, used to gaze at her with an anxious soul, and wonder whether it was not only a stupid child that could sit for an hour by the chimney-corner, stroking the cat's back in absolute silence, asking no questions and telling no lies. Then, musing upon a certain positive, elderly air in her brow and eyes, he would fancy that she was wiser than he knew; that she was mocking him or judging him, and counterplotting his pious labors with elfish gravity. Arrange it as he might, he could not call her pretty. Plain women are apt to be clever; might n't she (horror of horrors!) turn out too clever? In the evening, after she had attended Nora to bed, Lucinda would come into the little library, and she and Roger would solemnly put their heads together. In matters in which he deemed her sex gave her an advantage of judgment, he used freely to ask her opinion. She made a vast parade of motherly science, rigid spinster as she was, and hinted by many a nod and wink at the mystic depths of her penetration. As to the child's being thankless or heartless, she quite reassured him. Did n't she cry herself to sleep, under her breath, on her little pillow? Did n't she mention him every night in her prayers, — him, and him alone? However much her family may have left to be desired as a "family," — and of its shortcomings in this respect Lucinda had an altogether awful sense, — Nora was clearly a lady in her own right. As for her plain face, they could wait awhile for a change. Plainness in a child was almost always prettiness in a woman; and at all events, if she was not to be pretty, she need never be vain.

Roger had no wish to cultivate in his young companion any expression of formal gratitude; for it was the very key-stone of his plan that their relation

should ripen into a perfect matter of course; but he watched patiently, like a wandering botanist for the first woodland violets for the year, for the shy field-flower of spontaneous affection. He aimed at nothing more or less than to inspire the child with a passion. Until he had detected in her glance and tone the note of passionate tenderness, his experiment must have failed. It would have succeeded on the day when she should break out into cries and tears and tell him with a clinging embrace that she loved him. So he argued with himself; but, in fact, he expected perhaps more than belongs to the lame logic of this life. As a child, she would be too irreflective to play so pretty a part; as a young girl, too self-conscious. I undertake to tell no secrets, however. Roger, thanks to a wholesome reserve of temper in the matter of sentiment, continued to possess his soul in patience. She meanwhile, seemingly, showed as little of distrust as of positive tenderness. She grew and grew in ungrudged serenity. It was in person, first, that she began gently, or rather ungently, to expand; acquiring a well-nurtured sturdiness of contour, but passing quite into the shambling and sheepish stage of girlhood. Lucinda cast about her in vain for possibilities of future beauty, and took refuge in vigorous attention to the young girl's bountiful auburn hair, which she combed and braided with a kind of fierce assiduity. The winter had passed away, the spring was well advanced. Roger, looking at his *protégée*, felt a certain sinking of the heart as he thought of his cousin Hubert's visit. As matters stood, Nora bore rather livelier testimony to his charity than to his taste.

He had debated some time as to whether he should write to Hubert and as to how he should write. Hubert Lawrence was some four years his junior; but Roger had always allowed him a large precedence in the things of the mind. Hubert had just entered the Unitarian ministry; it seemed now that grace would surely lend a gener-

ous hand to nature and complete the circle of his accomplishments. He was extremely good-looking and clever with just such a cleverness as seemed but an added personal charm. He and Roger had been much together in early life and had formed an intimacy strangely compounded of harmony and discord. Utterly unlike in temper and tone, they neither thought nor felt nor acted together on any single point. Roger was constantly differing, mutely and profoundly, and Hubert frankly and sarcastically; but each, nevertheless, seemed to find in the other a welcome counterpart and complement to his own personality. There was in their relation a large measure of healthy boyish levity which kept them from lingering long on delicate ground; but they felt at times that they belonged, by temperament, to irreconcilable camps, and that the more each of them came to lead his own life, the more their lives would diverge. Roger was of a loving turn of mind, and it cost him many a sigh that a certain glassy hardness of soul on his cousin's part was forever blunting the edge of his affection. He nevertheless had a profound regard for him; he admired his talents, he enjoyed his society, he wrapped him about with his good-will. He had told him more than once that he cared for him more than Hubert would ever believe, could in the nature of things believe,—far more than Hubert cared for him, inasmuch as Hubert's benevolence was largely spiced with contempt. "Judge what a real regard I have for you," Roger had said, "since I forgive you even that." But Hubert, who reserved his faith for heavenly mysteries, had small credence for earthly ones, and he had replied that to his perception they loved each other with a precisely equal ardor, beyond everything in life, to wit, but their own peculiar pleasure. Roger had in his mind a kind of metaphysical "idea" of a possible Hubert which the actual Hubert took a wanton satisfaction in turning upside down. Roger had drawn in his fancy

a pure and ample outline, into which the wilful young minister projected a grotesquely unproportioned shadow. Roger took his cousin more *au sérieux* than the young man himself. In fact, Hubert had apparently come into the world to play. He played at life, altogether; he played at learning, he played at theology, he played at friendship; and it was to be conjectured that, on particular holidays, he would play with especial relish at love. Hubert, for some time, had been settled in New York, and of late they had exchanged but few letters. Something had been said about Hubert's coming to spend a part of his summer vacation with his cousin; now that the latter was at the head of a household and a family, Roger reminded him of their understanding. He had finally told him his little romance, with a fine bravado of indifference to his verdict; but he was, in secret, extremely anxious to obtain Hubert's judgment of the heroine. Hubert replied that he was altogether prepared for the news, and that it must be a very pretty sight to see him at dinner pinning her bib, or to hear him sermonizing her over a torn frock.

"But, pray, what relation is the young lady to me?" he added. "How far does the adoption go, and where does it stop? Your own proper daughter would be my cousin; but I take it a man is n't to have fictitious cousins grafted upon him, at this rate. I shall wait till I see her; then, if she is pleasing, I shall personally adopt her into cousinship."

He came down for a fortnight, in July, and was soon introduced to Nora. She came sidling shyly into the room, with a rent in her short-waisted frock, and the "Child's Own Book" in her hand, with her finger in the history of "The Discreet Princess." Hubert kissed her gallantly, and declared that he was happy to make his acquaintance. She retreated to a station beside Roger's knee and stood staring at the young man. "*Elle a les pieds énormes,*" said Hubert.

Roger was annoyed, partly with himself, for he made her wear big shoes. "What do you think of him?" he asked, stroking the child's hair, and hoping, half maliciously, that, with the frank perspicacity of childhood, she would utter some formidable truth about the young man. But to appreciate Hubert's failings, one must have had vital experience of them. At this time twenty-five years of age, he was a singularly handsome youth. Although of about the same height as his cousin, the pliant slimness of his figure made him look taller. He had a cool gray eye and a mass of fair curling hair. His features were cut with admirable purity; his teeth were white, his smile superb. "I think," said Nora, "that he looks like the *Prince Avenant*."

Before Hubert went away, Roger asked him for a deliberate opinion of the child. Was she ugly or pretty? was she interesting? He found it hard, however, to induce him to consider her seriously. Hubert's observation was exercised rather less in the interest of general truth than of particular profit; and of what profit to Hubert was Nora's shambling childhood? "I can't think of her as a girl," he said; "she seems to me a boy. She climbs trees, she scales fences, she keeps rabbits, she straddles upon your old mare, bare-backed. I found her this morning wading in the pond up to her knees. She's growing up a hoyden; you ought to give her more civilized influences than she enjoys hereabouts; you ought to engage a governess, or send her to school. It's well enough now; but, my poor fellow, what will you do when she's twenty?"

You may imagine, from Hubert's sketch, that Nora's was a happy life. She had few companions, but during the long summer days, in woods and fields and orchards, Roger initiated her into all those rural mysteries which are so dear to childhood and so fondly remembered in later years. She grew more hardy and lively, more inquisi-

tive, more active. She tasted deeply of the joy of tattered dresses and sun-burnt cheeks and arms, and long nights at the end of tired days. But Roger, pondering his cousin's words, began to believe that to keep her longer at home would be to fail of justice to the *ewig Weibliche*. The current of her growth would soon begin to flow deeper than the plummet of a man's wit. He determined, therefore, to send her to school, and he began with this view to investigate the merits of various establishments. At last, after a vast amount of meditation and an extensive correspondence with the school-keeping class, he selected one which appeared rich in fair promises. Nora, who had never known an hour's schooling, entered joyously upon her new career; but she gave her friend that sweet and long-deferred emotion of which I have spoken, when, on parting with him, she hung upon his neck with a sort of convulsive fondness. He took her head in his two hands and looked at her; her eyes were streaming with tears. During the month which followed he received from her a dozen letters, sadly misspelled, but divinely lachrymose.

It is needless to relate in detail this phase of Nora's history. It lasted two years. Roger found that he missed her sadly; his occupation was gone. Still, her very absence occupied him. He wrote her long letters of advice, told her everything that happened to him, and sent her books and useful garments and wholesome sweets. At the end of a year he began to long terribly to take her back again; but as his judgment forbade this measure, he determined to beguile the following year by travel. Before starting, he went to the little country town which was the seat of her academy, to bid Nora farewell. He had not seen her since she left him, as he had chosen — quite heroically, poor fellow — to have her spend her vacation with a school-mate, the bosom friend of this especial period. He found her surprisingly altered. She looked three years older;

she was growing by the hour. Prettiness and symmetry had not yet been vouchsafed to her; but Roger found in her young imperfection a sweet assurance that her account with nature was not yet closed. She had, moreover, a subtle grace of her own. She had reached that charming girlish moment when the broad freedom of childhood begins to be faintly tempered by the sense of sex. She was coming fast, too, into her woman's heritage of garburity. She entertained him for a whole morning; she took him into her confidence; she rattled and prattled unceasingly upon all the swarming little school interests, — her likes and aversions, her hopes and fears, her friends and teachers, her studies and story-books. Roger sat grinning in broad enchantment; she seemed to him to exhale the very genius of girlhood. For the first time, he became conscious of her native force; there was a vast deal of her; she overflowed. When they parted, he gave his hopes to her keeping in a long, long kiss. She kissed him too, but this time with smiles, not with tears. She neither suspected nor could she have understood the thought which, during this interview, had blossomed in her friend's

mind. On leaving her, he took a long walk in the country over unknown roads. That evening he consigned his thought to a short letter, addressed to Mrs. Keith. This was the present title of the lady who had once been Miss Morton. She had married and gone abroad; where, in Rome, she had done as the Americans do, and entered the Roman Church. His letter ran as follows: —

"MY DEAR MRS. KEITH: I promised you once to be very unhappy, but I doubt whether you believed me; you did n't look as if you did. I am sure, at all events, you hoped otherwise. I am told you have become a Roman Catholic. Perhaps you have been praying for me at St. Peter's. This is the easiest way to account for my conversion to a worthier state of mind. You know that, two years ago, I adopted a homeless little girl. One of these days she will be a lovely woman. I mean to do what I can to make her one. Perhaps, six years hence, she will be grateful enough not to refuse me as you did. Pray for me more than ever. I have begun at the beginning; it will be my own fault if I have n't a perfect wife."

H. James Jr.

A MILLER'S MADRIGAL.

A GRIST in the hopper, the sun on the sill,
 An' a heigho!
 Lucky the lane that comes out at a mill,
 An' a heigho!
 Over his profit the honey-bee hums,
 Out of his blanket the butterfly comes,
 An' a heigho, an' a heigh!

The Doctor comes up on his mite of a mare,
 An' a heigho!
 We agree this old world is all out o' repair,
 An' a heigho!

But we leave it alone in our neighborly chats,
An' he mixes a mess for my beggarly rats,
An' a heigho, an' a heigh!

The 'Squire, o' late, he rides double with Care,
An' a heigho!
Two mouths at a manger have left his mow bare,
An' a heigho!
He never calls for the foot o' my score,
Till it runs from the rafter clean down to the floor,
An' a heigho, an' a heigh!

The Parson's the best o' the black-coated clan,
An' a heigho!
There is wheat he makes out in the branniest bran,
An' a heigho!
He never grudges a grain o' my toll,
He has an eye for a shoat or a foal,
An' a heigho, an' a heigh!

The sun's at the gable, come hurry, old wheel,
An' a heigho!
What say, my good widow, a coin in your meal?
An' a heigho!
'Twas in your corn, maybe, the Lord only knows,
He tempers the lamb — I forget how it goes,
An' a heigho, an' a heigh!

The greater the worry the lighter the gain,
An' a heigho!
The deeper the furrow the better the grain,
An' a heigho!
The thicker the stubble the fuller the bin,
The darker without side the lighter within,
An' a heigho, an' a heigh!

There are haps in the air that a minute may bring,
An' a heigho!
For a cock is more sure of his head than a king,
An' a heigho!
So I sing out the days in my own merry mill,
A grist in the hopper, the sun on the sill,
An' a heigho, an' a heigh!

Hiram Rich.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Around a Spring. By GUSTAVE DROZ.
Translated by MS. New York: Holt
and Williams.

FRANCE has not vanished from among the nations, though at moments we are tempted to think so. It is a peculiar satisfaction, in this era of eclipse and confusion, to meet a genuine example of the better genius of the land. Such an example is furnished us in this excellent novel of M. Gustave Droz, which is here carefully translated. When the sanguinary mist obscuring that motley swarm which lived and prospered a few months since in the broad hot glare of the Empire shall have faded away; when the blood-stains shall have been washed out (in so far as blood-stains may) and the ashes swept up, our eyes will rest upon an altered stage and a modified *mise en scène*. We may hope that behind that lurid war-cloud the sheep have been sifted from the goats. Among those who may have survived for the sake of art, to keep the pledges given in more joyous days, we hopefully number the author of *Mademoiselle Cibot* and *Autour d'une Source*. His works—these two novels at least—belong to the best and ripest fruits of that huge literary harvest of recent France, amid which so many products were of monstrous and morbid growth. Reading over his novels in the light of late events, they acquire an interest quite independent of this matter of their intrinsic merits. The one before us has already something of the value of an historical document. It is impregnated with the flavor of the Empire. Balzac dreamed of transmitting to future ages a perfect image of the France of his day, and erected for the purpose that ponderous mechanism among whose cranks and derricks and scaffolds and ladders we wander now as among the pillars and arches of a dim cathedral. But M. Gustave Droz, going more simply and lightly to work, has resolved the social forces of his own brief hour into a clearer essence than his great predecessor. The light literature of recent France has always seemed to us to reflect the central lustre of the Empire very much as a heap of broken bottles reflects the noonday sun,—with the same cheap, untempered glare. It was the

pretension of the system which perished at Sedan to pervade and invade all things,—to set the tune, to pitch the universal voice, to leave its visible stamp in every corner. On the top of the page, in every clever French novel of the last ten years, you seem to read that mystical *N.* which greeted you endlessly from the cornices of the Louvre. Novelists, feuilletonists, critics, outscampered each other in the panting effort to keep pace with the tendency of which it was the symbol, to urge it in its headlong course, to re-echo its phraseology, its morality. Up to the very edge of the great silence of the past year,—the silence which among arms falls upon letters as well as laws,—you hear the swelling of this vast concert of Imperial harmonies; up to the very verge of that collapse which fell as suddenly as the “driving in” of Comus and his rout. M. Gustave Droz was one of the freshest and clearest of these concerted voices; he gives us the latest social news of the France of the past.

His great merit is that he gives it so intelligently. Of all the *amuseurs* of pre-Communal Paris, he seems to us to have been the most open-eyed. We speak, not of his philosophy,—we doubt if he boasts of one,—but of his singularly clear and penetrating perception. Through the mask of the jester and *conteur* we see the gleam of a sagacious human eye. In him the latter French generations have assuredly had a “chiel” among them taking notes. These notes were first gathered into those two amusing volumes, *Monsieur, Madame et Bébé* and *Entre Nous*. The field occupied by M. Droz in these little books is not wide. His task has been to turn the laugh on good society, to satirize the manners and customs of the moneyed aristocracy of the current year of grace, to reflect in the minutest detail its passing follies and fashions and infatuations. Social Paris of the last few years will find itself more lastingly embalmed, we imagine, in these light pages than in many works of larger pretensions. They are flavored with that old Gallic salt of humor which is ground in the mills of Rabelais and Molière. It is often too pungent for our Anglo-Saxon palate, but it comes from the best bag. We might say

of M. Droz, that he is the wittiest of humorists. The deep smile and the broad laugh, as you read, contend for precedence. Of pure comicality he is a genuine master; though perhaps personally we enjoy him most in his lighter forms of irony. The delicacy of his touch at these moments, the modulation of his tone, the refinement of his phrase, are those of an accomplished artist. We recommend him to the consideration of some of our own heavy-handed jokers and satirists. But especially noticeable, as we say, is the penetrating niceness of his observation. This has been more striking in each successive volume, and has grappled in each with more substantial facts. It revels for the most part in the finer shades of truth, and is most at home in that cool *demi-jour* of well-appointed drawing-rooms, in which the accustomed eye finds it of profit to detect and compare the subtler gradations of social fact. His discrimination, his intuitions, his innuendoes, are as delicately uttered as the vocal flourishes, the trills, the *roulades*, of a fine singer. All this excellent perception, however, is, in the two volumes of sketches, lavished on very flimsy subjects. In his novels M. Droz approaches with a firm step the serious side of life, and converts himself from a clever trifler into a real inventor and dramatist. It is pleasant to see a writer proceed so resolutely from small things to great; nothing offers such promise of his having a career to run. *Mademoiselle Cibot* deserves, to our minds, to stand among the very best fictions of recent years. It belongs to really superior art. In its rapid brevity, its density of texture, its unity of effect, its admirable neatness of execution, it is a model of narrative tragedy. It is tragic, as a matter of course; for, as a matter of course, the story deals with the Seventh Commandment,—the breach, naturally, not the observance. The subject was ready-made to the author's hand; it has the faded, threadbare quality of things overworn; but his presentation of it, his figures, his details, his "tone," as painters say, are peculiarly original and vivid. We hardly remember in fiction a figure more incisively outlined, more potently realized, more shaped, as Wordsworth says, "to haunt, to startle and waylay," than the terrible little invalid husband of the heroine. Rarely, either, have we been admitted into the personal confidence of a fictitious character with that palpable closeness which we enjoy in our conception of

the unhappy woman herself. We have seen her, known her, lived through the dreary hours of her miserable life. M. Droz is a master of what we may call sensuous detail; he thoroughly understands the relation between the cultivated fancy and the visible, palpable facts of the world. On one side of his talent he is an excellent *genre* painter. His work, moreover, suggests the interesting reflection that intelligent realism, in art, is sure to carry with it its own morality. Told in the vulgarly sentimental manner, the history of *Mademoiselle Cibot* might mean nothing at all; told in its hard material integrity, as our author tells it, it enforces a valuable truth,—the truth that sooner or later, here if not there, love demands its own; that under all its forms it remains the same imperative and incorruptible need; and that if it finds in its path no idol of marble and gold, it will turn into evil places and make one of mud and straw. There is an admirably sagacious irony in the contrast between the clear, deep-welling passion of Adèle and the shallow, cynical self-possession of the lover on whose condescension she lives and from whose indifference she dies.

In his second novel M. Droz has been more ambitious; he has chosen a broad, fresh subject, and treated it with a freer hand. The work lacks the simplicity and compactness of its predecessor; it is more diffuse and ponderous; but it indicates a proportionate growth of power. *Autour d'une Source* is the history of the origin of a watering-place,—an unfolding of those personal passions and motive accidents which lurk beneath the surface of broad public facts, like the little worms and insects we find swarming on the earthward face of a stone. The fable is extremely ingenious; it has the advantage of a moulded plot, turning on a central pivot, as distinguished from those mere measured chains of consecutive incident which suggest a yard-stick as their formative implement. The hero is a poor *curé* of an obscure village among the mountains of (presumably) Franche Comté and the Jura. Perched on the mountain-side is the old abandoned castle of the Counts of Manteigney, former lords of the land. The degenerate scion of this noble race, a *petit crevé* of the latest pattern, domiciled in Paris, having repaired his shrunken fortunes by a marriage with the sole daughter and heiress of an ex-vendor of water-cocks, enriched by prosperous traffic, comes with this

shrewd father-in-law and his charming young wife to resume possession of his crumbling towers. The château is restored, refurbished, modernized; the curé, a man still young and stalwart enough to know the pangs of passion, but too good a son of the Church to endure them without protest, becomes entangled in relations with his new neighbors and of course with the pretty Countess in especial; and the retired faucet-maker, with plenty of comfortable leisure for dreams of quintupling his millions, wanders through the innocent country-side, seeking what he may devour. This M. Larreau is perhaps the most finished figure in the work; a Frenchman of the Yankee type (not the best), self-made, sharp as a razor, "genial," ambitious, bent on finding an "operation" in all things. He desecrates in Grand-Font-le-Haut the capacities of a Wiesbaden or a Vichy, — save and except the medicinal springs, alas! But by wondering intently enough whether the soil may not contain the precious fluid, he ends by causing it to flow. The central episode of the book is the victimization, in the interest of M. Larreau's scheme, of the poor curé as accessory to a kind of "bogus" miracle, by which, as it filters and reverberates through the superstitious peasantry, the outer world is to be charmed into a wondering suspicion of the merits of the locality. The mineral spring, in M. Larreau's argument, is to make the fortune of Grand-Font; and to make the fortune of the spring there can be nothing like a good Catholic legend. The Abbé Roche, by a fatal accident, finds himself implicated in an impious fraud which he detests and despises, and the secret burden of which he shares with the Countess. This latter fact (the result of circumstances too complex to relate, but extremely well devised) forbids him to exculpate himself: a word of explanation will "compromise" the lady. The weak point here is not far to seek, — the excessive sensitiveness, namely, of the heroine's reputation. To English minds, at least, the Abbé's scruples and all that comes of them seem suspended by a hair. "Speak, speak, and risk it," we should say. But in French tradition this weak point seems strong enough. For the sake of the Countess, at all events, the Abbé is silent; for her sake he sustains unaided the brunt of obloquy. When the inevitable reaction sets in, and the half-hatched miracle becomes an addled egg to pelt him withal, he suffers for

her sake to the bitter end, and endures expulsion, disgrace, and ultimate martyrdom. The main element of the tale is this troubled passion of the honest priest for the charming reckless Countess, with her Parisian graces and follies and dazzling audacities, — the strife between his generous native manhood and his rigid clerical conscience. It is the temptation of St. Anthony, transferred from legend into prosaic fact. The situation is admirably rendered; with force, with color and sympathy, and yet with notable purity of tone. The Countess herself is, like all our author's women, a peculiarly vivid creation. M. Droz has measured the Frenchwoman of the period. He knows her secrets, he enters into her personality; she is scarcely more of a heroine for him than, borrowing a hint from the commoner adage, we may suppose her to be for her *femme de chambre*. The figure of the Countess lingers gratefully in the mind, in spite of the cynicism of the author's last touches. Madame de Montaigney is meant for better things; she judges her position, she despises her follies; she is in a manner, like the Abbé, the victim of a destiny she is too weak to combat; but she has drunk of a maddening wine, and we see her, hurried along in the turbid current of vanity, fling over one by one the light fragments of her maiden's conscience, till she passes from our eyes tossed in feverish unrest on the crest of the wave of pleasure, — like Mazeppa bound helpless on his unguided steed. The supreme interest of the story, however, is lodged in the large and dusky soul of the stalwart Abbé, lighted only by the votive taper of his simple primitive faith. In this connection it becomes extremely deep and poignant. What situation indeed is more tragical than to be condemned to dumbness just in proportion as you cease to be blind, as need and occasion for speech urge you the more harshly; to be forced to watch through a fiery mist of tears the hurrying, un pitying, consuming progression of fate; the fruitless strife of the old and familiar, the loved and consecrated, with the new, the unsparing, the elements of that cold future from which we shall be absent? The fierce irruption of modern life into the little mountain parish of the poor curé produces a cruel confusion of his life-long notions of duty and faith. His vague spiritual doubts and anxieties, his personal temptations and tribulations, are reproduced with a skill which sets a seal upon the masterly character of the

work. Occasionally the metaphysical side of the matter, as we may call it, is somewhat meagre and pale; but considering the author's beginnings, we can only congratulate him on his success. The situation is one which demanded real analytic imagination for its treatment, and something very like this has been used. It would not be easy to find anything as much like it among the younger French romancers. As an artist M. Droz has all, and more than all, the common gifts; as a humorist he is peculiarly rich and exuberant; as a moralist, even, he is not to be dismissed in silence. This last term may have an irrelevant sound. What we mean is, that he will be unlikely ever to write a tale which will not project a certain moral deposit and leave the reader, after many broad smiles, in a musing mood. Such is the effect of all really analytic work. That he will write many tales we confidently hope. His two novels are surely the beginning of a career, not the end. It cannot fail to be brilliant. M. Droz was in the Empire, but not of it.

The Journal of John Woolman. With an Introduction by JOHN G. WHITTIER. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

IN John Woolman the great antislavery movement may be said to have actively begun. He was born early in the last century, at Mount Holly, New Jersey, and in due time became a tailor by trade; but he early relinquished his calling, and spent his time chiefly in going to and fro among the Quakers, to whose society he belonged, and animating them to a consciousness of the iniquity of holding slaves; and he was mainly instrumental in their ceasing to do so. He was also "under a concern" to press forward in many other good works, some of which have since been taken up as reforms, and others remanded among the impossibilities. He was one of the first teetotallers, but the most rigorous water-drinker of our day would hardly be willing to follow John Woolman in retrenching and finally destroying a very modest business, because it led him into a vain and superfluous manner of living; or in refusing coffee and sugar because they were the products of slave labor; or in wearing undyed garments because dyes were used in cloth to conceal dirt, "and hiding that which is not clean by coloring our garments seems contrary to

the sweetness of sincerity"; or in refusing to send letters by post, lest he should share in the guilt attaching to the cruel overworking of horses and post-boys in making the rapid trips of the stage-coaches. John Woolman was something more than incarnate conscience, he was incarnate scruple; in his endeavor to make his life Christ-like and blameless he went, like other ascetics, further than Christ himself taught by example. But he was a saintly soul, however painful. At the bottom even of his absurdities there was a grain of sense, and in all he did his motive was truly loving and good.

His intuitions in regard to slavery were vivid and unerring. Long before Jefferson had phrased it he had said "that liberty was the right of all men equally"; and no observer of Southern society since has had a keener eye for the bad effects of slavery upon the general character. In that day even Quakers dealt in slaves, and Woolman writes: "I saw in these Southern Provinces so many vices and corruptions increased by this trade and way of life, that it appeared to me as a dark gloominess hanging over the land; and," he adds with prophetic forecast of evils that have since befallen, "though now many willingly run into it, yet in future the consequences will be grievous to posterity."

John Woolman's *Journal*, beyond most books, may be read with edification and pleasure. It is good to be in the intimacy of so singularly pure, truthful, and serviceable a soul, and it is amusing to find such intense scrupulosity set forth in terms so quaint and sincere. The *Journal* is a well of the best English, and in reading it one feels all Henry Crabb Robinson's amazement: "An illiterate tailor, he writes in a style of the most exquisite purity and grace. His moral qualities are transferred to his writings." There is in the whole, also, a flavor that makes it inexpressibly fascinating. Thinking of marriage, he says: "My heart was turned to the Lord with desires that he would give me wisdom to proceed therein agreeably to his will, and he was pleased to give me a well-inclined damsel," to whom he was married. He was sorely tried about wearing dyed raiment of any kind, but he says: "I felt easy to wear my garments" heretofore made, and continued to do so for about nine months, . . . when, being deeply bowed in spirit before the Lord, I was made willing to submit to what I appre-

hended was required of me, and when I returned home got a hat of the natural color of the fur." When about to sail for England, he "feels a draught in his mind towards the steerage of the ship"; and being pressed for his reasons against going in the cabin, he answered that he had observed "on the outside of that part of the ship where the cabin was sundry sorts of carved work and imagery," and in the cabin "some superfluity of workmanship of several sorts"; and as these things enhanced the cost of passage, "he felt a scruple with regard to paying money to be applied to such purposes." In this way, without intending it, John Woolman is a humorist of the rarest quality; and we cannot help suspecting that the love borne him by Charles Lamb, who said, "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart," was quite as much for the devoted reformer's unintended humorousness as because of gifts in exhortation, though of course he must have loved a soul so lowly, so simple, and so brave, and must have enjoyed the beauty of his religious thought.

The Introduction to this edition, by Mr. Whittier, is written with a tender appreciation of Woolman's character and writings, and is a satisfactory study of his circumstances as well as of his work. In a word, Mr. Whittier speaks of him with the reverence which you expect from one of the truest Friends of our day for one of the best of any day; with the grateful honor due from an Abolitionist to the first of the Abolitionists. When you read "John Woolman's Journal," you think that it needs no comment; when you read Mr. Whittier's Introduction, you feel that it needed just that.

Culture and Religion in some of their Relations. By J. C. SHAIRP, Principal of St. Salvator, etc. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

To say the least, it is not an exhilarating work, this book of Principal Shairp. It betrays a sad lack of animal spirits in the author, and you are tempted to wonder at last how he gathered the pluck to write it. The book is not discreditable in a literary point of view. We could cull a sentence or two, or even a page, here and there, which are worth reading. But the general strain and movement of the book is so monotonous and unimaginative, that we must absolutely

refuse to send any one to it for entertainment. And it is not profitable either for doctrine. The general scope of the book is to the effect that religion and culture may be combined, but that they are at variance in themselves. The author, to be sure, disavows this latter sentiment, but to no intellectual purpose, as when he says, for example, that "culture and religion, when rightly regarded, are not two opposite powers, but they are as it were one line with two opposite poles." But if these poles exist, one must be relatively to the other positive and one negative, and what opposition is more fundamental than that? But he goes on: "Ideally considered, then, culture must culminate in religion, and religion must expand into culture." The logic is very curious here. One can easily conceive how the opposing poles of the earth may coalesce, or if you prefer that word, "culminate," in the equator; but that either may "culminate" into its opposite, and that again "expand" into it, passes our conception. Practically, however, the author deserts his own position. "Goethe," he says, "the high-priest of culture, loathes Luther, the preacher of righteousness. And Luther, likely enough, had he seen Goethe, would have done him scant justice."

Evidently then, to begin with, Mr. Shairp utterly ignores the middle-term in which alone, upon his figurative hypothesis, religion and culture confess themselves reconciled; utterly drops out of sight that equatorial or balanced life of man of which these are only the positive and negative attestations. But even with this adjustment Mr. Shairp's metaphor will be found to falter, and at last flatly refuses to trot, or even to walk. For religion and culture are not in the least related to each other as the opposite poles of the earth are related, that is, as being the one positive, and the other negative to the same substance. The two poles of the earth relate themselves to one and the same substance, namely, the earth. But religion has relation to one substance, and culture to a totally different one. Religion relates itself exclusively to man in his generic or race aspect, and has no regard to him in his specific or individual aspect; while culture has exclusive relation to him in the latter aspect, and pays no manner of attention whatever to his race or nature. In other words, religion has regard to man only in his moral or outward aspect, that is, in so far forth as he stands related to his kind, or

is under law to society; while culture has regard to him only in his spiritual or inward aspect, that is, in so far forth as he stands related to his own destiny, being emancipated from the law of his kind and brought under law exclusively to God. If you were bent upon educating your child to a refined pitch of manhood, you would certainly lead him to give a due measure of attention to his bodily requirements, because the mind is more or less conditioned for its proper functioning upon the repose of the body. But, *as* certainly, you would never think of teaching him that his body and mind stood in a quite equal relation to his proper manhood, or constituted the invincible bipolarity upon which its evolution was contingent. On the contrary, you would instruct him that the body was inferior to the mind in that relation; was altogether secondary and subservient to it in fact, inasmuch as it had no direct bearing upon his proper manhood, but only an indirect one through the uses it promoted to the mind; and that the mind itself would then be at its highest estate, or most able to function, when it should be finally released from the shackles of the body.

Now religion and culture severally bear the same relation to the evolution of human destiny that body and mind bear to the evolution of our individual manhood. Religion is the law of man's infancy. It addresses him first in spiritual or promissory form, telling him that he shall love the Lord his God with all his heart and soul and mind, and his neighbor as himself. And when man replies, "But how can this be? My affections are already engaged to myself and the world. How shall I, then, ever come to love God supremely, and my neighbor as myself?" it addresses him in literal or mandatory form, saying, "Thou shalt not bear false witness, shalt not steal, shalt not commit adultery, shalt do no murder, shalt not covet anything which is thy neighbor's." If man will only refrain from doing these ugly things, he shall infallibly come to love God supremely, and his neighbor equally with himself. Thus it is evident that religion views man as a social being exclusively, as being under law to society. Otherwise of course it would not pretend to limit his freedom by the welfare of his neighbor. If human morality were absolute, — if it were not a mere shadow of better things to come, when our social destiny should finally be achieved, — then every

man would conscientiously spurn every limitation put upon his own freedom by the necessities of his neighbor.

How, then, does religion secure the social evolution of human nature, if man is by birth supremely selfish and worldly? The process is equally obvious and irresistible. For no man of ordinary intelligence, when he addresses himself to the maintenance of his religious obligations, can help discovering, if he deal fairly with himself, that he is by himself impotent to do so. That is to say, he discovers, past all dispute, that he can keep the law very well if his relations to his own body and to his fellow-man are such as to put a premium upon his obedience to it, or exempt him from the temptation to infringe it in any particular; but that if his relations to his own body and to society are such as to expose him to temptation, he cannot possibly keep the law. Hence, every man's religious experience, if it be genuine or unsimulated, disposes him to humility, abases his natural pride of character, and inclines him to sympathy or fellow-feeling with his neighbor; so that when the neighbor perchance breaks the law, he no longer stands in a condemnatory attitude to him, but says to him, "Be of good cheer, my brother, and hope on ever. Your iniquity is in reality not yours, exclusively, nor even chiefly. It is the iniquity of our infirm and unequal civilization, which exalts one class of men to privilege, or exempts them from temptation, and debases another class to penury, making temptation, in the long run, inevitable and irresistible to them. Let us look to God, therefore, to bring about his promised reign of justice or equality upon the earth, and so do away forever with the dominion of evil."

But culture is the law of man's maturity. It supposes this social destiny of man, which religion has it at heart to secure, perfectly realized, and every man sitting under his own vine and fig-tree, with none any longer to make him afraid. Then it fearlessly says to every man, "Do whatsoever thy heart craves, thy mind prompts, and thy hand finds to do." Because human unity being divinely accomplished in a living society, fellowship, or equality of all mankind with each individual man, and of each man with all men, no man's heart can any longer crave, nor his mind conceive, nor his hand bring forth, anything injurious to his neighbor. So that culture, unlike religion, instead of limiting man's activity by his neighbor's necessity, declares that law divinely

fulfilled in our social evolution, or makes every man's neighbor over to him in full possession, bidding him reckon in all he does upon his neighbor's support and furtherance. In a word, while religion constitutes the necessary fixed earth of human hope, gives it solid body, or makes it divinely stable forever, culture opens an ever-expanding heaven before it, gives it unlimited soul, bids it freely aspire to the fellowship of all divine perfection. Thus the literal bipolarity which Principal Shairp alleges between religion and culture, and which makes a perpetual illusion of human life, turns out instead a spiritual harmony, providing first for the unity of man with his kind or neighbor, and then for the unity of both with God, so making human life the grandest of all realities.

Wake-Robin. By JOHN BURROUGHS. New York : Hurd and Houghton.

WITH most of these charming papers the readers of the Atlantic should be already familiar ; and we dare say they will easily recall "Spring at the Capital," "Bird's-Nests," "Birch Browsings," and "In the Hemlocks," which have appeared within recent years in our pages. To these are here added three other studies of bird-life, by one who writes of birds not only with thorough and original science, but also as a poet and as a lover of them.

His book, Mr. Burrough says, bears the familiar name of "the White Trillium, which blooms in all our woods, and which marks the arrival of all the birds," and in it he has tried always "to present a live bird, — a bird in the woods or the fields, — with the atmosphere and associations of the place, and not merely a stuffed and labelled specimen." He has succeeded so well in this that the dusk and cool and quiet of the forest seem to wrap the reader of his book, and it is a sort of summer vacation to turn its pages. It is written with a grace which continually subordinates itself to the material, but which we hope will not escape the recognition of the reader whose pleasure it enhances. Perhaps it would be difficult not to be natural and simple in writing of such things as our author treats of ; most connoisseurs of birds and their haunts have the same tone of friendly and gossiping confidence ; but Mr. Burroughs adds a strain of genuine poetry, which makes his papers

unusually delightful, while he has more humor than generally falls to the ornithological tribe. His nerves have a poetical sensitiveness, his eye a poetical quickness ; and many of his descriptive passages impart all the thrill of his subtle observation. It is in every way an uncommon book that he has given us ; fresh, wholesome, sweet, and full of a gentle and thoughtful spirit ; a beautiful book within, and (thanks to the growing taste of our publishers) an exceedingly pretty book without.

Ina. By KATHERINE VALERIO. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co.

A FALSE marriage between a heartless man of the world and an innocent, trustful girl ; the long suspense in which both conceal their relation, till the violent death of the betrayer reveals it ; many dramatic scenes in the most dramatic society ; vivid sketches of character, the whole closing with the recompense of a worthy love for the woman who has suffered so cruelly : these are the most obvious features of a novel which we have read with great interest.

The story opens in Switzerland, but most of its events occur at Turin. All the people but two are Italians, and it is to be valued as a study of Italian society in its modern phases, almost as much as for its dramatic force. The hero — the husband and the betrayer of Ina — is of a type perhaps commoner in Italy at this time than anywhere else, for even in France men are apt to believe more than he. Bertani is an expression of the intellectual revolt from the religion of the Church and the profound and all-embracing scepticism so common amongst his countrymen, who, not being able to rid themselves of their passionate natures at the same time with their emotional faith, do little for non-believing thought or inquiry, but remain mere enjoyers, epicureans, more or less amiable or cynical. His character, both in its boldness and its subtlety is well painted ; he dies, as he has lived, outside of the Church, and makes a formal confession in the hour of death only as a necessary step toward the legalization by a priest of his Protestant marriage with Ina. There is a strong contrast between him and Marcello, whom we should be glad to believe not more exceptional, but who affects us as less natural. We do not find him so good, artistically speak-

ing, as some more slightly sketched persons, — his father, for example, the elderly Italian of fixed habits, of kindly heart and somewhat sarcastic mind ; and his young sisters, the submissive and obedient good little Italian girls, who, whatever their future, live at home a life of exemplary dullness, emptiness, and restriction. The character of Madame de Turenne strikes us as true and forcible, both in its defects and in its virtues, in its tendency to extreme flirtation and its capability of generous indignation. The scenes between her and Ina, and then Bertani, when, having learned the wrong that he has committed against her, she lavishes the scorn of her torrid nature upon him, and dismisses him, are very dramatic and very good. So, too, is the encounter between Ina and her brother, when with her babe in her arms she refuses to give her husband's name ; and in fact wherever impassioned people are confronted, either in anger or in love, the author succeeds. It is in other things that her failure lies, as the irrelevant story of Sofi, and the lugged-in and poor caricature of the American lady on her travels, and in the protracted speech-making of the lovers. There is sometimes, also, rather more hyperbole in the talk than even the warmth of Italian temperament will account for.

But the story is absorbing, and generally well managed, and the book is more than a promise of better things to come. Such a character as Ina's — true in its love and trust, and true in its inability to forgive — are proofs of more than common invention ; and redundancies of the sort we have mentioned are more easily mended than poverty in the same degree.

[*Ohio Valley Series.*] *Pioneer Biography. Sketches of the Lives of some of the early Settlers of Butler County, Ohio.* By JAMES MCBRIDE of Hamilton. Two Volumes. Cincinnati : Robert Clarke & Co.

Miscellanies. 1. *A Tour in Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana Territory in 1805.* By JOSEPH ESPY. 2. *Two Western Campaigns in the War of 1812.* By SAMUEL WILLIAMS. 3. *The Leatherwood God.* By R. H. TANEYHILL. Cincinnati : Robert Clarke & Co.

THE biographical sketches by Mr. McBride are in large part interesting only to the friends and descendants of the pioneers

whose adventures they relate. But they have also a general value as history of the pioneer life of the West, and as illustrations of a type of character almost as wholly vanished now as that of the savages who perished before it. The different sketches are simply written, and McBride, who, while he lived, ardently devoted himself to the collection and preservation of the personal records of what seems a very remote period, has imparted no more of his enthusiasm to the work than is entirely agreeable to the reader. Here and there among his obscure heroes appears the name of one who achieved something more than local note, like Robert McClellan, well-known to the readers of Irving's "Astoria" as one of the adventurers at an early day in what is still the farthest West. He was an Indian hunter from the first, and he fled before peace and civilization after General Wayne's treaty in 1794, and on the Plains and beyond the Rocky Mountains he spent his age amidst the same perils and excitements that surrounded his youth and manhood in the Ohio Valley. The story of his wild and romantic career is the most entertaining of all McBride's biographies.

A very curious chapter of superstition is that given in the *Miscellanies*, in Mr. Taneyhill's account of "The Leatherwood God." This divinity's true name was Joseph C. Dylks, who appeared about the year 1817 among the unusually intelligent and devout settlers on the Leatherwood Creek, in Guernsey County, Ohio. They were of all sects, though chiefly Methodists and Moravians, and they were of such an enlightened and tolerant spirit, that they united in building a large log-house for common worship, which they called the Temple. One day at a camp-meeting there suddenly appeared among them a stranger, with

"His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind";

and, where every one else wore buckskin and linsey-woolsey, with his person arrayed in broadcloth. He called aloud at the top of his voice, "Salvation!" and gave a loud and terrible "snort," which ever afterwards characterized him in supreme moments. He became known to the community as Joseph C. Dylks, showed himself profoundly versed in Scripture, and began to take the lead in all religious matters. After a while he confided to his more intimate friends that he

was the Messiah, and from that it was but a step to his public declaration that he was God the Father. The number of those who believed in his divinity increased, until it included a majority of the people, when they seized the Temple and began to hold public services in his honor, at which they prayed to him, and fell down at his feet and worshipped him as their God. Meantime the heathen were waiting for some occasion to prove his fallibility, and in the coolness which followed his failure to perform a promised miracle, they seized him and carried him before a justice of the peace. The justice decided there was no law for trying a man who pretended to divinity, and set him free, and Dylks made good his escape from the mob by running into a cornfield. After some days' hiding, he cautiously reappeared among his followers, but only to tell them that the scene of the coming of the New Jerusalem was transferred to the city of Philadelphia. Shortly afterwards he set out for Philadelphia with three of his followers, one of whom was a converted Moravian minister. On the way they separated, Dylks and his clerical convert taking one way, and the two laymen another, with the understanding that they were all to meet in Philadelphia. There, however, Dylks and the other never appeared.

In after years the minister returned to Leatherwood Creek, with the report that he had seen Dylks taken up into heaven. This comforted the two who had been abandoned at Philadelphia; and though there was some falling away among the faithful, the greater part lived and died in the belief

that Dylks was God. Even the children whom he had converted remained in the faith, and so late as the middle of this century believers survived.

We greatly regret that with this volume of *Miscellanies* Mr. Clarke has been obliged to bring his enterprise to a close. Nothing of equal scope or importance has been undertaken with reference to the early history of the country, and it was certainly to have been expected that the people of the region immediately interested would have lent it the warmest encouragement. But the editor is compelled to announce that his chief support has come from the East, and that the plan is relinquished for want of appreciation among the citizens of the Ohio valley, — a fact singularly discreditable to them.

Condensed Novels. By BRET HARTE. With Illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THE good opinion of these travesties, which we expressed some years ago, on their first appearance, has only, like good wine, grown better with age. Mr. Harte has here condensed two novelists since his earlier work, and we should like to say that he has improved upon the others. But we cannot, for the reason that nothing could be better than the burlesques of Victor Hugo and Charles Dickens, — not even those of Mr. Reade and Mr. Disraeli, good as they are. The book is delicious, — full of flavors that we wonder to find at once so delicate and so piquant.